Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

AUGUST
1938

ARTICLES
BURTON RASCOE
EDMUND WARE
CARLISLE BARGERON
F. GREGORY HARTSWICK
COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI
JULIAN ARONSON
JOSEPH URKOV, M.D.
HARRY SALPETER
KENNETH MANN
MARTIN STEVERS

FICTION
LIAM O'FLAHERTY
GEORGE SLOCOMBE
GEO. A. McNAMARA
SÁNDOR HUNYADY
PAUL HAGGARD
WALTER SCHOENSTEDT
FREEMAN TUCK
KARL KAMB
SHERRY MANGAN

ART
JOHN CARROLL

SATIRE
L. A. G. STRONG
PARKE CUMMINGS
MARTIN PANZER
MORRIS GILBERT

POETRY
STERLING BROWN

SPORTS
CAL JOHNSON
JOHN R. TUNIS
LEO FISCHER
CARL FOREMAN

DEPARTMENTS
GILBERT SELDES
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
LAWRENCE MARTIN
MEYER LEVIN
MURDOCK PEMBERTON
CARLETON SMITH

CARTOONS
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
GILBERT BUNDY
D. McKAY
ABNER DEAN
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GEORGE PETTY
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ROBERT HOLLEY
ROLAND COE
RODNEY DE SARRO
ROBERT C. DELL
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(COVER)

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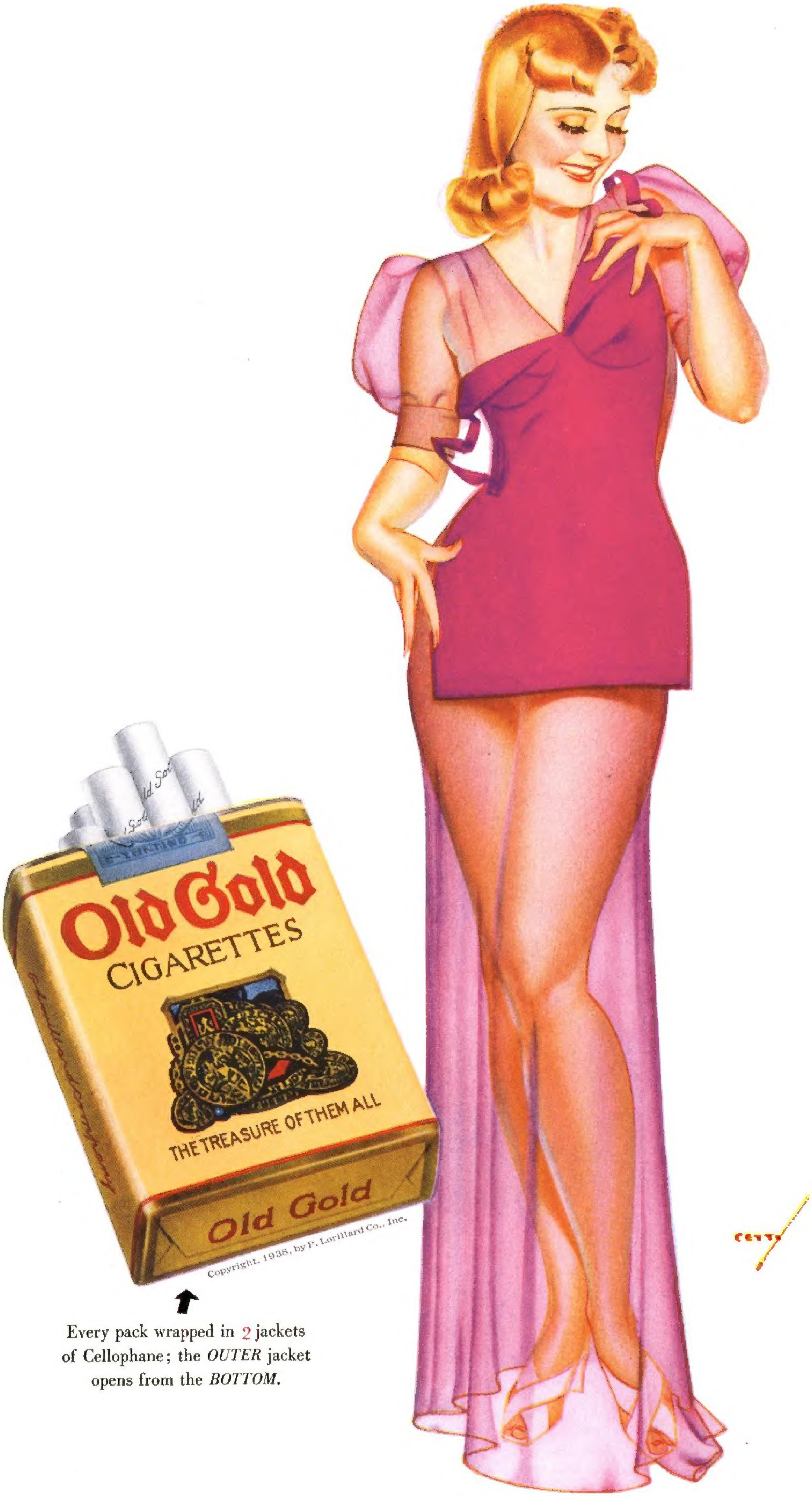
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

Speaking of Figures



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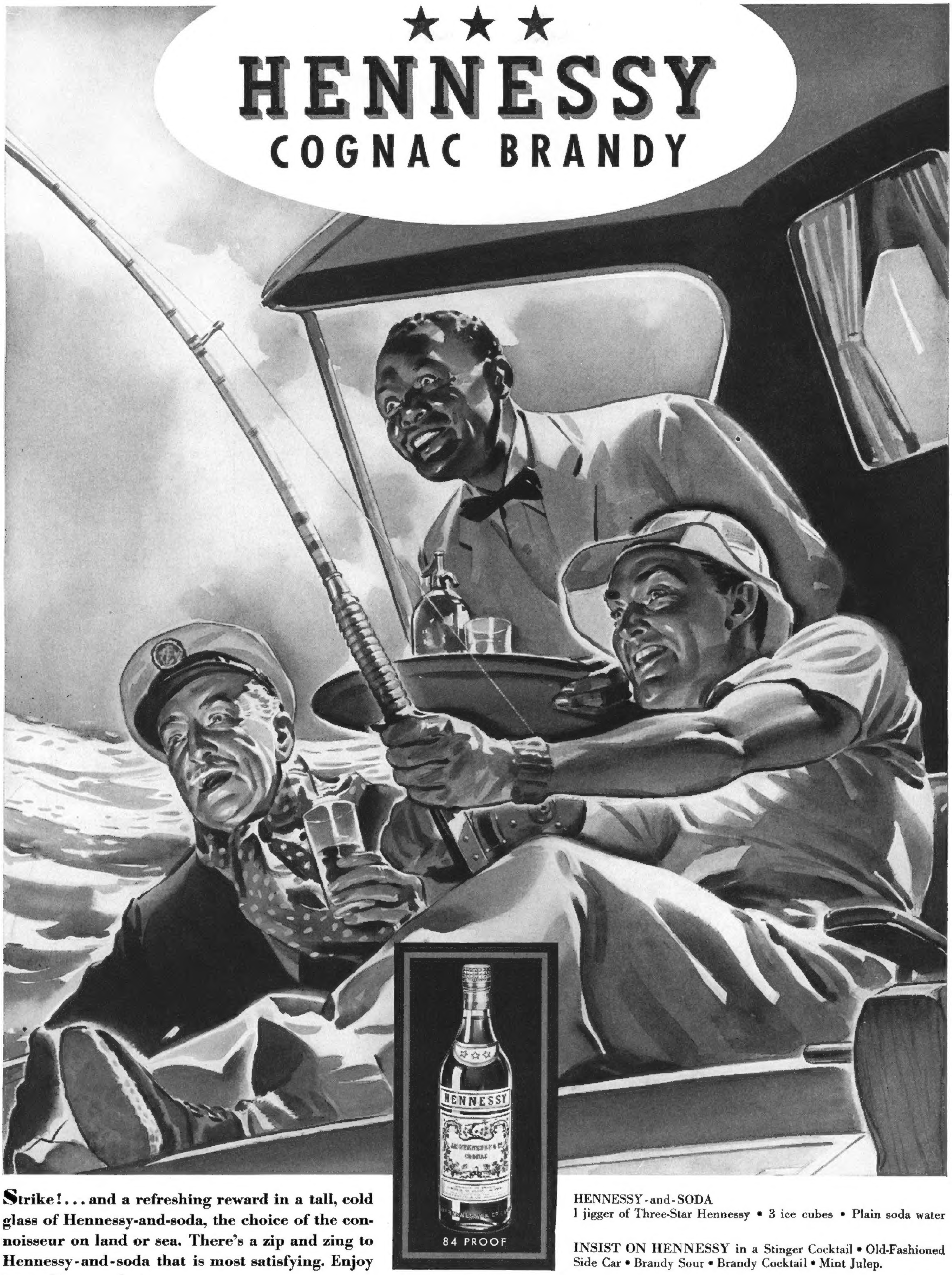

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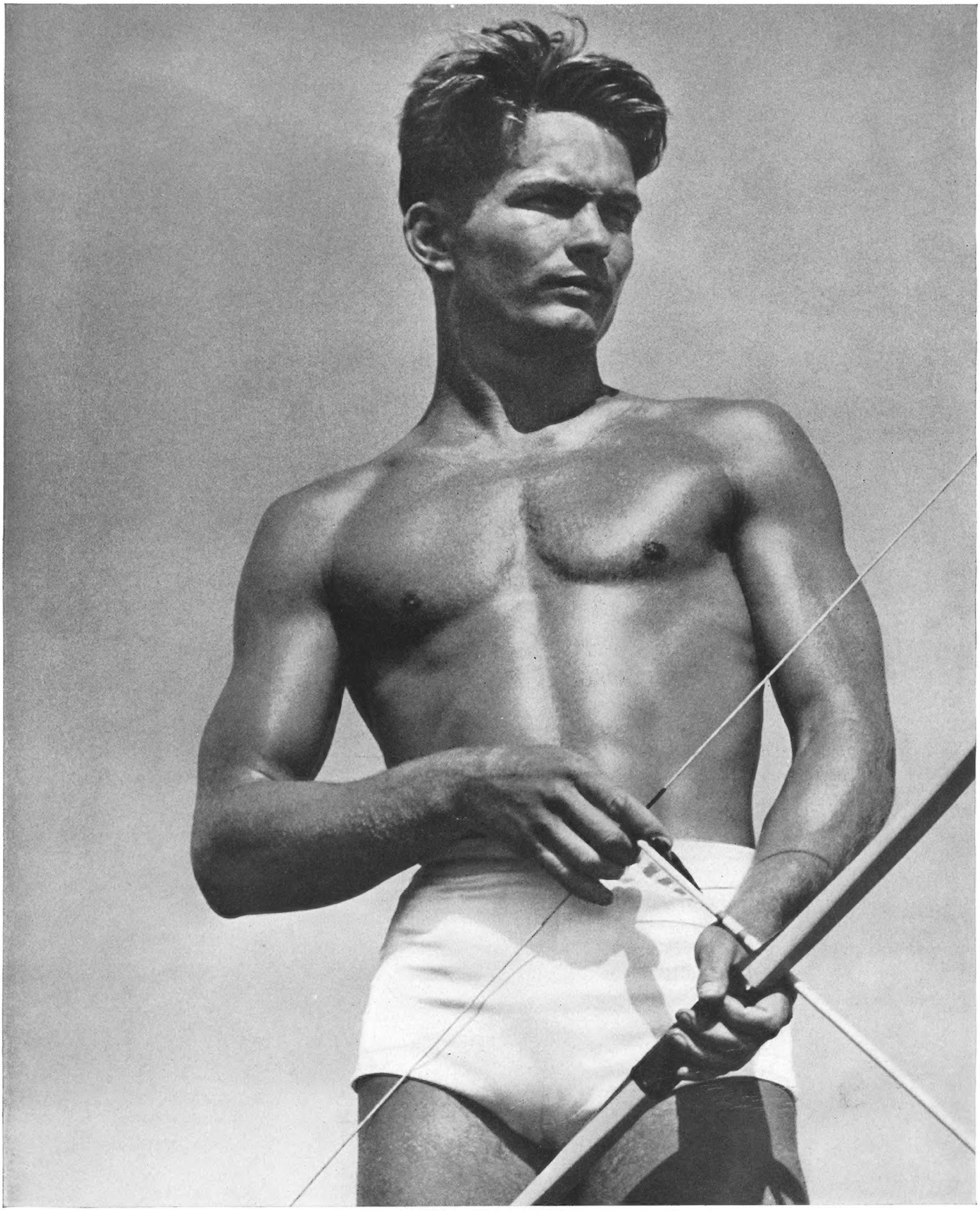

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Edited by
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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Home Thoughts from a Swiss Veranda

The Swiss are the living refutation to the age-old argument that Europeans cannot live happily side by side, as we do in our different states in America. The feeling has always been that national pride, brought up on an age-old diet of fighting and kept in tight nationalistic compartments by language differences, would prevent the possibility of ever working out for Europe the same peaceful federation of states that has worked out so well for America. As a matter of fact, it has worked out better for the Swiss than it has for the Americans. Within the memory of living men, the American federation of states had to be rewelded in a bath of hot blood. But the Swiss for over a hundred years have fought neither among themselves nor against outsiders, and that one last war was not of their own making but was wished on them by Napoleon. Conceivably that could happen to them again, as another Napoleon runs roughshod over Europe. And right now the one possible crack in the bell of Swiss liberty would be a split from the Nazi side. As the gospel of blood and soil is preached beyond the present borders of the Third Reich, there are Swiss who can hardly help but hear. But this possibility is only the ugly exception that might ultimately serve to prove the rule that the Swiss idea is the only workable one, on a long term basis, for Europe as a whole.

Each Swiss canton has its own crest, its own flag, its own history as a little nation. And, among them, the various cantons share four languages. One language is little more than a local tongue, German, French and Italian being the three languages, and the three main nationalities. Almost two-thirds of Switzerland is German. And almost two-thirds is Protestant. But cheek by jowl for centuries Germans and French and Italians have lived here, Catholics and Protestants, worshiping their own way, speaking their own languages, enjoying liberties that have from time to time been denied their fellow-nationals living on the other side of the Swiss frontiers. The Swiss Confederation is a demonstration, in little, of the idea of a United States of Europe. For each of these little cantons, these little city-states, has far more reason to feel a pull away from most of its federated neighbors than have any of our American states. For one thing they have a separate history reaching back a thousand years. There are more traces, in the decorations of old buildings, the crests on town monuments, even in the flags you see flying over both private and municipal structures, to remind you that you are in Basel, for instance, or in Berne, than to remind you that you are in Switzerland. Local pride is intense and local history is a living thing, with battlements still standing from the medieval times when warfare was the normal state of existence and peace was a rare and exceptional interval. And these, after all, are the only real ingredients of European nationalism. In contrast, how many Americans would know their state seal if they saw it?

Yet this is an older republic, this Swiss Federation, than our own. And it is a purer democracy than ours. They have the referendum and recall, and they have proportionate representation. Also, they change presidents every year, instead of paralyzing business, as we do, for a six-month period every four years while going through the protracted mumbo-jumbo of an election campaign that very seldom has any real meaning or significance.

Europe could go to school at the feet of the Swiss. And we ourselves could do with a short post-graduate course in learning from them the applied art of live-and-let-live. And while the Swiss live on in peace and democracy it is silly to take a defeatist view, and say that there is now left only a Chinaman's choice between the embattled ideologies of Communism and Fascism. There's hope for the Europeans, as long as they have the Swiss example, whenever they want to take time off from their bickerings to give it a trial. And those who see none but a bloody answer to the jigsaw puzzle that is Czecho-Slovakia, because of the muddle of languages and nationalities represented there, are apparently overlooking the perfect parallel that it presents to the Swiss problem, which has been no problem at all.

The Swissification of Europe, which would cost nothing in either men or money, or even, in the long run, in pride, is the obvious answer. Too obvious. Too easy. Europe will take the hard way. The hard way, the horrendously expensive way, the way that all the Europeans now hopelessly consider to be inevitable. That way will come either a Red Europe or a White Europe—a Europe bled white.

And in the process little Switzerland, whose neutrality is only as sacred and traditional as Belgium's was last time, this little Swiss federation of happy and peaceful Germans, Frenchmen and Italians, may turn out to be a mere convenience on the map, a mere short cut to be utilized by other Germans, Frenchmen and Italians for quicker access to each other's throats.

ESQUIRE
Aug., 1938
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire-Coronet, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

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Whole No. 57
T. M.
Reg.

NEW YORK EDITION

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

SHOULD THE HUSBANDS BE TOLD?

Here's a squawk addition to the *Sound and Fury* page!

Thank god I got hold of this month's Esquire before my husband came home, and read that article on *The Great American Delusion.*

Honestly I don't know what magazines are coming to. I couldn't very well tear out the section as I did in another publication, to keep the children from learning the facts of life before they were out of the cradle. So I did the next best thing. When he came home I told him there was a good article by Lawrence Gould in the Esquire which I thought he should read. That solved the problem and cinched his not reading it. But what if he had seen it first? (Of course he looked at the picture, but not being a Petty, he soon passed it by.)

But to go back to this psychologist's theory on love. What woman hasn't known and lived by it all her life? Just let a man find out some elemental truth about love, and what does he do? Not merely does he write a book as if he were the first atom discoverer, but he gets an article printed in the nation's best magazine where the best men will read it.

Now I ask you—is that fair to your feminine audience? Women know this love business is the bunk, and happiness in marriage comes only through effort at congeniality—but why let the men in on it? How would we get the poor dears to the altar if we couldn't sprinkle a good bit of star dust in their eyes?

I've managed to get my husband through four years of college, and now if Esquire starts in educating him, I think we'll stop our subscription!

Very truly yours,

Mrs. J. Howard Rusco

Lawrence, Kansas

CONFIDENTIALLY, MUSSOLINI PAYS HIS SALARY

How much longer is Arthur Davison Ficke going to continue his heart-warming stories about Mrs. Morton? Of course, if you answer "for three more months," I will not be able to do a thing about it. Being a loyal subscriber, I could not boycott an otherwise good magazine just for one series of stories.

To get back to Mrs. Morton, though —Judging by Mr. Ficke's choice of words, and his general attitude, he seems to "lean." In other words, if he wore a swastika for a watch-fob, it would not keel me over. It isn't that I mind his subtle propaganda. In fact, my hobby is collecting examples of it. The only thing is, I like propaganda to wear a label around its neck. (There was an article in Ken about this, once.) Instead of Mr. Ficke's article, *Conquest of Mexico,* being called "fiction," it should have been labeled "propaganda."

It makes me doubt your magazine's policy when you allow too much propaganda to seep through its glossy pages. Propaganda, in the form of fiction, is especially dangerous. It invades our mind by using clever writing technique as an excuse. Mr. Ficke's *Conquest of Mexico* was running over with subtle, and not so subtle, propaganda. His later stories, "fiction" of course, were supposed to oil the rough waves of criticism his first one caused. If you *must* print pro-Fascist fiction, why not get an *anti*-Fascist to create a "Mrs. X" to give her point of view. But then, who would listen to a Communist's point of view, especially if it were labeled?

Mr. Ficke has me puzzled. He writes swell stories about near-human monkeys for Ken, a magazine crusading against Fascism and reaction, as you no doubt know. At the same time, however, he writes stories for Esquire intended to make us sink on our knees and pray for Franco and his Christianity-loving murderers. He seems to be trying to show us that even nice ladies, like his Mrs. Morton, like the "civilizing" crusades of Franco and hate everything crude, like Communism. True, the Mrs. Morton stories take place in Mexico, but that is merely a blind. To have her in Spain would be too obvious. Even an unenlightened high school student, like myself, could figure that out.

Mr. Ficke is a clever writer. For some reason, however, I prefer his monkeys to Mrs. Morton. If Mrs. Morton must give out pro-Fascist moans, let her do it—but not in Esquire!

Trusting that this letter will not go the way of the May 5th issue of Ken, at the Postmaster General's Office, I remain,

Yours for labeled propaganda,

Upper Montclair, N. J. Ted Cook

PSYCHED BY A VOX POPPER

Bugs, eh? That is what Lawrence Martin calls us chronic letter writers. But I think it is the editors that are bugs for printing them.

I have Vox Popped to editors for years. What keeps me perpetually amazed is how goofy my letters can be and still get printed. I have experimented with goofier and goofier letters, trying to find the exact point of goofiness that will cause their rejection. I have failed. My more serious contributions are occasionally blue-penciled or chucked but the goofy ones —never.

Until recently my field of expression was exclusively the newspapers. Then I decided to test out the magazines. I sent a few of my goofiest to *Liberty Vox Pop.* Up to now five have been printed, of which two got the leading position and a cartoon. As a last straw I sent one in to Esquire *Sound and Fury.* It was printed in your January 1938 issue—also leading off the section. I conclude that magazine editors as well as the newspaper variety like goofy vox popping.

I'm not complaining mind you. Thanks for printing it. But the situation worries me sometimes and I can't help wondering which of us is bugs. Or are we both?

Graph Waldeyer

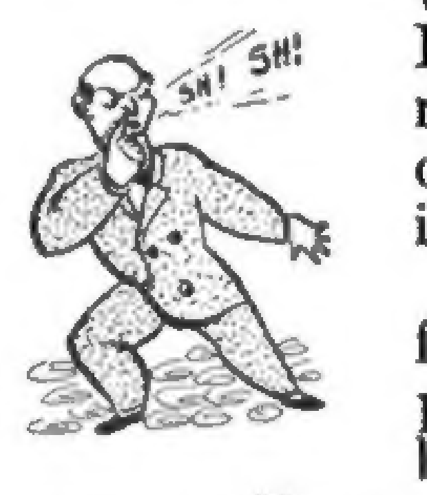
San Francisco, Cal.

Note: For volume I can't come up to Charles Hooper (whom I have jumped on a couple of times) but if you doubt my right to the title of Goofiest Vox Popper I'll be glad to send you proof.

AN OPEN SECRET

Have just finished reading the article *Seventy-Five Mile Gun* by Mr. Fred C. Kelly.

May I supply a bit of information for the benefit of Mr. Kelly and a few readers?



The shells used in the "big gun" were numbered. Each shell, to a minute degree of course, larger than its predecessor.

The reason the formulae for the powder has never been discovered is because *ordinary black powder* was used, kept at a certain temperature every minute of the day and night.

Respectfully,

Salt Lake City, Utah "A Reader"

MINNESOTA MAN

To every man his meat; and since dabbling in old bones is one of my favorite viands, I should like to add my applause for *The Earliest Americans,* to *The Sound and The Fury,* and with it a small measure of criticism.

The author of *The Earliest Americans* has the happy faculty of combining readability with a surprising amount of valuable and authentic technical data. The Sunday Supplements of which he speaks, supply abundant human interest, but all too often are practically innocent of anything approaching scientific accuracy. On the other hand, the authoritative scientific publications are painstaking in the presentation of details, and in the conservativism of their conclusions, but are sometimes so unreadable as to tax the attentive powers of even the most assiduous anthropologist. The net result is misinformation for the public, and obscurity for scientific progress in this field. More power then, to Esquire, for this article; and more articles from Mr. Pendray.

It is with regret, therefore, that I read: "not even a jawbone or shin of Folsom man or Yuma man has yet been unearthed."

The facts are that in 1934 an undisturbed burial was found in Minnesota which contained a skeleton and a number of flint arrowheads and knives. Professor Albert E. Jenks, who reported the find in 1937 as the "Minnesota's Browns Valley Man and Associated Burial Artifacts," showed that the flints were of the true Folsom and of the Folsom-Yuma complex, and definitely established their connection with the skeleton in whose grave they were found. The skull is said to be of Mongoloid cast, but differing somewhat from the more recent Minnesota Indian types.

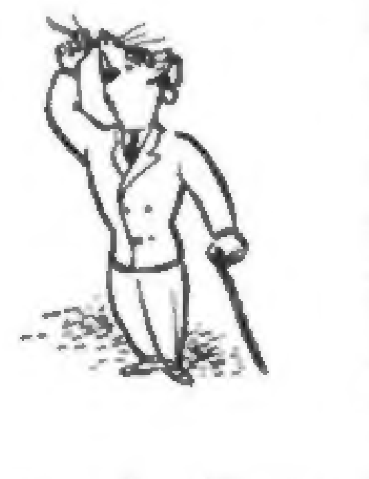
This find, by the way, should not be confused with the famous "Minnesota Man" (or rather, girl) whom Professor Jenks believes to have been drowned in ancient Lake Pelican about 25,000 years ago. This young lady's true age is still being violently disputed.

Yours for some more Archaeology.

Brooklyn, N. Y. P. B. Candela, M.D.

ANONYMOUS, TAKE WARNING!

It is a shame that Anonymous can't have his picture in *Backstage with Esquire.* If you give me a little encouragement I shall arrange to introduce your readers to him by sending you his picture. He wouldn't like that. It is a picture of a damn fine specimen called "Rat" in our language.



Yup, Anonymous is a blasted rat. He smells. Esquire helped him spread his own stench but that is Esquire's pigeon—not mine. Anonymous is probably regretting his ambition to break into print and wishes he had confined his bragging to a select group of others just like himself, for there is a small group of foreigners in Manila who patter right along in his footsteps. I say select because that little group doesn't get by so well with others here although they think they do.

And why does the anonymous group play the tourist trade? The article states that there are ten men to one woman. Wrong. There are one man and nine rats to each woman. That means nine must hunt elsewhere. They do. They are forced to because the local gals have their number and have simply ooched them on the tourist trade. Our girls are smart.

The article is true enough but great scott it applies to any foreign port. I've seen a lot of them and I know. I also can pick Anonymous and his kind whenever I walk through the lobbies on boat days. I know several of the Manila group who pass the chits to the tourist trade. A couple of hotel and cabaret managers have pointed them out. Not at first, they don't. The first drinks at the hotel, the orchids and the dinners he pays, for he can sign for them but the night clubs where fair tourist and escort drink expensive drinks the digger-downer changes sex but she doesn't care because she is pretty full and anyway he assures her that he will send her the money before sailing time. Long before dawn grade "A" has drunk herself right into grade "B's" shoes. She is a pushover to atmosphere and little persuasion which doesn't have to be in the least expert. Is she to be criticized? Certainly not for indulging herself but certainly yes for expecting anything else from Anonymous if she had in the first place.

Anonymous and his ilk are vicious. There is no other word. I can dig a few adjectives from Webster but he was handicapped for he didn't know any Anonymous such as I have in mind. Picture fair tourist. In most cases we shall say she has worked and saved like hell for passage money plus a little to spend on the side for this and that which she can't get at home reasonably. She lands and meets Anonymous. He looks good and she is tired of ship's people. Away they go. She becomes grade "B." There are a number of us here in Manila who do a spot of business in the Manila hotel lobby or the 19th hole. We sell insurance, mining stock, machinery and supplies. It's a relief from the average Manila office for it is next the sea wall and we do cherish talk and sales over a tall glass, lounging easily and gratefully in a deep chair and exposing as much as is decent to the sea breeze. But now comes Anonymous, the stinker, and threatens to spoil all that, for our wives read Esquire too. If I call a fella from a supply house one day and tell him to meet me at the hotel because I want to buy and off in the corner I see my wife and his wife—well, I shall challenge Anonymous through your columns and if he dares to poke enough out for identification the pasig will have another victim.

Because now we are going to play smoke-out with Anonymous and I will bet you we get him. The foreign population is small in Manila. Everybody knows most everyone else—especially those who frequent the hotel and good clubs. Some day he will slip.

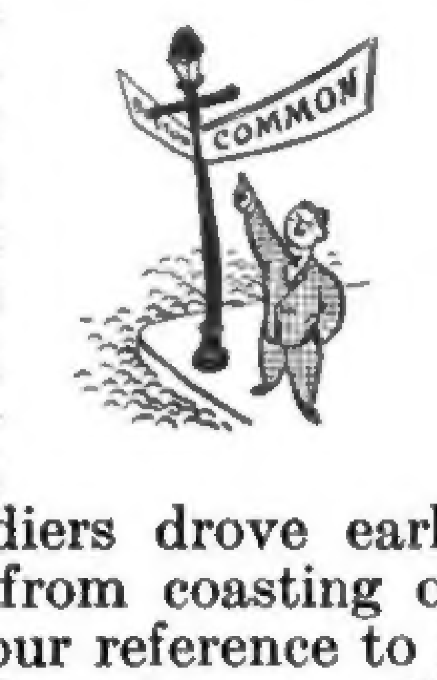
We could write a darn good article about Anonymous. Manila is too small for the stuff he writes but we think we are just a bit busier than he and therefore can't afford the time.

If I didn't have a wife and couple of youngsters I wouldn't sign this. . . .

Manila, Philippines Anonymous

WHO DID IT—THE DAMNED TORY!

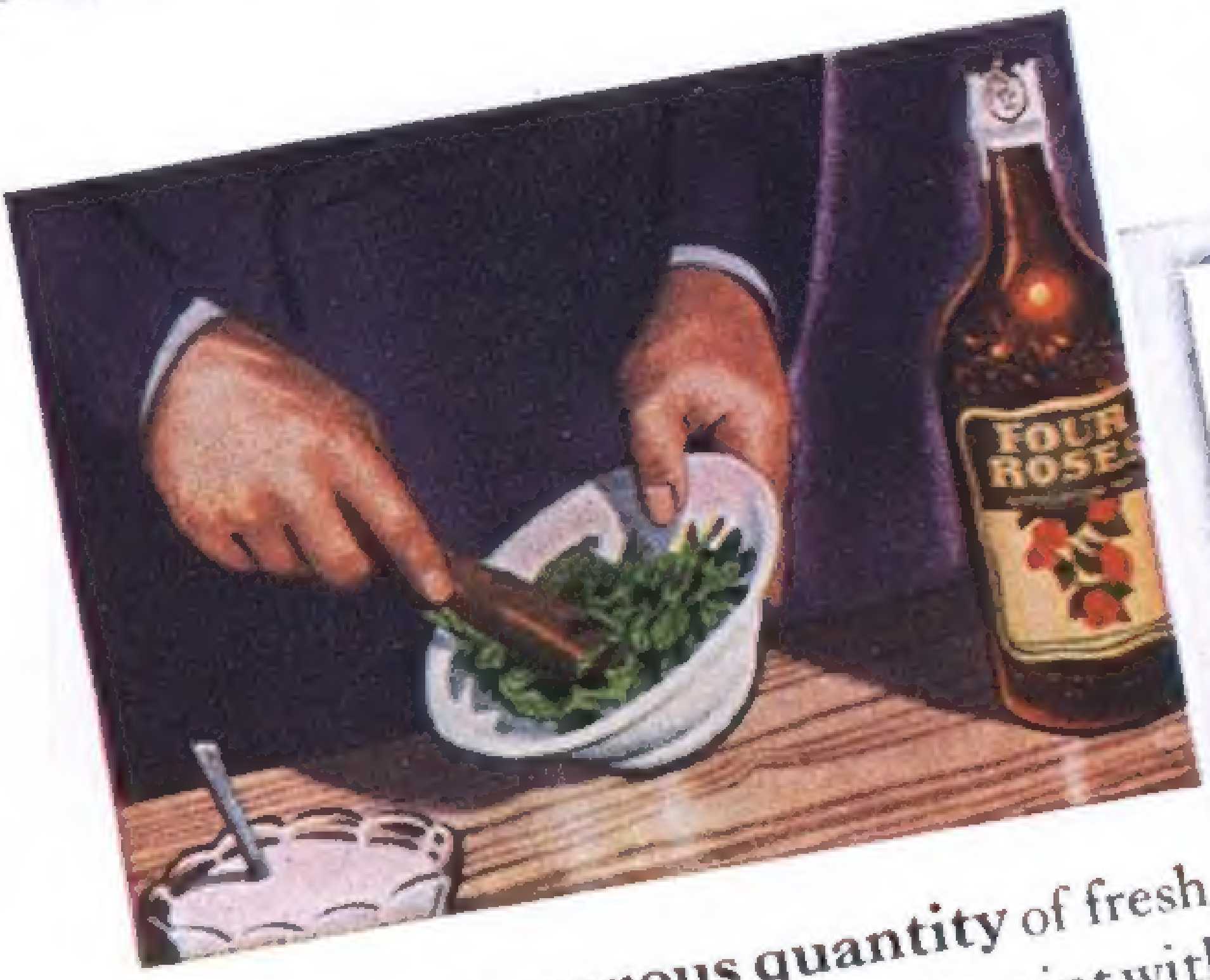
As a Bostonian may I have the temerity to advise that the famed spot in the center of our fair city is not called the "Commons" but is the "Common." It is a frequent expression of strangers in our midst but one which every native of the village resents. This place has nothing English about it except the story that General Gage's soldiers drove early Boston boys away from coasting on its hill. Therefore your reference to it on page 8 of the June issue as the "Commons" as if it were named after a British institution requires correction.



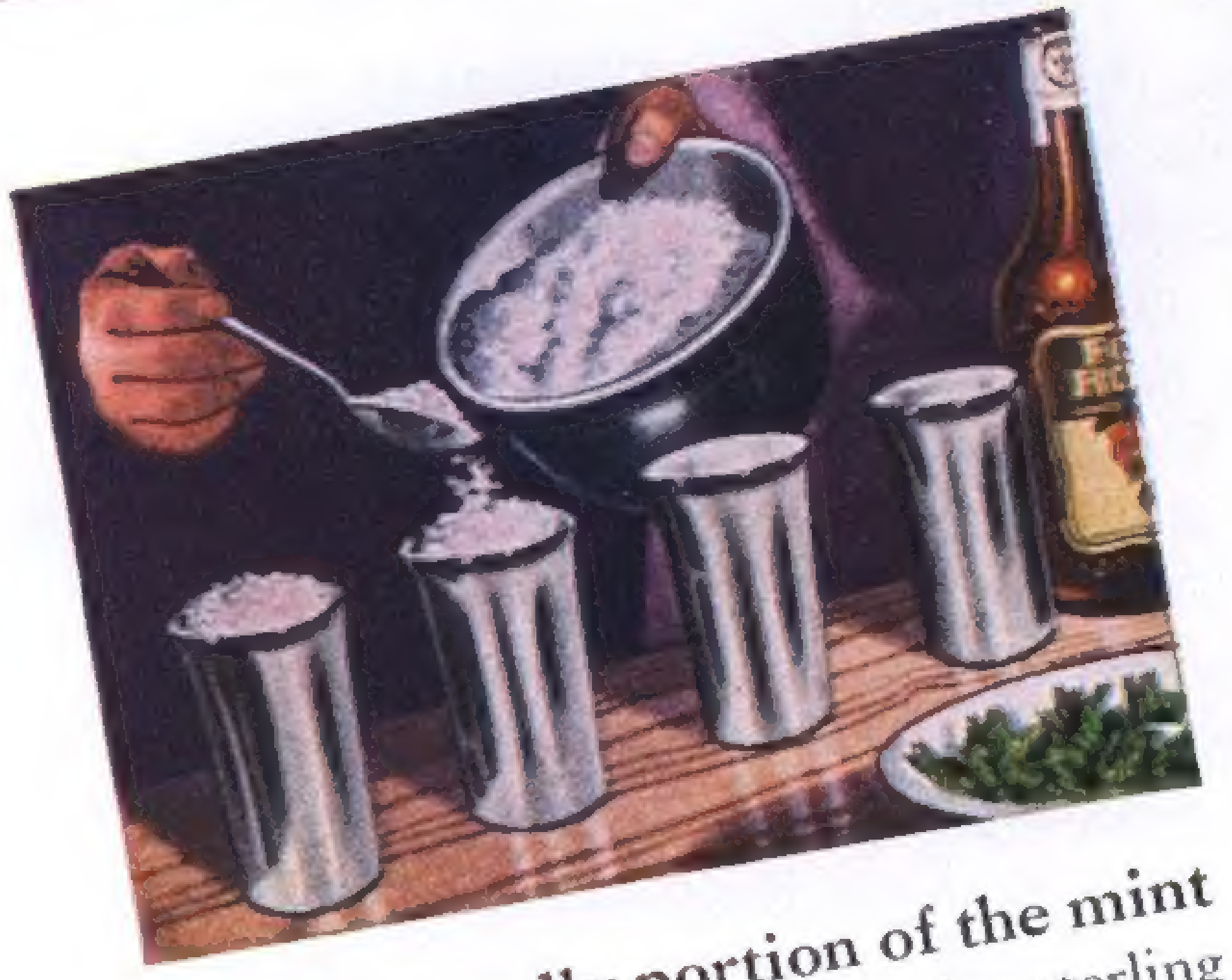
Very truly,

Wellesley, Mass. Harold L. Burr

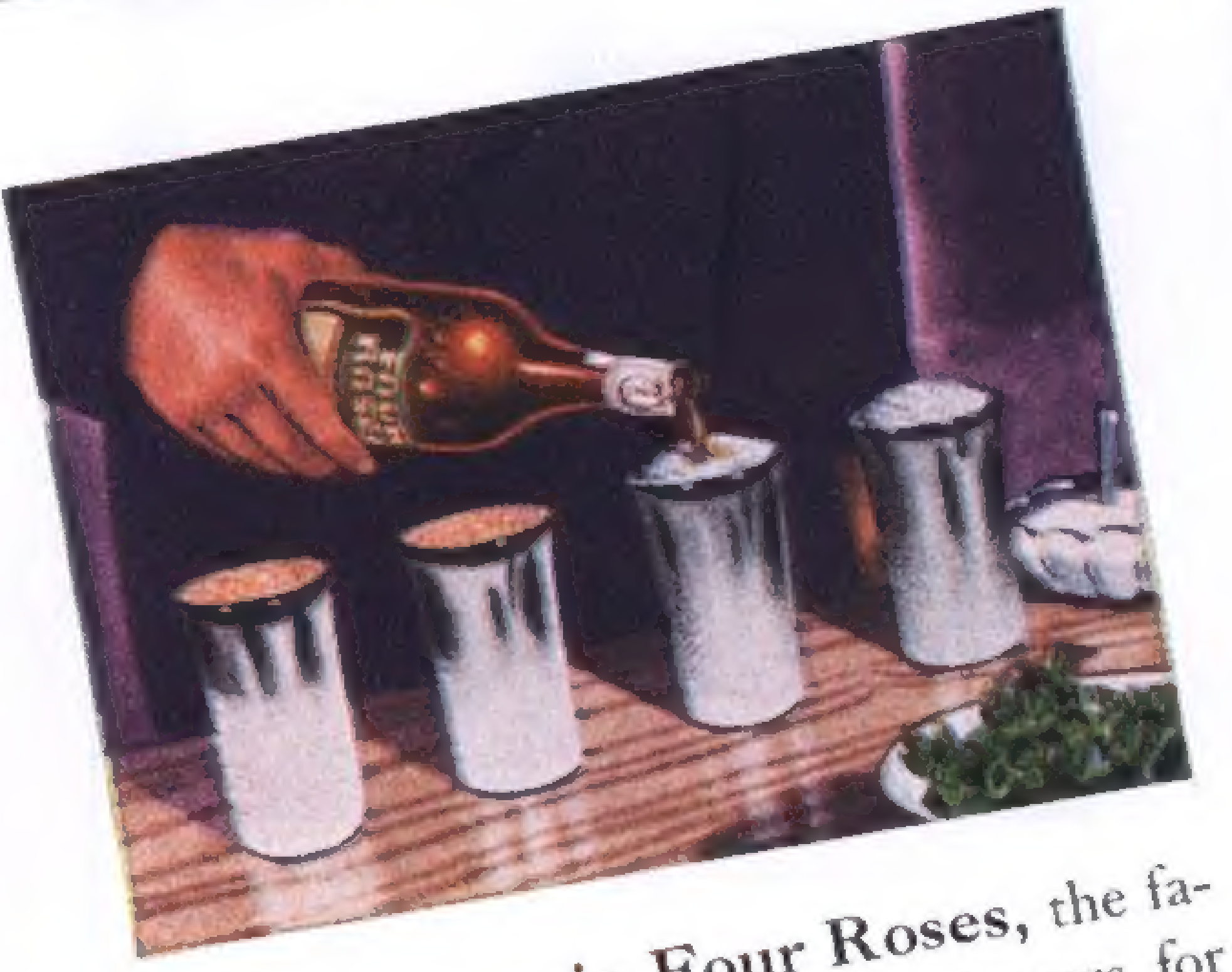
How to make a Mid-summer's Dream



1. Place a generous quantity of fresh, tender mint in a bowl. Cover the mint with powdered sugar—add just enough water to moisten the sugar—then crush the mint, gently. (Many julep-lovers hold that the mint should not be crushed. If you belong to this school, just omit the last step.)



2. Put a goodly portion of the mint in the bottom of tall glasses (or sterling silver or pewter julep cups, if you are fortunate enough to possess them.) Fill half-full with crushed ice—add more of the mint—then fill the glasses to the top with crushed ice.



3. Now pour in Four Roses, the favorite whiskey of julep-connoisseurs for more than fifty years. Pour with a lavish hand till the glasses are brimming—for this is a lavish drink. Garnish with a few sprigs of mint—topped, if you desire, with powdered sugar.

FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

4. Let the glasses stand...until the frost forms thick. Then relax—and sip the cool and fragrant triumph of your handiwork.

Sip slowly and dream—for the drink is a dream itself...a dream of silver frost, of verdant mint, of amber-gold Four Roses.

And need we add that, while you may produce a Julep by many another recipe than the one we offer here, it takes just such a whiskey as Four Roses to add the crowning touch of glory. For whiskey is the soul of a Julep. And any whiskey short of the best is not worthy of the purpose.

But Four Roses was made to fulfill just such a noble destiny. *Every drop is whiskey*—which is all-important in a Julep. More: Four Roses is a combination of *several* selected straight whiskies, which, merged together, unite in this *one* magnificent liquor every gracious virtue the perfect Mint Julep demands! Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.

FOUR ROSES

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES—100% STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

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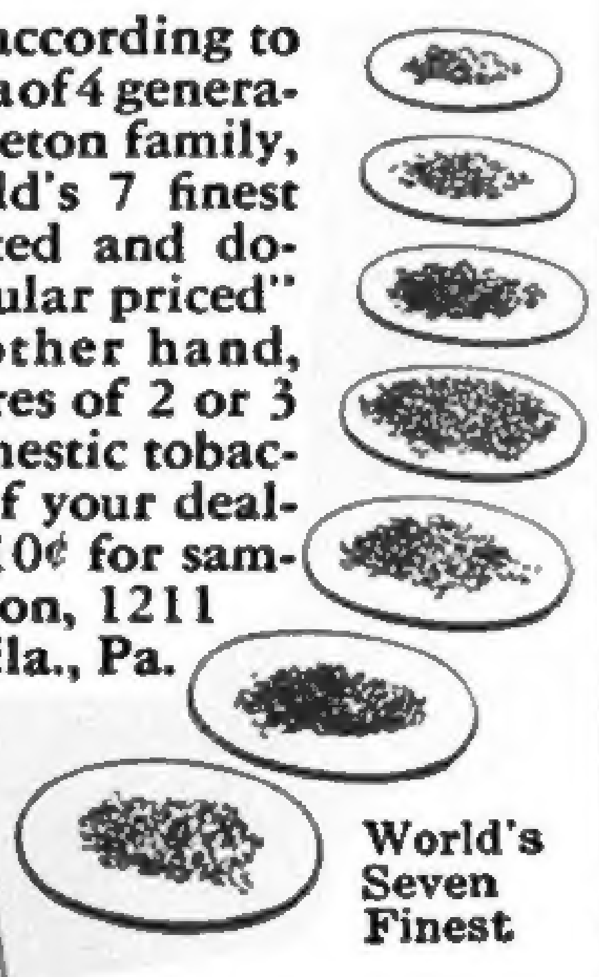

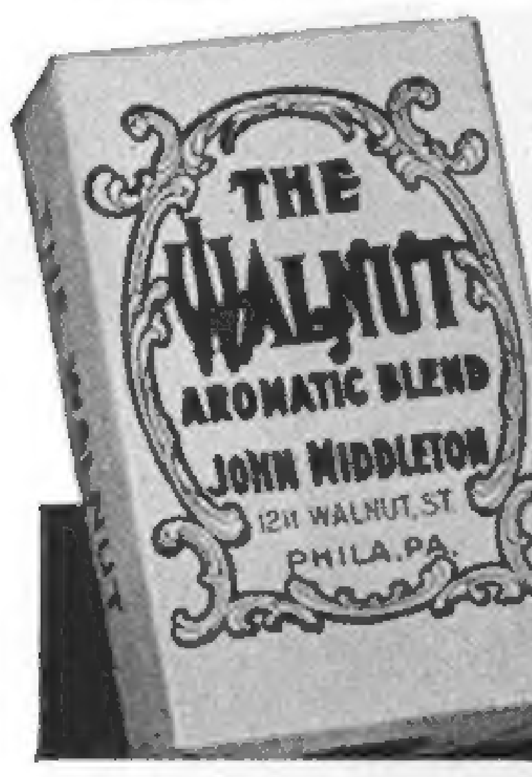

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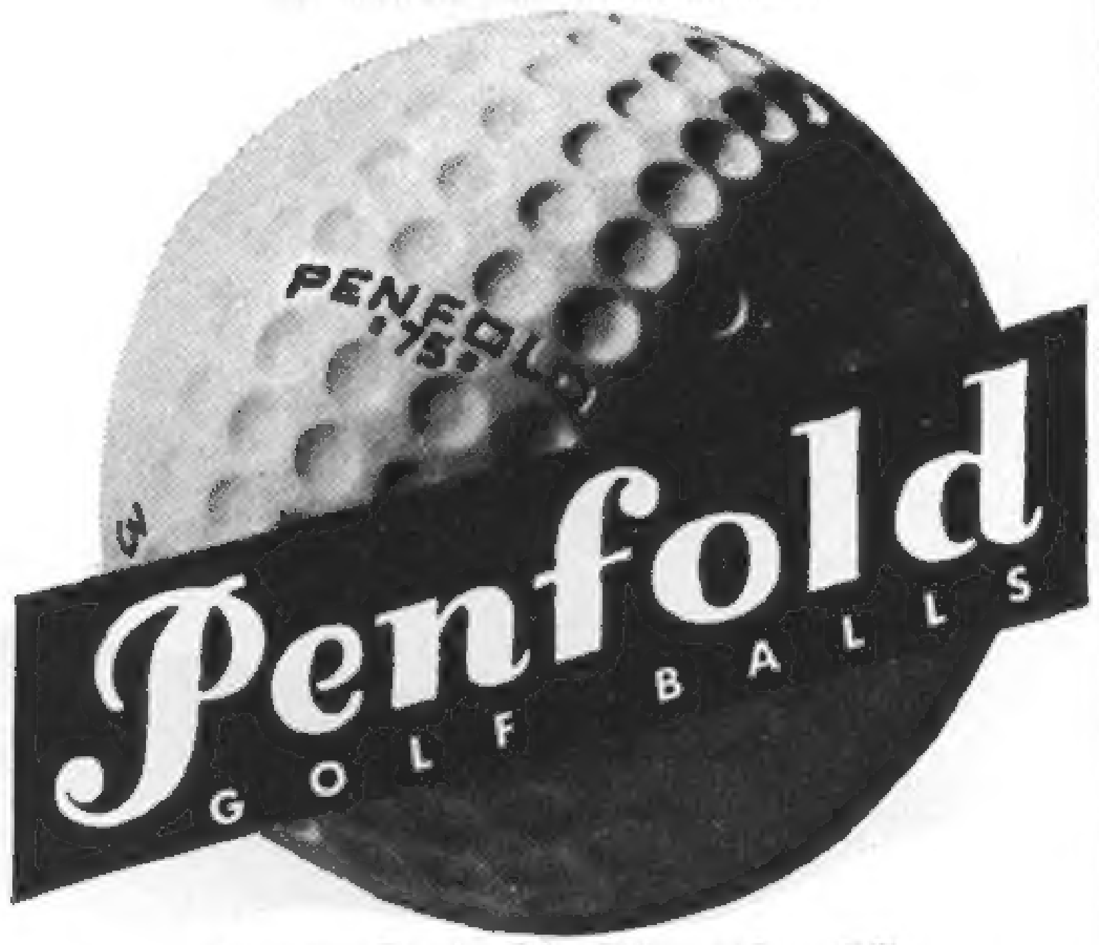

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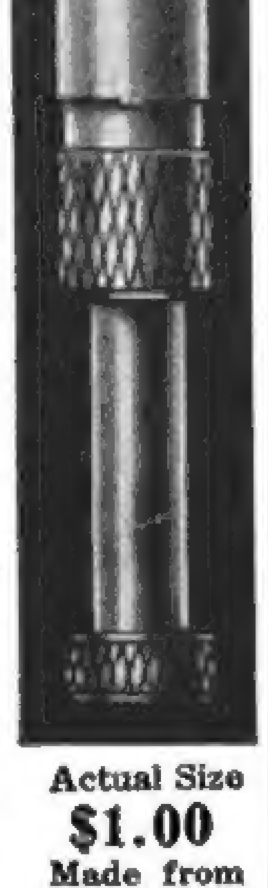

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NAME____________________

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FORGET NOT YOUR WEEKEND HOST. No reason why your hostess should receive all the loot . . . the old man foots the bills, and is entitled to some small, or not so small, remembrance. A half a dozen choice cravats, shall we say? But in so doing, let us entreat you to select them with *seasonal significance.* Those perennially smart silk foulards or silk Shantungs, for instance, or, some of those washable, nonwrinkle jobs whose distinctive designs coupled with their practical aspects, have gained for them a social status far removed from the old-time four for a buck mongrels that used to pass for summer ties. The new school contributes ties in cool, hard-to-muss suiting fabrics in easy-to-tie weaves and blends; it also yields up the tropicals, in striped or solid worsted yarns mixed with silk or cotton, specially anti-crease processed; you can buy a new woven cloth, hand blocked in England, that will take an awful beating . . . twist it, knot it, no maul-treating disturbs its pristine freshness. In California they wear cotton sports ties, printed in summer scenics, that can be worn ascot fashion with open collared sports shirts, or regulation way—about 2½ inches wide throughout, they're non-bulky and easy to arrange. The Mexicans turn out some pretty nifty handloomed, wrinkleless numbers in pure wool that can be laundered with good old aqua pura.

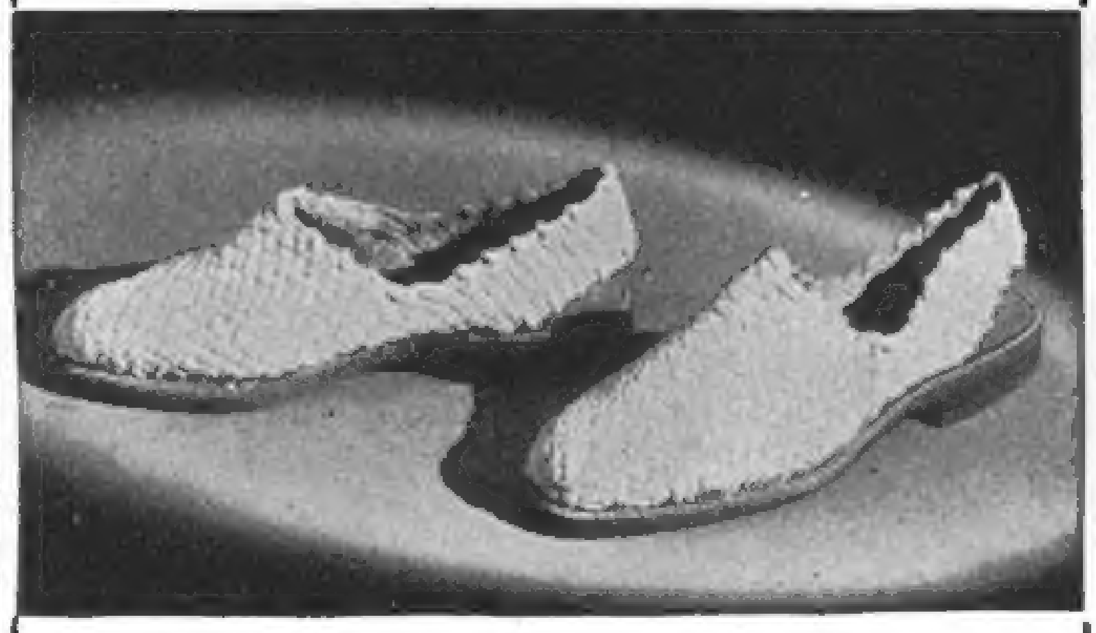
ITINERANT HOSTS. If your host does a lot of traveling, he'll be pleased with a continental travel bill case which will hold $3000 worth of bills, and in addition has 4 separate compartments to hold coins of 4 different countries. There's a different colored tab on each section to avoid confusion. Puts an end to attempts to pass off a florin for a franc. And why not a traveling set? A cowhide case containing a silver-plated cocktail shaker with 4 glass flasks with silver-plated tops plus 2 silver-plated jiggers and a substantial bottle opener.

ADULT GAME DEPT. A little number called "Playbird," a miniature version of badminton. You get a rubber shuttlecock with adjustable speeds . . . for indoor use, you spread out the feathers which retards the speed . . . for outdoors, vice versa. Feathers are treated with natural oil which protects them even if you're socking the birds around in the water. And then there's "Klix," the newest variation of the crossword-anagram phase. You have 7 dice, with letters of the alphabet on all sides. You roll and arrange letters into words, crossword formation . . . if you use all 7 dice, you get an extra roll. Fast fun.

GOLFER'S GADGETS. If your host spends most of his time on the links, bring him a pedometer, which not only measures, in yards, the distance between his golf shots (and to hell with fairway markers) but also measures the distance he has walked. The mileage is apt to be embarrassing if he plays *diagonal* golf as we do, what with our hook and slice department. The pedometer works automatically and gives out the telling total at the end of the round. There is also a watch-like affair which automatically totals the number of strokes he takes. He just squeezes the stem of the watch after each stroke, and at the end of the hole, the number is indicated in the border, and at the end of the round, the grand total. Of course, if it gets too high, he can always forget to push, or leave the whole thing to his caddy who never got beyond the 5th grade and can't count anyway. And forget not that a box of golfballs is always greeted with huzzahs.

Ranger

WHITE HUARACHES



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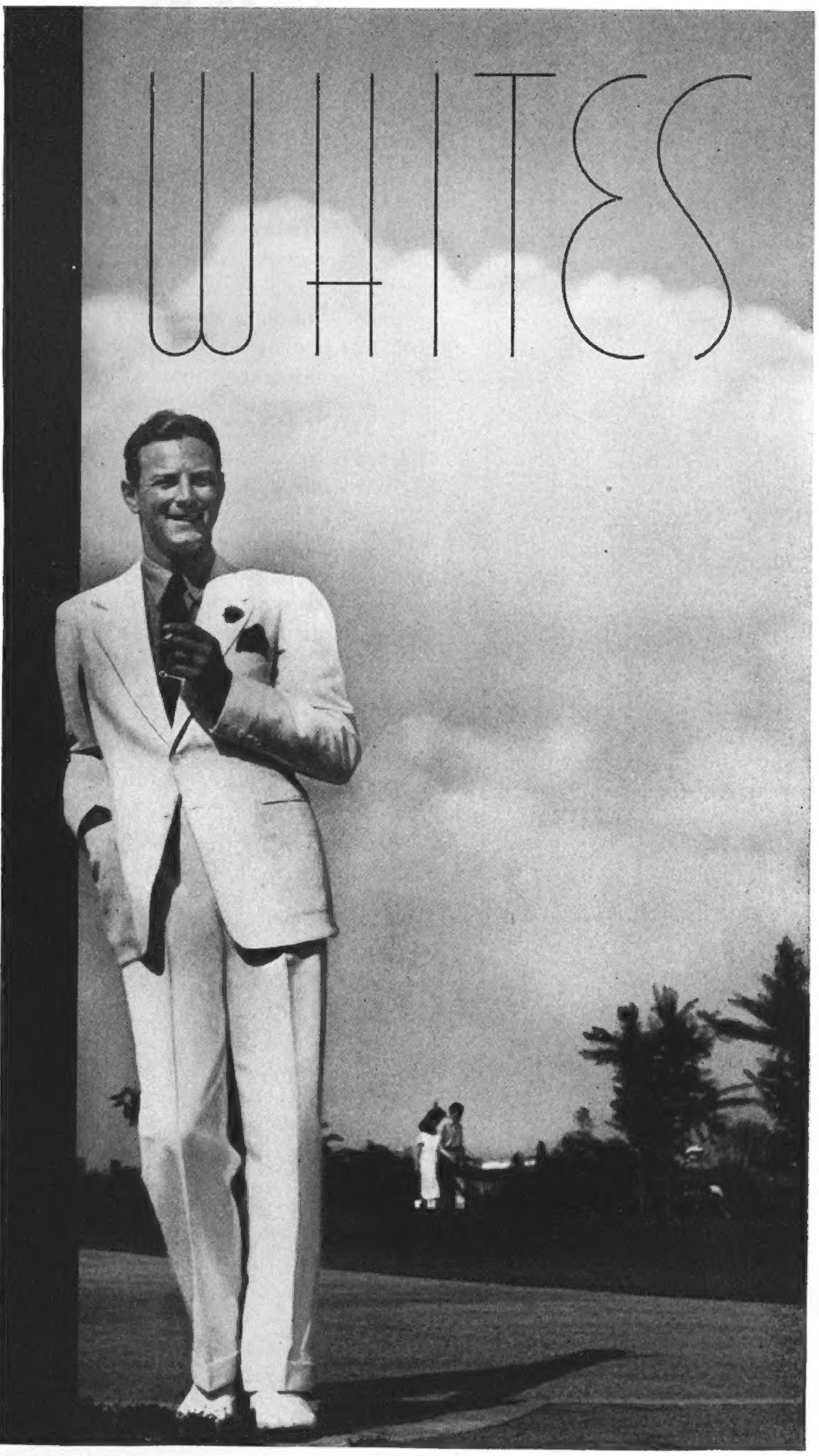

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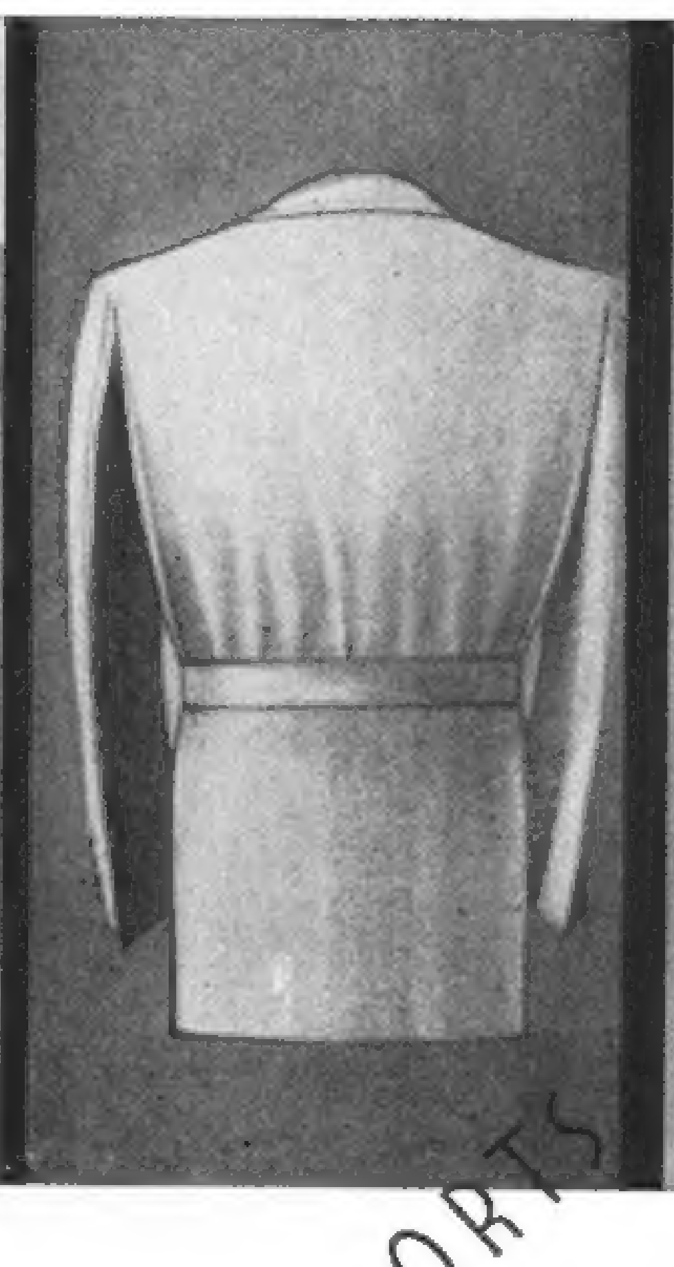
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FOR EVENING

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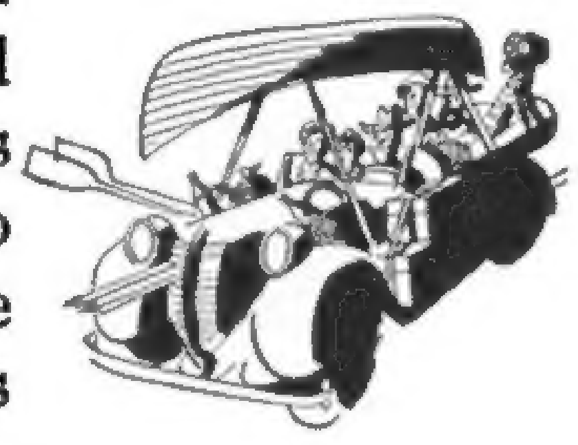
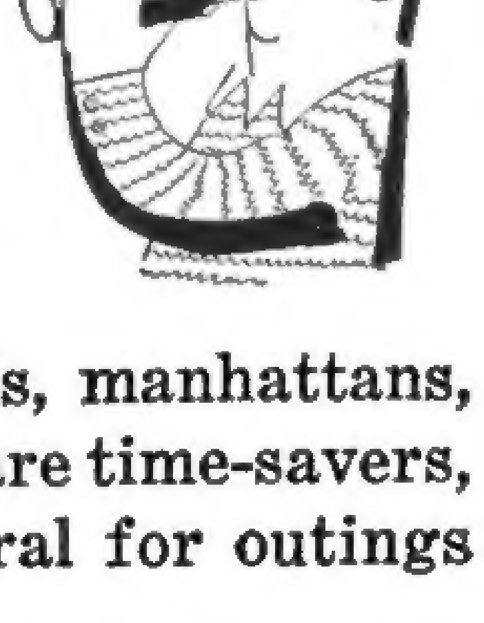


GET OUT AND COOK. In the old days, you set forth on a picnic laden with ducky wicker baskets and cardboard boxes filled with fried chicken, devilled eggs, potato salad in heavy glass jars, and dozens of cold, limp little sandwiches which the little woman rose at dawn to prepare. Picnics nowadays, however, have practically evolved into he-man outings . . . the commissary has become masculinized . . . a *hot* meal *cooked on the spot* is the thing.

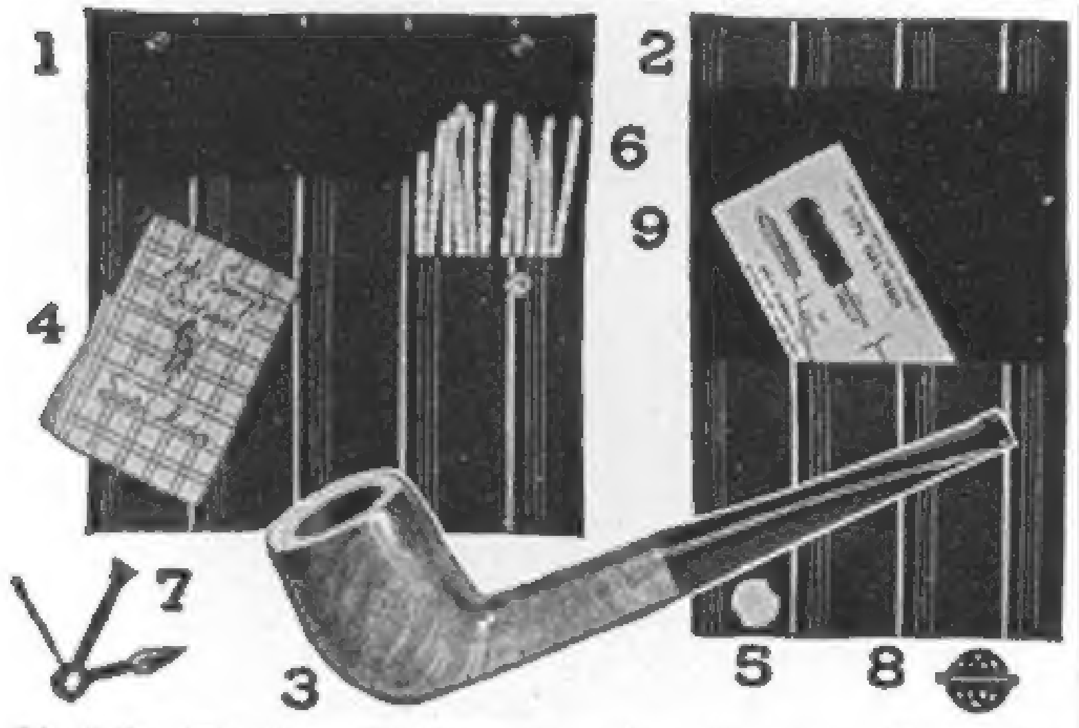
THE OUTDOOR GRILL. These vary in form, from the simple flat wire mesh type on 4 folding, pointed legs, up to elaborate jobs that have stainless steel shelves for plates and food attached to the firepot . . . these grills are even mounted on wheels for easy pushing about. Many of these grills fold compactly into carrying cases. One we saw comes packed with charcoal and straw to start the fire, plus a long handled fork . . . whole thing folding into a case a few inches in width. Others have 2 grills so that you can cook 2 steaks at a time; or reversible grills that flop over like a toaster. Most of them have wind shields around 3 sides. A neat 2-in-1 cooker is the vertical charcoal grill, a wire grate about 14 x 13 supported 16 inches high by a solid sheet steel back and wire legs. Charcoal magazines are suspended from this grate adjustable to or from 10 x 12 inch broiler, which is also suspended from grate. Under magazines are troughs into which you pour alcohol or gas for kindling fire. There's a drip pan under the broiler. The vertical grill broils both sides of a steak at once, and you can cook other things on top at the same time. You buy your fuel for outdoor grills at certain automobile service stations which dispense charcoal briquettes for 2 bits a bag, and do a land office business!

OUTDOOR EQUIPMENT. Don't load yourself down with a lot of stuff . . . choose essentials, and get the kind that stow away in a minimum of space. The "camp-chef" outfit is a dandy . . . practical utensils for cooking rolled into a black leatherette case . . . a pot lifter, rustless sawtooth carving knife, cooking spoon, steak tongs, long handled cooking fork and a combination salt and pepper shaker. You'll like a razor-knife slicer, too . . . a long narrow blade, made exactly like a razor of chrome-steel . . . holds edge indefinitely. For overnight camping, motor trouble, etc., there's a handy little pocket flashlight and key-case combination. And when you get back home at night just push the button for light, and pick out the right key without fumbling.

COOLING APPARATUS. What is an outing without a beverage? And what is a beverage if it isn't cold? Enter the portable ice box. You can get the basket refrigerator, with large compartment for ice (keeps drinks cold 24 hours via insulated interior) and has additional space for provisions. Then there's the ice chest, swell for small cruisers or cars. Weighs about 36 pounds, has insulated cork panels, walls and bottom ½ inch thick, lifting handles and faucet for drainage. And vacuum bottles. Big jugs of hard oven baked enamel with easy-pouring stoppers . . . keep foods hot or cold for hours; elaborate cases fitted with colorful composition cups, saucers and vacuum bottles. If you're having collins, you can buy bottles of all ready prepared charged water, flavored with lemon and syrup; you can also get whiskey sour and planter's makings . . . nothing to do but add the liquor. Martinis, manhattans, side cars and old fashioneds already mixed are time-savers, too. And of course canned beer is a natural for outings (provided you have an ice box).



Ranger



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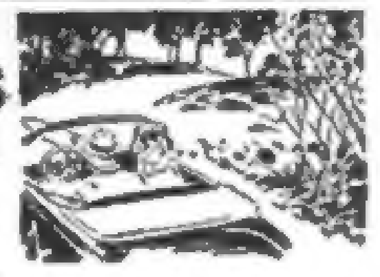

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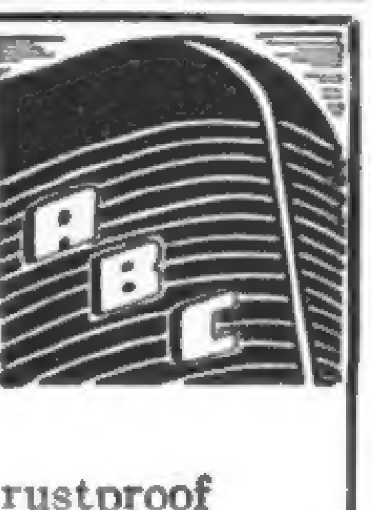

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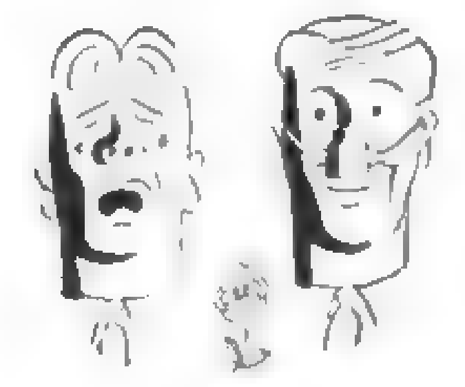
THE MATTER OF DISHES. If somebody has given you a fitted picnic basket, you probably have a collection of those featherweight, bright colored composition dishes. Easy to pack, easy to clean. Paper manufacturers have made great strides in producing paper plates and cups of sturdier stuff. You can get regular "hot drink" cups made of paper and molded all in one piece . . . no bottom to fall out . . . no wilting when the coffee goes in. Even with handles. Then there are paper food containers, good strong variety . . . for your salads etc. And paper "blue plates," neatly cleaved in trey . . . just like those in your favorite 75c blue plate lunch place. Even paper napkins have unsuspected virility . . . made of linen-weave, extra heavy, extra man-size. You can also have stainless steel dishes and cutlery . . . this won't tarnish, rust, corrode or stain, and offers great resistance to bending, denting and other abuses of hard outdoor handling.

HEYDAY FOR HAY FEVER-ITES. You've probably seen rotund Billy Gilbert, who climbed to screen fame on the strength of a synthetic sneeze. Billy may lose his most coveted screen role (in RKO's "I'm from the City," starring Joe Penner) as a result of an attack of genuine hay fever. Poor Gilbert is no longer able to control his sneeze. He should know about a new nose-goggle air filter. This lightweight plastic apparatus is built on the spectacle principle, resting under the nostrils and held in place by two spectacle side pieces over the ears. The nose piece is scientifically constructed to filter out foreign matter and to allow free passage of clean air. Soothing medication from the filter is drawn with every breath, relieving congestion. Swell for rose and hay fever, for common head colds and for fur and feather allergics. Workers in cement mills wear them, so do bakers, dog-pluckers and gardeners.



ON THE RIGHT SCENT. August is another one of those months when a man is confronted with what to give a lady—a present for your weekend hostess, your summer sweetie, or a slight token for your wife so far away in the mountains or somewhere. Esquire is giving you, every month, a different type of woman together with appropriate perfumes for each type. This time it's

HONEY CHILE. The Southern Belle, brought up in the "give the boy a big build-up" school. Your slightest gesture takes on romantic significance, your random remarks are liable to land you in a breach of promise suit. Deceptively disarming, this Flower of the South, all promise and little follow through, naive, at times wistful, she can turn the old charm on and off like a phonograph record. Her motto is: "know all men by these presents," so give, brother, give.

HER PERFUMES SHOULD BE: *Chanel's* Magnolia, heavily romantic; or the sweet Jasmin of *Coty, Elizabeth Arden* or *Molinard.* And Gardenia, *Matchabelli's, Charbert's, Hudnut's*—or *Lenthéric's* Gardenia de Tahiti. A symbol of desire is *Patou's* Joy, a concentrated rose fragrance; and *Corday's* Honeysuckle for a honeyed hussy. Frankly aphrodisiac is *Weil's* Zibeline, *Schiaparelli's* Shocking, *Lanvin's* My Sin and *Ciro's* Surrender. Or the pulse-quickening Parfum Imperial of *Lengyel,* or langorous Roi de Rome of *Parfums Chevalier Garde.* And for the femme of frills and furbelows, *Guerlain's* Sous le Vent

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SPECIAL RECORDS

BENNY GOODMAN—"King of Swing" departs from his "hot licks" to make an incomparable recording of true classical music. Accompanied by the Budapest String Quartet, he plays Mozart's Quintet for Clarinet and Strings with the perfection of a master musician. Tops in "listening music" for swing fans and music lovers. Four records in attractive Album — $6.50. Also others. Shipped anywhere in U.S. postpaid.
RABSON'S MUSIC SHOP
100 West 56th Street New York City

What a drab illustration!

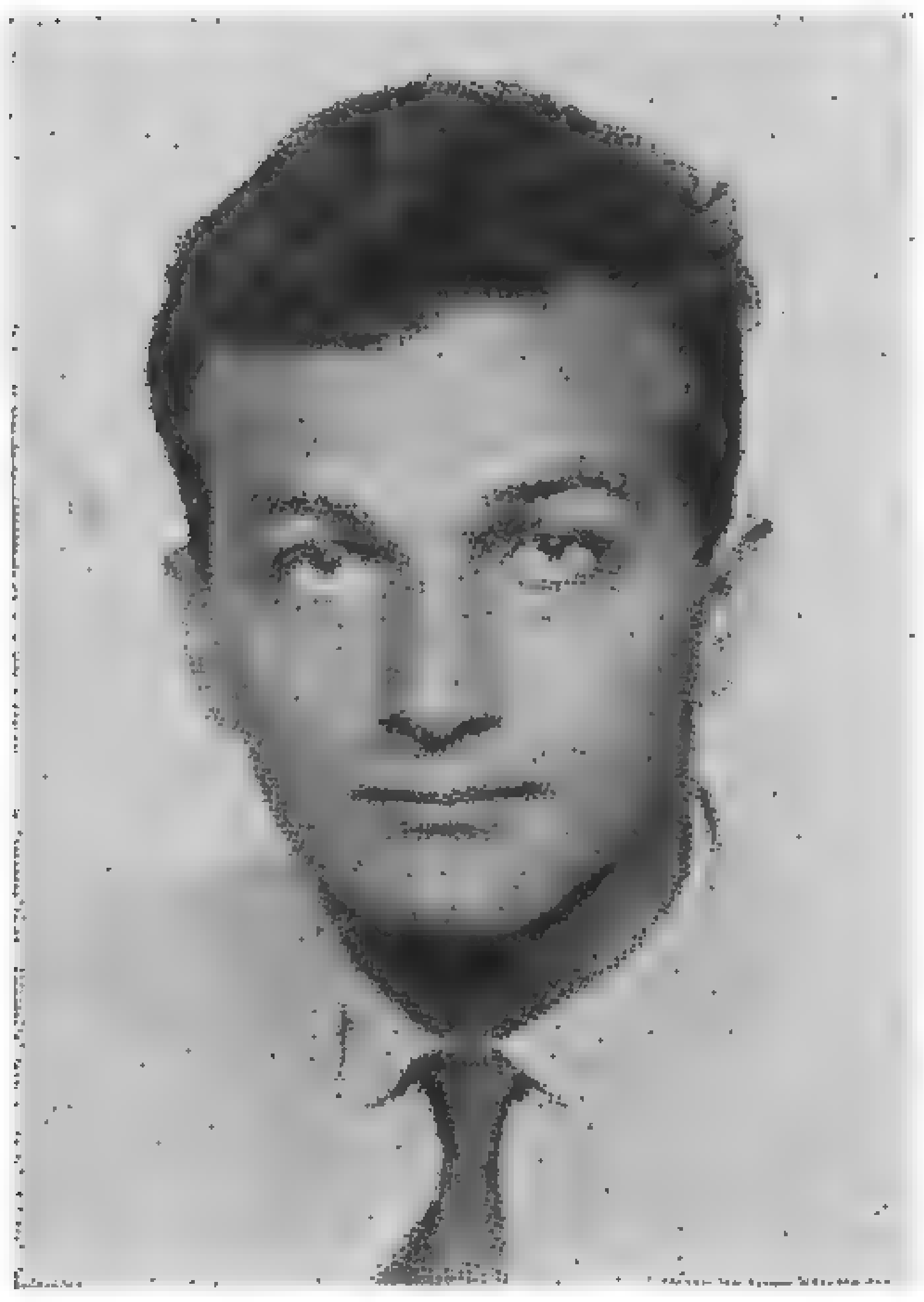
All good advertisements must have an illustration. So ours is reproduced above. "Yes," you say, "but what an absurd illustration it is. Just a solid square of black." We ourselves admit that it is a bit ordinary looking, but we would like to point out a few facts.

First, this is an advertisement for printing ink. Second, the test of good printing ink is the reproduction of black areas. Third, the supreme test of good printing ink is the reproduction of a black area in a uniformly intense solid tone.

Of course, nobody wants to print solid black squares, however intense and uniform they may be. But because they *could* print such squares as this with Bowers Ink—because they know it passes this crucial test—expert purchasers of printing specify Bowers Ink.

That's just one point. There's a dozen more to explain why, for instance every page of Esquire—color as well as black—has *always* been printed with Bowers Ink. Or why Coronet and Ken are printed with Bowers Ink. Or why *any* printed piece—small or large, letterpress or offset—is substantially improved with Bowers Ink. BOWERS PRINTING INK COMPANY, 711 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Julian Aronson

The author of *Mexican Prison*, Julian Aronson, was born on the Lower East Side of New York City. He attended the public schools and City College and studied at Cornell and Columbia Universities. He is a teacher of history in New York City high schools and a regular contributor to *Scholastic* and *Social Studies* magazine.

•

Paul Haggard started life as an artist and before he was thirty years old he had painted himself three times around the world. He boasts that his paintings hang in many of the best collections and in some of the worst lighting. During the late Bull Market he was forced to turn commercial and did drawings under the name of Henri Weiner for *Collier's*, *The New Yorker*, the *Post*, *Life* and *College Humor*. He gave it all up to go back to serious painting and became a writer part-time by ghosting a best selling novel. Since then he's done two novels on his own—*Dead Is the Doornail* and *Death Talks Shop*. *Let the Day Perish*, on page 32, is his first short story bought by a magazine and may someday be part of the nine-hundred-page novel which he's been working on for three years. He did this part while on a sketching trip behind certain battle lines after eye-witness accounts had hammered at his mind for weeks. He is thirty-one years old—married to Ethel Godoff, the famed Debussy pianist. They have one daughter, three years old, who is a realist about life and a fine judge of pictures (Disney's). He has just turned down an offer to go to Hollywood and he also will never appear in a department store autographing his novels. He is giving a one-man show of paintings in New York City sometime this fall.

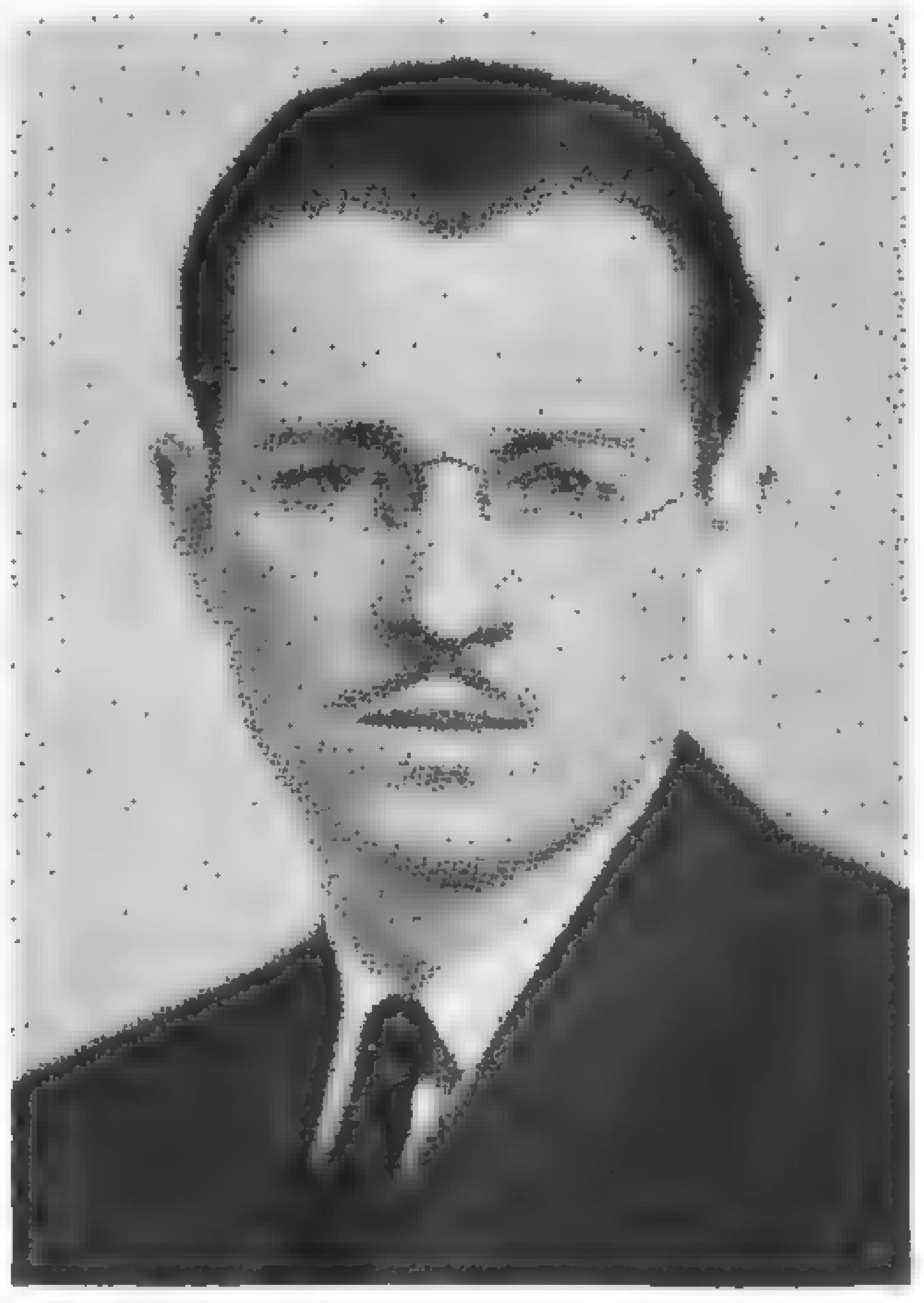
Paul Haggard

•

Freeman Tuck (*The Likeness of Bennington*, page 48) vows periodically never to write another line. He came originally from North Wales, shipped to Canada in 1913 and since that time has wandered aimlessly between Canada, Europe and the United States, engaged in newspaper work, advertising, and the study of art.

•

Carl Foreman is twenty-three, born in Chicago, and describes himself as a frustrated journalism major. He says: "At the risk of sounding trite and repetitious, I must admit having studied at and resigned from four colleges. Crane College, Northwestern University, the University of Illinois, and John Marshall Law School, leaving the first, third and fourth because of (a) a disagreement with the dean over the editorial policy of the student paper, (b) a disagreement with the dean of men, (c) a disagreement with the president. Northwestern and I parted friends. When I was nineteen I had a fling as press agent and lyric writer in Hollywood. I returned to Chicago, and took a berth with a traveling sideshow, intending to use the atmosphere as basis for a great American something or other. It was easier getting in the game than getting out, so I've been in show business ever since, mostly as a press agent. I like it all right, but if anyone knows of a vacant spot on a city or sports desk anywhere, I wish they'd let me know."



Carl Foreman

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Sterling A. Brown was born in Washington, D. C. thirty-seven years ago, was graduated from Williams College and did some advanced work at Harvard. He says: "Besides minor jobs of minor duration, I have taught school in the South and at Howard University. I am the author of *Southern Road*, a book of poems (1932) and have a second book of poems *No Hiding Place* that I am getting into final shape for publication. I have written essays and reviews for various publications; two pieces of critical work, *The Negro in Fiction* and *Negro Poetry and Drama*. I am at present on a Guggenheim Fellowship, working on a first novel. In 1936 I served as Editor on Negro Affairs for the Federal Writers' Project. My hobbies are too numerous and seriously engaged in to deserve the name: my likes are encyclopedic; my aversions are not so many but go just as deep."

•

Cal Johnson is Fishing Editor of *Sports Afield* and of *Sporting Goods Journal*. He also writes a newspaper syndicate called *America Out-of-Doors* for North American Sportsmen's Bureau, Inc., which now strikes one hundred twelve newspapers. He was born in the northwoods and took to the sport of fishing as a youngster. At first he studied wildlife as a hobby, then started writing for outdoor magazines and made a success of the venture, having had published stories in practically every national outdoor magazine in the United States and Canada. He has written several books on fishing. For five years he was outdoor editor of the *Chicago Daily News*. And he was called to Calvin Coolidge's camp when he vacationed in northern Wisconsin to help outline the President's fishing trips. He also helped outfit Herbert Hoover for a northwoods vacation. He is a member of the Northwestern University chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, a professional journalism fraternity. He lives on the shores of a Northern Wisconsin lake ten miles from a railroad station with his wife and twelve-year-old son. His current contribution to Esquire is *Micropterus—America's Game Fish* on page 41.

•

Carlisle Bargeron is well versed in Washington gossip, (*Garner-FDR's Friend and Foe*, page 31) having been, by turns, political editor and columnist for the *Washington Post*, the *Herald* and the *Times*. His articles have been in *Nation's Business*, *Commentator*, *Judge* and the lamented *Today*.

Gregory Hartswick

F. Gregory Hartswick is a well-known puzzler. For some time he was editor of the Red Magic section of the *New York World*. He was one of the three who started the Cross Word Puzzle books. And he has contributed several articles on brain teasers to this magazine—currently *And Still They Come*, running on page 57.

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Carleton Smith, whose "On the Record" column begins with this issue, is commentator for the Lewisohn Stadium Concerts, which are broadcast on Sunday nights over C. B. S. during July and August.

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William Sharp, who has been doing Esquire illustrations for quite some time now, was for seventeen years a newspaper caricaturist in Berlin. When he came to this country he got a job on the *New York Post*, and covered the Hauptmann trial as his first assignment. His drawings are in a permanent collection at the New York Public Library, and are on display at the Weyhe Gallery and the Kennedy Gallery in New York. Aside from the years he spent in Germany, he has studied and worked in France, England, Sweden, Denmark and Czechoslovakia.

Continued on page 16

William Sharp

1938
THE BEST SHORT STORIES
EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

Esquire

SHARES FIRST HONORS IN "THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1938"

Of the thirty stories that are reprinted in Edward J. O'Brien's *Best Short Stories of 1938*—the authoritative collection of the finest fiction published in American magazines during the previous year—six are from Esquire. This is a higher total than that of any other magazine except *Story*, which is also represented with six stories. Only to those who have never explored Esquire's "serious side" will it come as a surprise that *The Magazine for Men* is ranked as a leader in high calibre fiction.

ROLL OF HONOR

NUMBER OF DISTINCTIVE SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN AMERICAN PERIODICALS DURING 1937—AS RATED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

1. Esquire	84
2. Story	73
3. Scribner's	29
4. Harper's Bazaar	23
5. American Prefaces	20
6. Atlantic Monthly	19
7. Harper's	15
8. Southern Review	13
9. Prairie Schooner	13
10. Frontier and Midland	10
11. American Mercury	8

THESE ARE THE ESQUIRE STORIES WHICH ARE REPRINTED IN "THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1938"

CHRIST IN CONCRETE
By Pietro di Donato
March, 1937

THE WHOLE WORLD IS OUTSIDE
By Manuel Komroff
July, 1937

HUEY THE ENGINEER
By Jesse Stuart
August, 1937

THE CHEAT'S REMORSE
By Morley Callaghan
October, 1937

OFF THE HIGHWAY
By Ira Wolfert
October, 1937

BLACK WIND AND LIGHTNING
By Michael Fessier
December, 1937

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Sándor Hunyady

Sándor Hunyady is a Hungarian, or, strictly speaking, a Transylvanian. His father was a writer, his mother an artist. And he says: "Without filial bias I might add that each was a great artist. When the World War broke out I was a very young kid, but I joined the army. Then we lost the war and the city where I was born was annexed by the enemy. I went through the sorrow of seeing new postage stamps appear and street names changed. Bolshevism and in its wake bourgeois reaction marched past me, and now I am hanging onto my hat to keep it from being blown off by some side wind of neighboring dictatorships. All this, mildly speaking, was very interesting; but unpleasant as it is, I am past forty and I am beginning to lose my sense of humor, which thus far has helped me to endure the sensations of my surroundings. I have written a large stack of stories, novels and plays. Esquire readers, cinema patrons have seen some samples of them, but not the really good ones. Those I haven't written yet."

•

Sherry Mangan's *The Alligator and the Building Blocks* is part of a book of interrelated stories—a portrait of a bourgeois neighborhood—others of which have so far appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Housatonic* and *The London Mercury*. He says that he is also keeping his hand in at semi-hack work, such as translating from the Spanish a strange and wonderful book on Mexican painting called *The Cloud and the Chronometer* by Louis Cardoza y Aragón, and trying to make a sensible dramatic version of Mozart's *Idomeneo Re di Creta* so Virgil Thomson can put it on. He was born in Lynn, Massachusetts in 1904. He is seven-eighths Irish, one-eighth French. Between graduation from Harvard in 1925, and 1932 he lived mostly out of America, following the exchange and writing poetry. Broke, he returned from Mexico in 1933 to take a job as a book designer at the Plimpton Press, where he still works. He has published *Cinderella Married: a divertissement* and *No Apology for Poetrie and other poems.*

Sherry Mangan

•

Liam O'Flaherty was educated in the Jesuit College where he studied for the priesthood, and later at University College, Dublin, where he had secured a scholarship. When the hierarchy of Ireland urged the people to save Catholic Belgium, he joined the Irish Guards under an assumed name. It was something of a scandal, and he made up for it by writing letters home in Gaelic, describing with some glee the German advances on the Western Front. He was shell-shocked after a year, and returned to Ireland, where he took part in the Irish Revolution, organizing ex-soldiers in Dublin and conducting a little war of his own. When life grew dull in Ireland, O'Flaherty traveled across half the globe, working at odd jobs. In London he wrote his first novel, *Thy Neighbor's Wife*. Other books followed rapidly. He has published several books of short stories, including *Spring Sowing*, *The Tent*, *The Fairy Goose*, and *The Mountain Tavern.*

•

George Slocombe (*The White Stallion*, page 42) has been foreign editor of the *Evening Standard* since 1932, living in France. Last winter he made a lecture tour in this country. He was born in 1874, educated at the Merchant Venturers Technical College in Bristol, and joined the editorial staff of the *Chronicle* in 1914. During the World War he served with the R. A. F., became News Editor of the *Daily Herald* in 1919, then Chief Foreign Correspondent. He was publicly commended by three British Cabinet Ministers for despatches from the Hague Conference in 1929. For three years he contributed a Paris letter to the editorial pages of the *New York Herald Tribune.* He has also contributed to *The Nation*, the *New York Times*, *Vanity Fair* and *Fortune.*

•

Walter Schoenstedt

Walter Schoenstedt was born in 1909 in Bernburg on the Salle. He attended elementary school in Berlin. During the World War his father spent four years in the trenches, and his mother made grenades in a munitions factory. He struggled along as a youth, doing farm work, traveling with horse dealers, working as a hod carrier. Then for awhile he roamed through Switzerland, Italy and France with several friends, singing and entertaining for food. Before Hitler came to power, he wrote two books, *Fighting Youth* and *Motive Unknown.* Both were destroyed in the book-burning and Schoenstedt was placed upon the black list. For a year he hid in Germany, writing *Shot While Escaping.* In the meantime, Storm Troopers and police searched for him. He was compelled to flee to Paris where he published his latest book. During the following months, he crossed the German border secretly several times. Finally he was declared guilty of high treason, and he came to the States. Since then he made one last trip to Germany "when duty and opportunity beckoned." *In Praise of Life*, written in this country, will be published soon by Farrar and Rinehart.

•

Morris Gilbert says: "Having imbibed the culture of Yonkers and Schenectady, I went to war in a mine sweeper. When the war ended, the great heart of America was pulsing for the suffering Armenians and one of the pulsations caught me in its flow and deposited me in Turkey. Returning westward, I paused in Paris and went to work for the *New York Herald.* Since then I have been in newspaper work in New York and abroad. I was married eleven years ago and we have a girl and a boy."

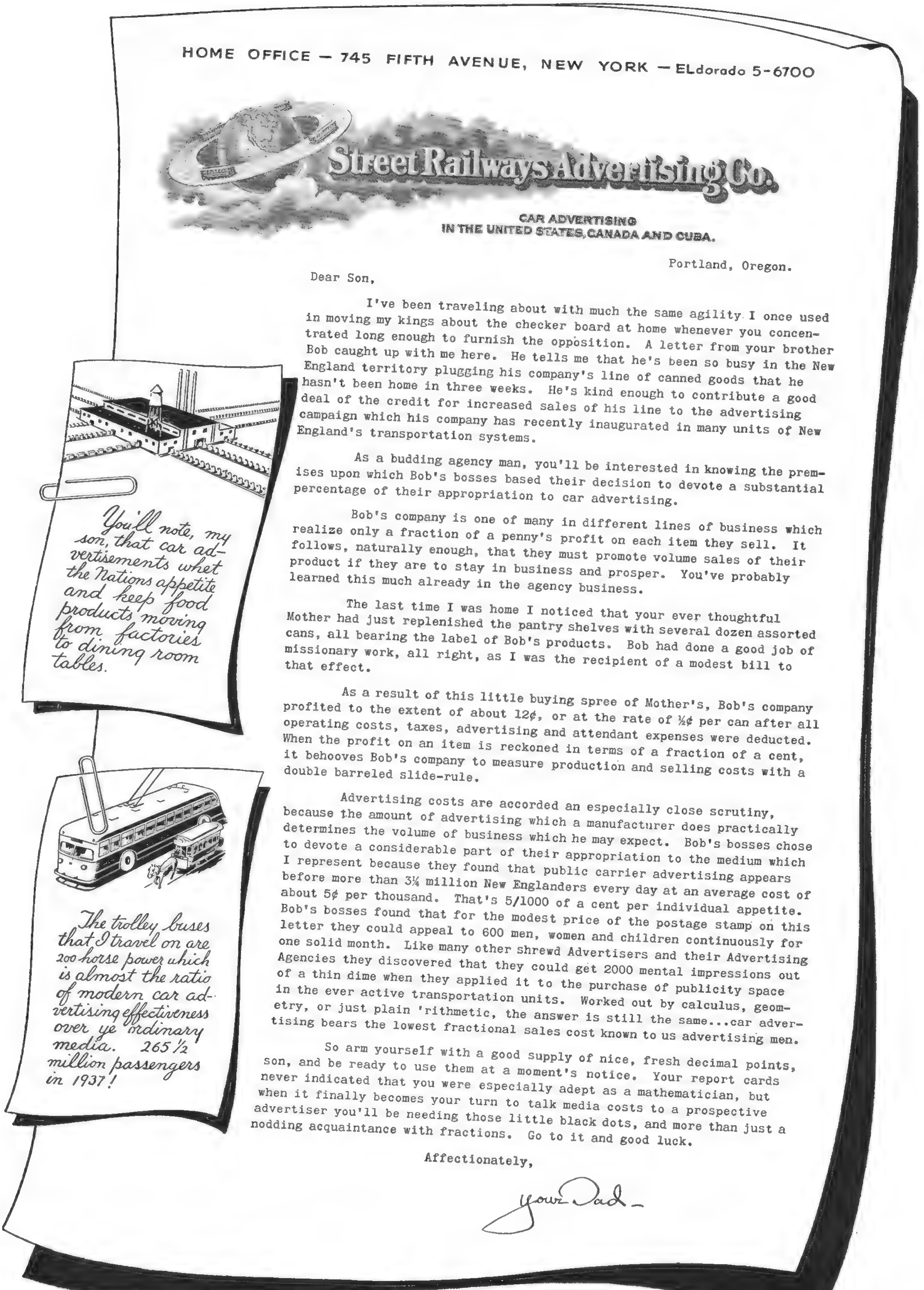
Joseph C. Urkov

Dr. Joseph Urkov has specialized in dermatology and plastic surgery since 1923. He was born in Chicago, took his pre-medical training in Carnegie University and studied medicine at Loyola University in Chicago. He interned at the Illinois Masonic Hospital, saw active service as a medical officer during the World War, and practiced general surgery for eight years following. He has been attending staff surgeon at St. Mary's, Mercy, Methodist, American and Jefferson Park Hospitals. Several of his articles on plastic surgery have appeared in widely circulated medical journals, and he has written a textbook on *Anatomy and Physiology.*

•

Karl Kamb works for M. G. M. He was born on a farm, in the State of Washington, in 1903, and didn't like it. From the University of Washington he went into newspaper work and advertising. He didn't like that either. Then he was dragged, by the horns, he claims into the stock and bond business. He dismisses that chapter in his life by saying: "Maybe you know what happened to the new kids in *Dead End?*" Now he is working on a collection of short stories on American primitives, of which *Midsummer Morning* is one.

Karl Kamb



HOME OFFICE — 745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK — ELdorado 5-6700

Street Railways Advertising Co.

CAR ADVERTISING
IN THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND CUBA.

Portland, Oregon.

Dear Son,

I've been traveling about with much the same agility I once used in moving my kings about the checker board at home whenever you concentrated long enough to furnish the opposition. A letter from your brother Bob caught up with me here. He tells me that he's been so busy in the New England territory plugging his company's line of canned goods that he hasn't been home in three weeks. He's kind enough to contribute a good deal of the credit for increased sales of his line to the advertising campaign which his company has recently inaugurated in many units of New England's transportation systems.

As a budding agency man, you'll be interested in knowing the premises upon which Bob's bosses based their decision to devote a substantial percentage of their appropriation to car advertising.

Bob's company is one of many in different lines of business which realize only a fraction of a penny's profit on each item they sell. It follows, naturally enough, that they must promote volume sales of their product if they are to stay in business and prosper. You've probably learned this much already in the agency business.

The last time I was home I noticed that your ever thoughtful Mother had just replenished the pantry shelves with several dozen assorted cans, all bearing the label of Bob's products. Bob had done a good job of missionary work, all right, as I was the recipient of a modest bill to that effect.

As a result of this little buying spree of Mother's, Bob's company profited to the extent of about 12¢, or at the rate of ½¢ per can after all operating costs, taxes, advertising and attendant expenses were deducted. When the profit on an item is reckoned in terms of a fraction of a cent, it behooves Bob's company to measure production and selling costs with a double barreled slide-rule.

Advertising costs are accorded an especially close scrutiny, because the amount of advertising which a manufacturer does practically determines the volume of business which he may expect. Bob's bosses chose to devote a considerable part of their appropriation to the medium which I represent because they found that public carrier advertising appears before more than 3¼ million New Englanders every day at an average cost of about 5¢ per thousand. That's 5/1000 of a cent per individual appetite. Bob's bosses found that for the modest price of the postage stamp on this letter they could appeal to 600 men, women and children continuously for one solid month. Like many other shrewd Advertisers and their Advertising Agencies they discovered that they could get 2000 mental impressions out of a thin dime when they applied it to the purchase of publicity space in the ever active transportation units. Worked out by calculus, geometry, or just plain 'rithmetic, the answer is still the same...car advertising bears the lowest fractional sales cost known to us advertising men.

So arm yourself with a good supply of nice, fresh decimal points, son, and be ready to use them at a moment's notice. Your report cards never indicated that you were especially adept as a mathematician, but when it finally becomes your turn to talk media costs to a prospective advertiser you'll be needing those little black dots, and more than just a nodding acquaintance with fractions. Go to it and good luck.

Affectionately,

Your Dad

You'll note, my son, that car advertisements whet the Nations appetite and keep food products moving from factories to dining room tables.

The trolley buses that I travel on are 200 horse power which is almost the ratio of modern car advertising effectiveness over ye ordinary media. 265½ million passengers in 1937!

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Smart New Yorkers meet at the

CASINO-ON-THE-PARK

HIMBER ★★★★★ HIT

(by popular vote the country's No. 1 dance band) entertains with tunes that have won 5 ★★★★★ applause. For the "tops" in summertime enjoyment dine and dance at the delightfully cool Casino-on-the-Park. De luxe Sunday Dinner or the famous Shore Dinner every Friday & Saturday $2.

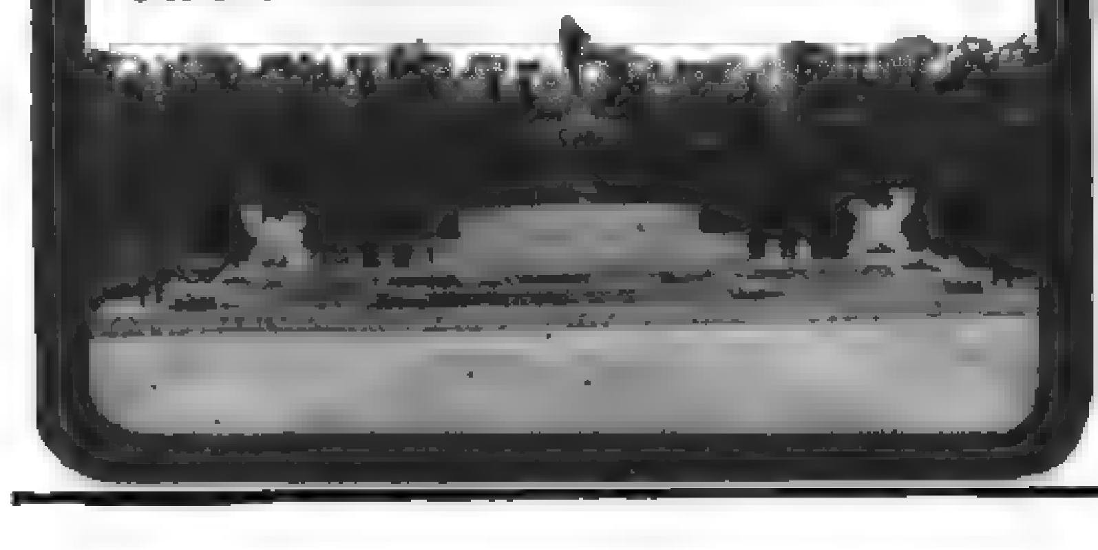
ESSEX HOUSE

Oscar Wintrab, *Managing Director*
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
On 59th Street facing the Park

SINGLES FROM $4.50—DOUBLES FROM $6.50 — SUITES FROM $9.00

Only by experiencing the Plaza way of living can you understand how it is that its traditional hospitality and charm . . . the spaciousness of its beautifully appointed rooms, facing Central Park...perfect service and tempting cuisine—transforms mere existence into truly fine living.
Henry A. Rost, President and Managing Director

The PLAZA New York
FIFTH AVENUE at FIFTY-NINTH ST.



The Rainbow Room has kindly put on its summer clothes and permits the visitors to sit around in their sack (suits) and (cigarette) ashes. It is a welcome change as so many summer visitors do not carry the excess dress attire on short trips. The entertainment is varied and light with Al Donahue alternating with Eddie Le Baron and his tango band. The view is still the most enchanting in the world.

The girls who run the Whirling Top on East 52nd Street have decided to import a band and fortune teller. Now they should be allowed their Union card and be acknowledged as members of café society. Up until now it has been a pretty good place to go and order your drink and commune with nature or your friendly neighbor. As far as we know, it is the only bar run by women.

We've mentioned before the case of George Washington who liked the Inn opposite the Clock Tower at Roslyn so much that he stayed there some time. While not in the same hands, the old tradition prevails and on a sunny day you can find the place filled with Daughters and Sons of the Revolution. The fare is ample and with that home touch. And to show how far we've come from our ancestors, the Inn features a chiffon pie that is for experts—lemon or chocolate according to your taste.

One of the first lessons a tourist abroad learns is about water. In the first place, the wine is so much better for one and in the second, the water systems were designed for putting out fires, washing streets and occasional baths. When you drink water you take it out of a bottle. We early found the kind we liked and stuck to it through the summer. It is better that way, don't mix your brands. As a tip, we recommend Vichy Celestine, which is fine for the American who, overcome by the excellence of the local vintages, is inclined to partake of more than he is accustomed to. Not to end the sentence on a preposition, try a bottle the morning after.

For the lover of the quaint, there are several old places in Connecticut that call for a visit. Around Silvermine, where most of the artists do their horseshoe pitching, there is the famed Silver Mine Tavern. Out Weston way there is Cobb's Mill. On the Redding Ridge Road is the Old Spinning Wheel Tavern, which you can recognize from the road. At East Norwalk there is Dorlon's Shore House, sought for miles around for its fish fresh from the Sound. Near Fairfield is the Tide Mill Tavern. While most of these places are quaint, they do have good food in the American style made familiar by our mothers.

The Outpost Inn, on the outskirts of Ridgefield, Connecticut, is one of the few hostelries that has become modern and still held on to the country trade. Recently there we encountered a wedding, wafted suddenly from Park Avenue, manners and all. For a moment we thought we were in Fifty-Third Street with the candid cameras. The kitchen, under Joseph J. Gibney, keeps to a high standard, with the food tending toward the metropolitan cuisine rather than the rustic. A new terrace has been added on the lake side, and the spot is one of enchanting beauty. Passing through the tree-shaded streets of Ridgefield is an adventure in Americanism itself.

Giovanni has a guest book that is his pride. It contains the names of Counts, Grand Dukes, Barons and mere movie stars, as well as some of the town's better gourmets. It is the sort of place where you are on the right track if you permit Giovanni to suggest the dinner and let him order. The hors d'oeuvres are maison specialities and contain items not found elsewhere. His vichy-soisse is excellent and he can do marvelous things with a guinea hen. If you do not know, (though most of his customers do), Giovanni can guide you to the proper vintage. His place at 66 East 55th Street is one on the special list for gourmets.

BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
DISTILLED DRY GIN

For the SUPER Tom Collins or Rickey

BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
LONDON
Imported from England
100% NEUTRAL GRAIN SPIRITS . . 86 PROOF

PARK & TILFORD
IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Sole Distributor for the United States

WHEN IN NEW YORK visit
THE "RIVIERA" OF AMERICA
Ben Marden's
RIVIERA
JUST ACROSS THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

vacationing?

here's authentic advice to the fun-bound

ESQUIRE'S HOLIDAY HANDBOOK

Right now or in the next few weeks, the great American Public will make some great American decisions testing whether this family or that family will take to the mountains or the sea-shore, to a ship or the rails or the car or the air and whether their vacation period this summer will be spent in hunting, fishing, golf, tennis, bathing or just sitting... or perhaps a combination of all activities.

Then come the questions of where to go, what to wear, what to take along and what to do when you get there. Don't be alarmed. Lean back. Take it easy. You've had a hard winter. "Esquire's Holiday Handbook" has been especially designed for smart vacationists. It will answer all your "wears" and "wheres."

Esquire's "holiday handbook" comes to you for 25c in stamps to cover costs of handling.

Esquire
366 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Gordon's
DISTILLED LONDON DRY
DISTILLED IN LINDEN
94.4 PROOF
& BOTTLED NEW JERSEY
GORDON'S
REG U.S. PAT OFFICE
EST'D 1769
4/5 QUART
94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A BY
THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, LIMITED
LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
FOR
GORDONS DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED
LINDEN NEW JERSEY
ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF
TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD
LONDON ENGLAND
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
GORDON'S

Gordon's has the Advantage

OF LIQUEUR QUALITY & HIGH PROOF, *94.4*

It's an advantage worth having! For Liqueur Quality means richer flavor, velvety smoothness. And High Proof, 94.4, means sustained flavor—drinks that never taste thin.

DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH

Gordon's Gin

THE HEART OF A ♥ GOOD COCKTAIL

COPYRIGHT 1938, GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY, LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY • 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Heineken's
A-Merk Bier
HOLLANDERS get their sunshine from HEINEKEN'S and the whole world is enjoying their happiness!

HEINEKEN'S
IMPORTED
HOLLAND BEER
(SINCE 1620)

IMPORTED BY
Austin.Nichols & Co.
(INCORPORATED)
Brooklyn, New York
Albany, N.Y. Hempstead, L.I.
Newark, N.J. New Haven, Conn.
Chicago, Ill. Miami, Fla.
Washington, D.C.

A N C O
EST D 1855

DINE • DANCE • ROMANCE • ROMANCE • ROMANCE
Taking the Town by Storm

RAY KINNEY
AND HIS OWN
HAWAIIAN ROOM ORCHESTRA
In the Air Conditioned
Hawaiian Room
DELIGHTFULLY COOL
Songs and Dances by
The Aloha Maids

HOTEL LEXINGTON
LEXINGTON AVE. AT 48th ST., N.Y.
Charles E. Rochester, Man. Director

DINE • DANCE • ROMANCE

● DON'T SIMMER
● THIS SUMMER
● Keep Kukumber-kool
● at
● LEON & EDDIE'S 52 ST. N.Y.C.
● Dinner • Supper • Cocktails
● EDDIE DAVIS
● Carries on!

GIN and TONIC
MADE WITH
BILLY BAXTER
QUININE SODA
AT FINE CLUBS, HOTELS, FANCY DEALERS,
—OR ORDER DIRECT FROM THE SPRINGS
FREE RECIPE BOOK—RED RAVEN CO., CHESWICK, PA.

We saw Mr. Brunner, one of the town's leading art dealers, as well as gourmet, at La Chaumiere, 163 East Fifty-Sixth Street, so we know the place was beloved of the French. It is a small place with a steady clientele, making much of its maison specialties. They have an unusual onion soup and the poulets in wine can be highly recommended. The proprietor has numerous souvenirs of his happy days with Escoffier and as judge on many an international cooking bout. He, by the way, dons the chef's cap and does the preparing of your meal.

Bill's Gay Nineties Bar will probably run along as long as there are any men over forty in the town. At 57 East Fifty-Fourth Street, it seems to overflow with the thinning-hair brigade, from dinner time on. It is nostalgic in a scornful way and not maudlin so even the young can look on without pity.

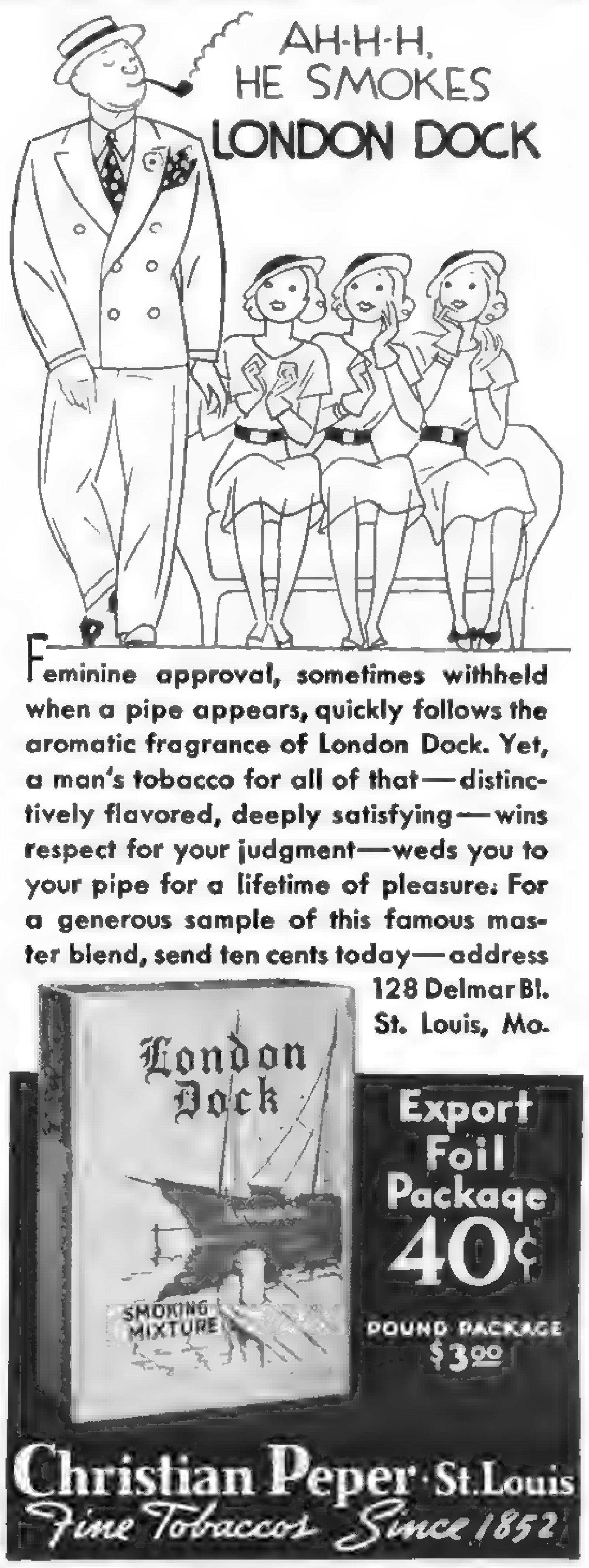
The St. Regis, pioneers in the business of removing the American inferiority complex about wines, have fancied up their cellar to receive guests. There, on special occasions, you are permitted to look upon the most carefully selected wine cellar in this country. We were fortunate to be on hand at its christening, the guest of America's one authority on wine—Julian Street. After two honest and arduous years, Mr. Street has brought forth a list that is looked upon as the Bible of the industry. It includes everything, and much to the surprise of the laymen, a great many things are reasonable, such as the Chateau Lynch-Bages, '29, a superb claret, at two dollars a bottle. We sat in on one of the "blind" testings, twenty-eight Bordeau, at a clip, so we know how arduously the wine list was arrived at. The christening luncheon, arranged by Gaston Lauryssen, the new General Manager, was a delight: Perrier Jouet, extra dry with the Caviare and Velputee Henri IV; Ueeziger Wurzgarten, '35 with Pompano Vigneron; Chateau Lynch-Bages, '29 with Aile de Pulet St. Regis; Chateau Yquem, Creme de Tete, '21 with the soufflé; cognac or Kirsch in the Mazagran.

The Cuban thing has such a hold on the town it can not come under the head of a passing vogue. The latest newcomer, La Conga, whipped through the season with changing bands and changeless movie stars on parade. There was a moment when it was feared La Conga might take the flash-light of so-what celebrities' prize away from the famed El Morocco. Passing by the fanfare, which seems to be necessary in the business, you can get a fine meal on the Spanish side at La Conga and their pineapple machine grinds you out a drink that is more than soothing.

Max Harder is known as the daddy of Eighty-sixth Street, and you can blame him for all the braus hauses that followed his original Max's, with yodeling, thigh slapping and singing waiters. Now, from the more sedate Hindenburg Cafe, at 220 East Eighty-Sixth, Max observes life as it is lived in Yorkville. It is the nearest approach we know to the Bavarian coffee houses where the women gossip and the men drink and smoke away the hours. In the cellar, Max makes most of the excellent wursts consumed hereabouts and also some of the finest pastry you can find in the town. His knackwurst is something special, and on the other side is a cheese cake that we go miles to eat.

Latino, at 15 Barrow Street, is where the Villagers go Spanish. A small band of native players do a sort of service to the rhumba, the air could be cut with a knife and there is food of a sort. But on Saturday nights the young people have a hell of a time.

Again the Tavern on the Green in Central Park is under the management of the Savarins. Hughie Barrett will play there during the summer. The Tavern is our only park restaurant and should be on every visitor's list.



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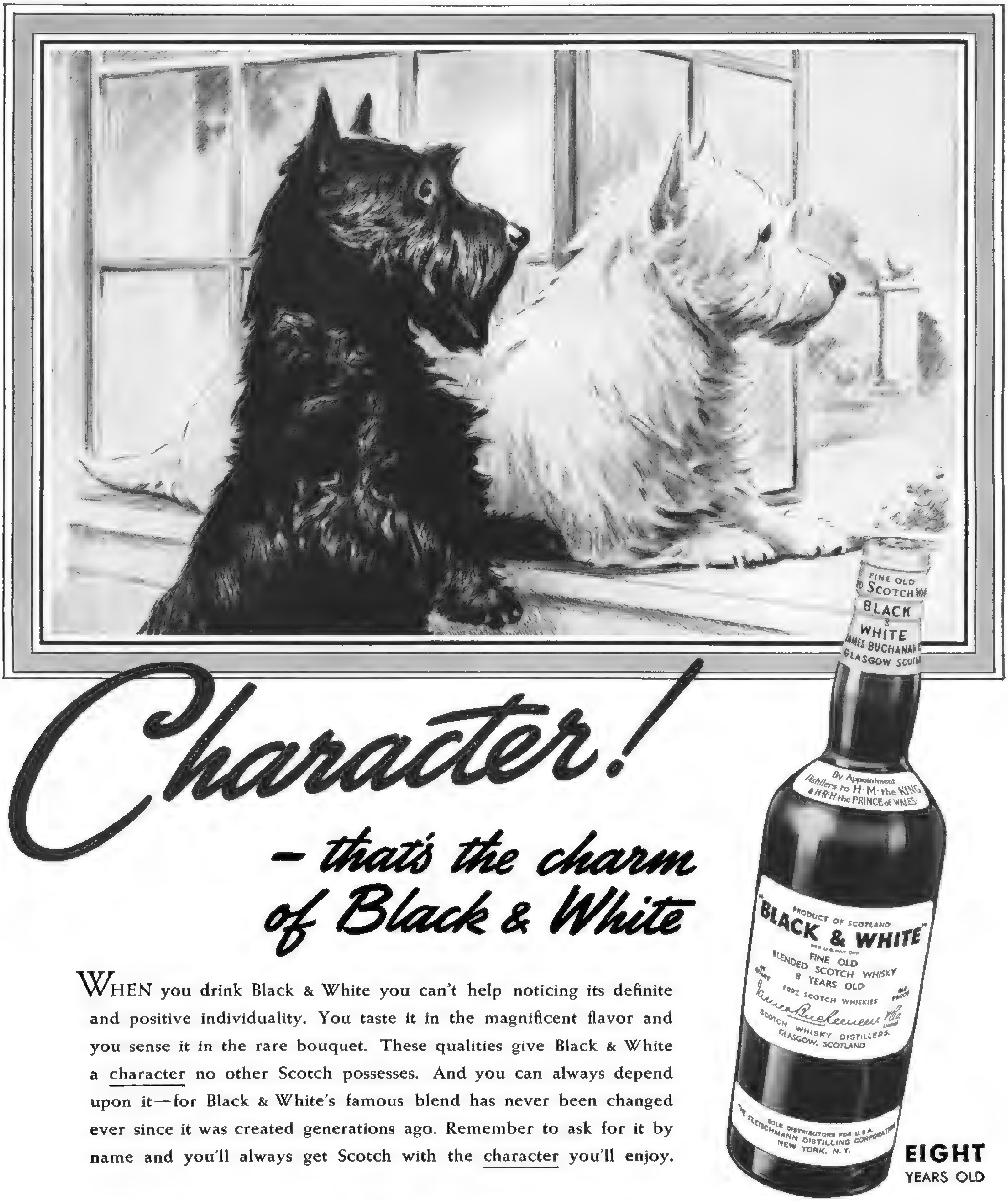
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The New Italy

In spite of Il Duce's efforts at streamlining, Italy remains comic opera, dirty and shabby backstage

by KENNETH MANN

• ARTICLE •

In the summertime the eager travelers overrun Europe's birthplaces and tombstones, museums and cafés. Guided along the well-beaten paths laid down by Baedeker, Muirhead and Clara Laughlin, they perform a wholesale rape upon the tottering culture of the old world.

But in these days of tumult not even the casual traveler is content merely to peer at the memorial tablets or squeak his awed way through cathedrals. The breakdown of the ancestral society which is advertised daily in the news headlines has made all our types, babbitt, the school teacher, the club woman, Joe College and the co-ed, conscious of political-economic overtones. Out of its decay, Europe blooms a significance no one detected in the age of the Dead Calm when Bayard Taylor knapsacked it abroad and Mark Twain made a Katzenjammer tour.

So now the Swedes are not only cute and art-crafty, but they have a Middle Way—there is a New Deal at the smörgasbord. Last year the tripper in England was as interested in the throne crisis as in the standard sights, and this year the discussions at jam teas and in Cook's busses is about British prestige and how long will Chamberlain last? In Paris the brasseries, the pissoirs, the night spots, are handling the usual business, but over the checkered tablecloths and from the top of the Eiffel Tower amateur experts from America offer opinions on Blum, Doriot, the class struggle, and the staying power of the franc.

And in Italy, although the pigeons are still being overfed by tourists in the square of Saint Mark, and the Roman Forum swarms with popeyed investigators eager to recreate the ancient capital from guidebook diagrams, there, in the interludes of mealtimes, faces come up out of the spaghetti to debate the question—has fascism made the Italians efficient?

(So come with me, to Italee, where castor oil has made the trains run on time.)

* * *

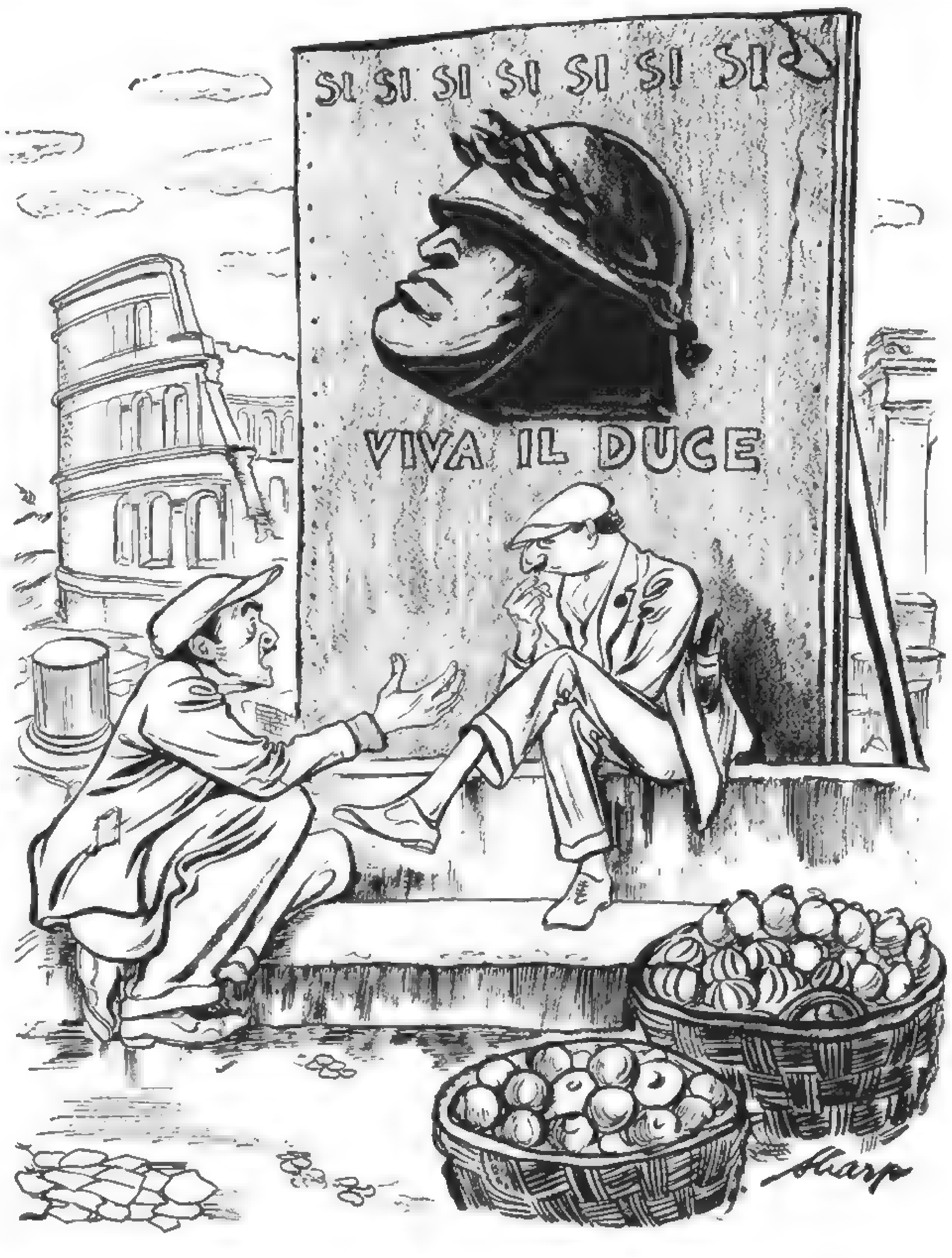
As my wife and I boarded the streetcar for the ride to the harbor (we were allowing an hour and a half to catch the Capri boat) the motorman gave two staccato bangs of his bell. I darted a quick look at her, but she was too busy climbing up into the car to notice anything unusual.

The streetcar flew along, shaking its rear end voluptuously. My wife stopped fanning herself and said to me, "You see, fascism does make a difference. Look at the way this motorman is making the car go. It wasn't this way in Naples ten years ago, *mon vieux*."

"This isn't Mussolini," I said. "The wiggle which is being imparted to the hips of this chariot is the result of American training. Excuse me."

I went to the front platform. Knowing that in Italy one should do as the Italians do, I disregarded the sign which said it is *vietato* to talk to the *manovratore*.

"How long were you in America?" I asked in the motorman's ear, as the antique gocart took a curve in high, spilling Italians from its seats.


SI SI SI SI SI SI SI
VIVA IL DUCE

From a point beyond his ear I could see a startled expression gradually give in to a broad grin. "T'ree year," he confided. Then, "How you know I was in America?"

"Pep," I replied. "You give the car what we call in America the 'zeep.' *Capisco* 'rapid transit'?"

He understood, and rightly interpreting it as a compliment, widened his grin. We had some further talk, and I went back to collect my wife for the disembarkation.

"So?" she queried, for I was carrying a piece of the motorman's grin with me.

"So," I said, "the *manovratore* learned the American system of streetcar jerking as a worker in a Pennsylvania hat factory for three years."

We were half an hour early for the boat.

* * *

Mussolini has built hydroelectric plants and automobile highways. He has commanded excavations to unearth more past glories. Under the sign of the *fasces* Italy has attained second place among the merchant marines of the world. The electric railway from Rome to Naples is a pip. The Italian version of *ersatz* is making the country less dependent on trade with the world. One of its great triumphs is the manufacture of synthetic wool from the casein in milk, which means less cheese but more uniforms.

But the most efficient people in Italy are, in order of merit:

1. Beggars
2. Peddlers and Guides
3. Bellringers
4. Swiss hotelkeepers
5. Cook's Tours (Cook's practically owns Mt. Vesuvius and Pompeii.)

Let us arrive in Naples by this streamlined railway. After that swift, un-Neapolitan ride, we change into a broken-down hack. The baggage is piled in the rear and over our laps, and an undernourished horse begins the slow and agonizing ascent of the heights of Naples to where the cool breezes and the Swiss pensions are.

The first impression, if you can take your eyes off that tortured stumbling nag, is that half the population, child and adult male, is in uniform. Priests, nuns, and monks are everywhere. Elsewhere there are city guards, city police, soldiers, sailors, marines, baby *balillas*, cocky adolescent fascists, carabinieri and Black Shirts. The country is overpoliced—municipally, spiritually, morally, nationalistically. It takes a lot of people out of production.

In the pension sitting room you see, by the *Paris Herald-Tribune*, that Mussolini granted a ten minute audience to an American manufacturer of paper plates, who came out of it fairly geysering the conviction that the Duce is a humanitarian, though iron-fisted, personality.

On the wall is a chromo of Mussolini with his jaw out thrust and his eyes popping out of his head like a gorilla movie star in the crisis of a Jesse Lasky gangster masterpiece. The Hero seems on the verge of an apoplectic stroke. Beyond him two Ionic columns do no architectural supporting job, but just stand

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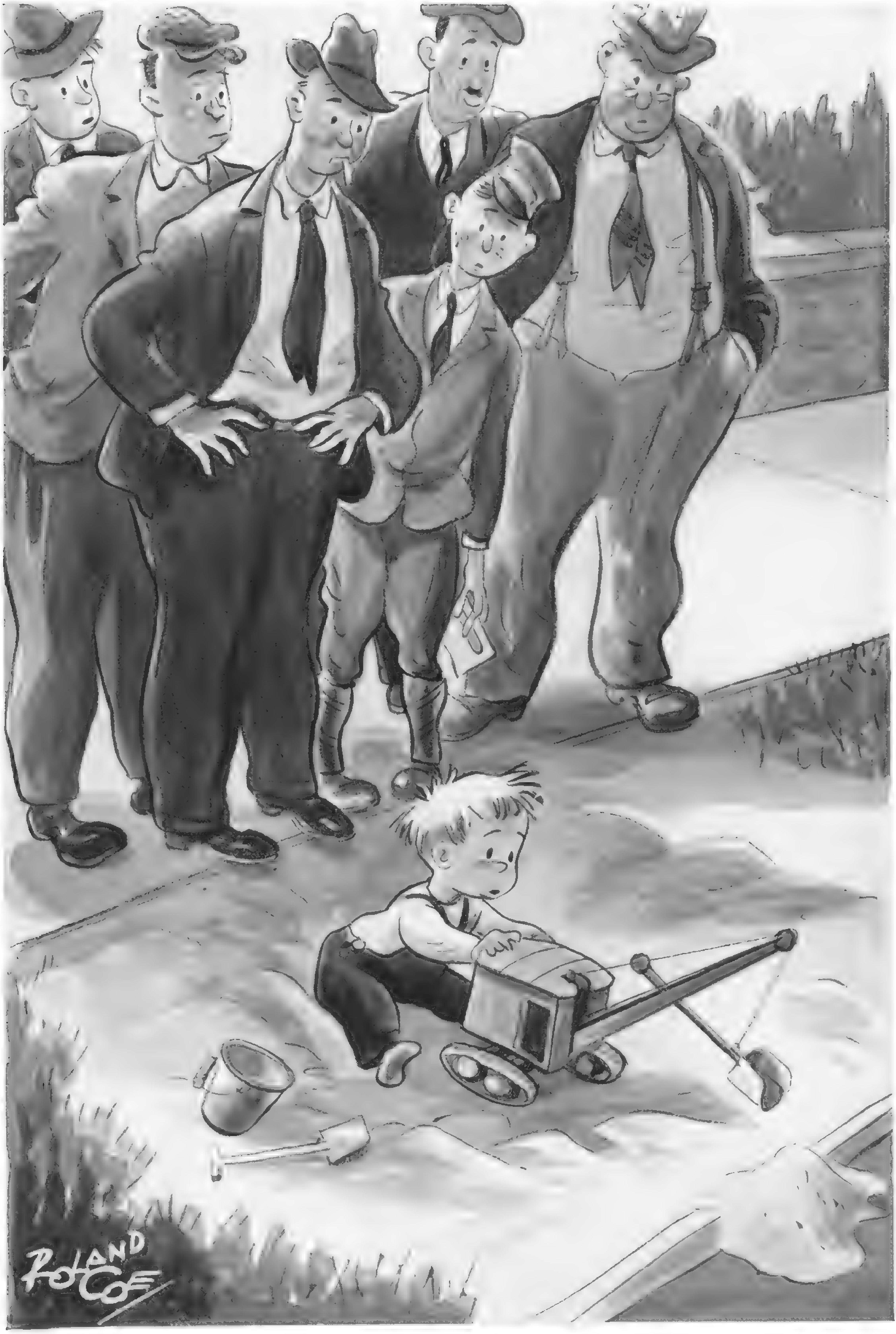
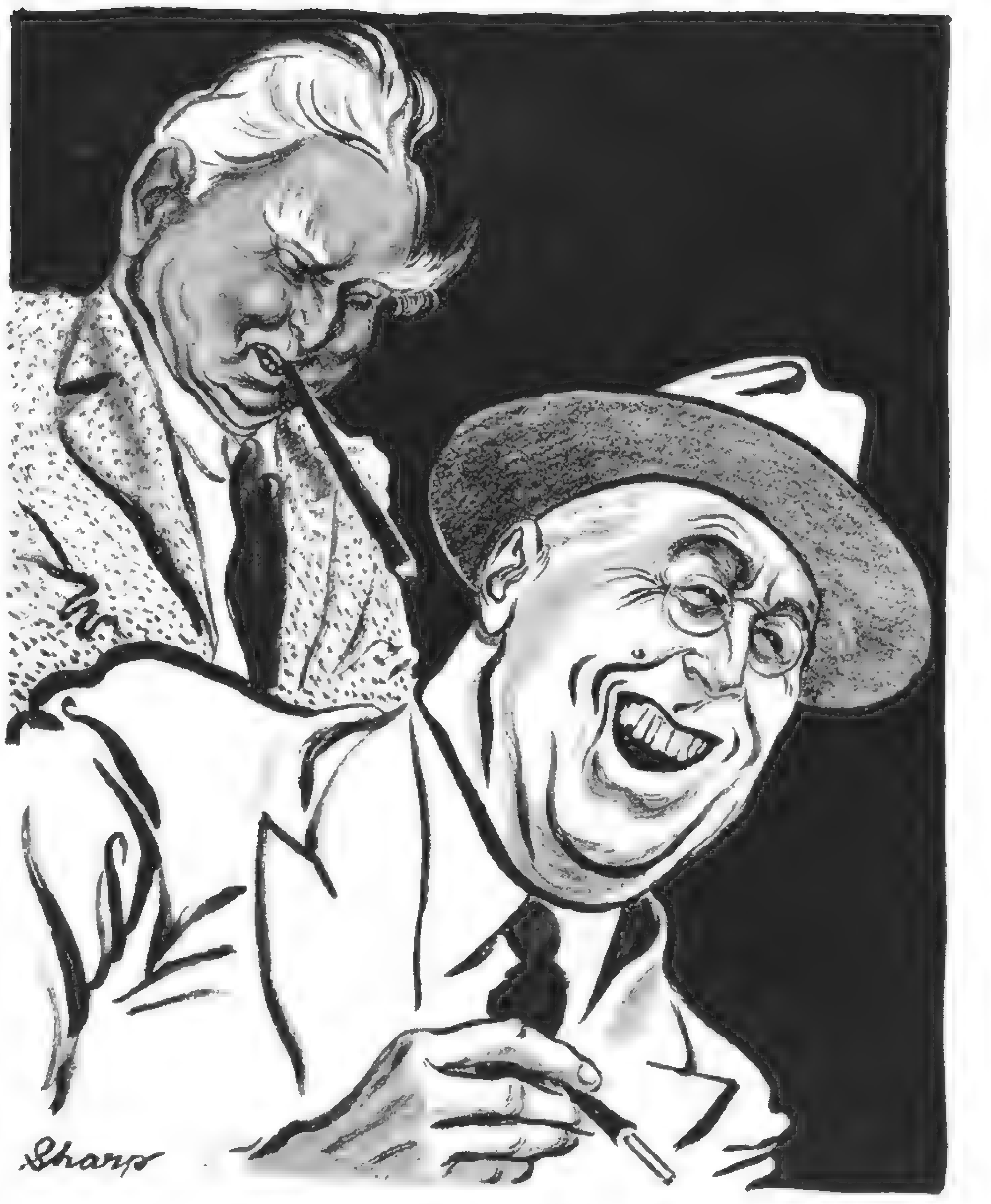

ROLAND COE

Garner-FDR's Friend and Foe

Jack fights what's left of the Chief's reform program but he knows Roosevelt is the symbol of victory to his party

by CARLISLE BARGERON

▪ ARTICLE ▪



AT THE opening of the American League baseball season in Washington Vice-President Jack Garner gave President Roosevelt a grinning salute as the latter entered his box. They laughingly shook hands and Garner said: "Hello Chief."

A new flock of rumors about the relationship of the two men swept over the stands.

Only a few days before the newspapers had carried stories of a split. There have been periodical reports of a rift ever since the sit-down strikes of early 1937, and there will be such reports again.

What are the actual facts?

Garner is Roosevelt's best friend; he is his strongest enemy. The paradox turns on just what course Roosevelt wants to pursue. In any further efforts at reform, Garner will be his main stumbling block, probably an insurmountable one. He is the fountainhead of that opposition which developed in early 1937 and took first definite form in the Supreme Court fight.

But whereas there are Senators in this opposition who so thoroughly despise the President that they would not hesitate to remove him from office if they could, Garner has a fatherly affection for him, wants him to continue to be recognized as the leader of the Democrat party. He has counseled his Democratic colleagues in the Senate cloakroom until he is blue in the face:

"You can't wreck this man without wrecking yourselves. He's the party leader and no party can repudiate its leadership and be successful in a campaign. He's the greatest vote-getter you've ever had."

Garner doesn't want him to be the candidate in 1940. He assumes that nothing like that will come about. He assumes Roosevelt will have an important say in the naming of the candidate, though not the whole say. But he wants the Democrats to go into the campaign shouting praises of the Roosevelt record. To him, this is practical, common-sense politics.

In the meantime, he wants Roosevelt's feet kept on the ground.

His first loyalty is the Democratic party. His second is "the Chief."

Garner is a practical politician and he has not come to think or speak in the new social terms that are floating around the country. To him they are nice, hifalutin phrases, but he assumes that politics is just what it has always been. He admires Roosevelt for being a good, practical politician beneath the glittering phrases of "new social concepts" and "making democracy work."

But fundamentally the difference between these two practical politicians is that Roosevelt does not see the Democratic party in itself as a majority party. To get in and stay in office in the past it has had to have the support of all the malcontents—the LaFollette-Norris Progressives, the Farmer-Laborites, the Leftists *et al.* Garner fully subscribed to this logic in the first four years of the New Deal. He agreed cheerfully to all of the legislation that was shaped in this direction. His idea was to "raise hell" during the first four years, get back in office, then settle down and ride easy on the rising tide of prosperity. Roosevelt with the other influences constantly on his neck, has not been able to settle down.

It is just a question of who is politically right, as Garner sees it, a little matter to be settled in the private councils away from the newspaper boys.

But it will not be settled there. Forces over which neither he nor Roosevelt has any control are pressing for a definite split. These forces are playing on their vanities, pitting them against one another at every opportunity. It would seem that sooner or later, Roosevelt and Garner, both being mortal men, will be pushed into an open struggle to determine who is the stronger.

The Conservative writers and newspapers insisted during the first four years that Garner was terribly unhappy over what was going on. The only comfort that such writers as Mark Sullivan and Frank Kent seemed to get out of life was their frequently expressed belief that "this crazy stuff is gagging poor old Jack."

But this writer in his close study never once saw Garner in pain. His beloved Democrats were in the saddle, riding high all over the place. There was an appearance of prosperity in the land. As long as this went on Jack visualized the Democrats remaining in power for forty years. No man was ever more genuine than he when he mounted the platform at the Philadelphia convention in 1936 and praised Roosevelt to the sky.

Propaganda of the first four years represented him also as being a great restraining influence in the President's councils, a man who talked up to the President, the one "no" man among his advisers. He *is* a forceful man and an unusually active vice-president. In 1925 Vice-President Dawes overslept in a Washington hotel and Coolidge's nominee for attorney general, Charles Beecher Warren, failed of Senate confirmation by a tie vote. Thus Dawes exercised a negative influence, but influence of any kind by a vice-president is rare.

Garner, on the other hand, came into his office on a definite trade which gave Roosevelt the Presidency. At the Chicago convention in 1932 Roosevelt, with a majority of the delegates, seemed to be stopped short of the necessary two-thirds vote. The Texas and California delegations were pledged to Garner. On the trade by which these delegates went to Roosevelt and the Roosevelt forces got behind Garner for vice-president, the deadlock was broken. In addition, he was speaker of the House. So he was not a political nonentity. But a careful search for the instances he served as a restraint in the first New Deal discloses only two.

Continued on page 149

A Flight of Fancy

A little trip into Upside Down Land where editors are cordial, and writers have to be coaxed

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

TIME: About twelve o'clock.

Scene: Office of the editor of *Anybody's Magazine.*

Discovered: The Editor at his desk.

Enter: His secretary.

Secretary: Mr. Paulsen, there's a young man to see you.

The Editor: A young man? Who?

Secretary: Well, he didn't give his name, but he says he's a contributor. At least he *wants* to contribute something to the magazine.

The Editor: Oh. Say, that's swell! Show him right in.

Secretary: Very well.

(She goes out, and re-enters with the young man. He looks very nice.)

The Secretary: Mr. Paulsen, this is Mr. Sweeney.

The Editor: How do you do, Mr. Sweeney. It certainly is mighty nice of you to drop in.

Mr. Sweeney: (Modestly.) Oh, it's nothing at all, really. I mean I'm glad to do it.

The Editor: Well, I wish more contributors felt like that. Honestly, it's like pulling teeth to get anything out of most of them. So aloof, you know. Now then, I take it you're a writer.

Mr. Sweeney: That's right. At least I *want* to be a writer.

The Editor: You want to be. Well, that's about nine-tenths of the battle right there. I always say give me a fellow who wants to be a writer, and you give me someone who's going to do big things.

Mr. Sweeney: Thanks a lot.

The Editor: Now then, I suppose perhaps you've had some experience in writing.

Mr. Sweeney: Well as yet, I've never done anything professionally. But I've written a few skits and shown them to my family and close friends.

The Editor: (Eagerly.) Did they like them?

Mr. Sweeney: Well, I don't like to boast, but they said they thought they were awfully good.

The Editor: They did really?

Mr. Sweeney: Yes.

The Editor: Say, that's swell! It isn't often they'll do that. Usually they're always knocking and carping.

Mr. Sweeney: And I showed them to my girl too. She said she thought they were simply wonderful. Touch of genius, she said.

The Editor: Mr. Sweeney, I want to congratulate you. And while I'm about it, I guess I'll congratulate myself too. Unless I'm *very* much mistaken, I've discovered a find.

Mr. Sweeney: Well, of course you oughtn't to take too much for granted just yet.

The Editor: No. Maybe I shouldn't. Now then, have you ever actually had any of your things published?

Mr. Sweeney: Yes.

The Editor: Better and better! Where?

Mr. Sweeney: Well, when I was in high school, I sent some things to the school paper, and—

The Editor: And they printed them?

Mr. Sweeney: Yes sir, they did.

The Editor: Holy Moses! What next! Why you've got the real stuff. It's a cinch to see that. And people liked them?

Mr. Sweeney: Well, I think so. A lot of my classmates said so at any rate. I don't think they'd say a thing like that just to be polite.

The Editor: Of course not. Did you get paid for them?

Mr. Sweeney: No. Of course that was an amateur publication and there was no pay.

The Editor: Well, with established magazines you'll be paid. I mean I don't think financial difficulties are going to stand in our way. I'm pretty sure we can come to some agreement.

Mr. Sweeney: I certainly hope so.

The Editor: Now then, what kind of things do you write?

Mr. Sweeney: Well, that's a hard question. I mean I wouldn't say they are *any* particular kind. I just write.

The Editor: Hm. That's good. That's rather a fresh slant. But perhaps you could give me a little clearer idea.

Mr. Sweeney: Well, yesterday I dashed off a piece that was sort of a combination of a drama, a novel, a humorous skit and an article.

The Editor: Say, that sounds interesting. What's its point?

Mr. Sweeney: Well, I wouldn't say it really has a point. I sort of feel that when you try to make a point you sort of cramp yourself. I think it's too obvious. Seems to me that's the trouble with most of the stuff that's written today. It's all the same. Everything you read is always trying to make a point. Personally I'd think the public would get sick of it.

The Editor: Say, that's a good point!—Er, I mean—well, I think you've said something.

Mr. Sweeney: (Glancing at his watch.) I think maybe I've stayed here long enough for the first time. You're probably pretty busy.

The Editor: Nonsense! I'm not busy at all. This magazine only comes out once a week, and usually I'm just sitting around here trying to kill time.

Mr. Sweeney: You're sure you're not just being polite?

The Editor: No indeed. I mean it. I like to talk with you young fellows—particularly ones without experience. I like to get your slant.

Mr. Sweeney: Oh, I've had experience. I don't mean experience with magazines, but experience with life. I went to school, and I've read a lot of Dickens and Shakespeare. And I've traveled—been to Cape Cod and Atlantic City and Chicago and lots of places. Yes, and I've been in love. And I've seen the rough side of life too—speakeasies and burlesque shows. Besides that, I have an uncle who was in the World War. You ought to hear some of the stories he tells. Yes, I've seen a few things, all right. You can depend on that.

The Editor: Good! Experience is invaluable in the writing game, young man. Next to the desire to *be* a writer, I'd say that came second.

Mr. Sweeney: You're mighty encouraging. But really I must be going. I'll just leave these things with you, and then you can—

The Editor: You mean you've actually got some things with you?

Mr. Sweeney: Why, yes.

The Editor: Good heavens, man, why didn't you tell me! Here we've been talking, and I never even dreamed you actually had them with you. Let's see them.

Mr. Sweeney: (Reaching in his breast pocket.) Here they are. I suppose they *should* be typewritten, but you see I haven't got a machine. Most people seem to think my handwriting is pretty good.

The Editor: Nonsense! Who cares whether they're typewritten? After all, it's what's in them that counts.

Mr. Sweeney: That's what I figured.

The Editor: Anyhow, your handwriting isn't so bad—What's this word?

Mr. Sweeney: Let me see. Hm . . . It's—no. "Edifice," that's it.

The Editor: Of course. Stupid of me. Your d's look quite a lot like j's, don't they?

Mr. Sweeney: (Laughing.) That's funny. A lot of people have told me that.

The Editor: Now then, I'll just read through this first piece if you don't mind.

Mr. Sweeney: Certainly not.

(The Editor reads while Mr. Sweeney looks over his shoulder. Occasionally the silence is

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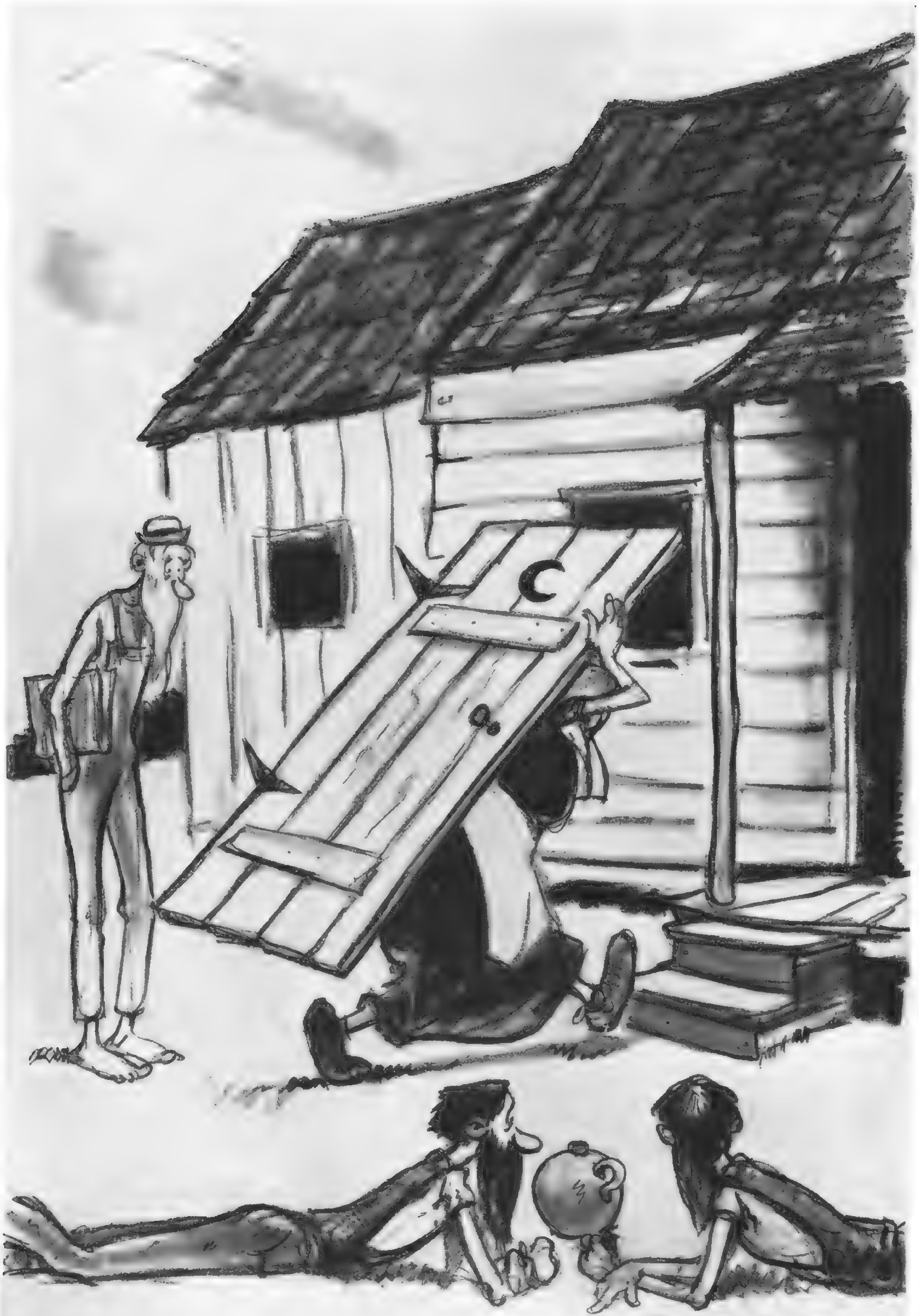


"Gran'maw's switchin' doors—she wants Gran'pappy to spend more time in the cabin but she wants him to feel at home"

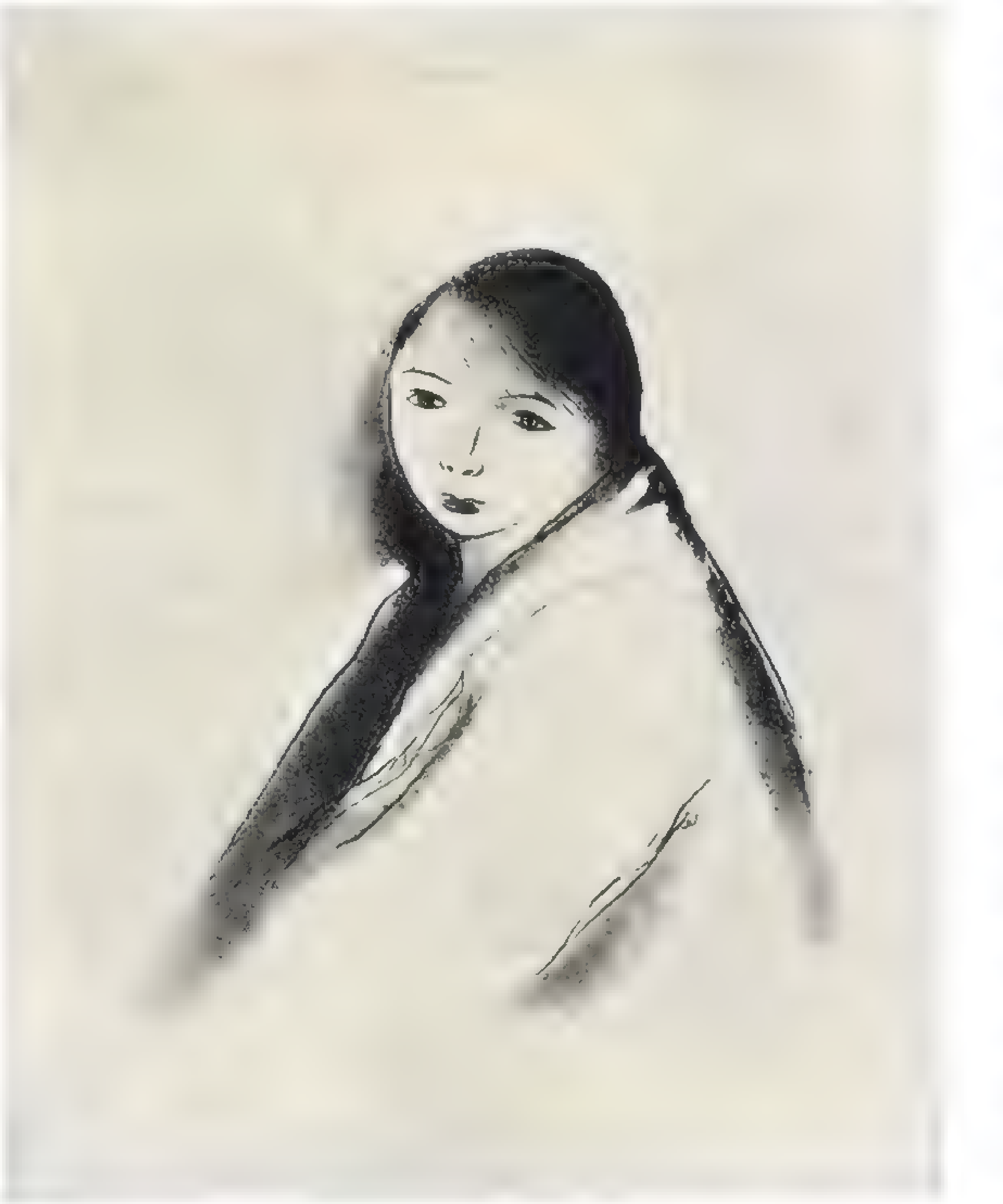
The Girl from the River Barge

In later years her mouth would be stern, and poverty would take some of the beauty from her lovely eyes

by WALTER SCHOENSTEDT

• FICTION •

We lie among the tall reeds underneath the willow. Our bare feet are hanging over the mossy river bank into the quiet green water of the Deime. From the dark outline of the barge in the middle of the river come the sharp fumes of coal tar. I become aware of the sweat of the horses which has sunk into my clothing. The cuffs of my shirt-sleeves are brown at the edge from the moisture of the manger. Maria, the girl from the barge, has pressed her knee tightly against mine. Her eyes are half-closed to avoid the slanting rays of the sun. But she is happy, not pensive. I can feel the warmth of her breath, warmer than the sultry air. Her dark hair has fallen over her face, but there is no evening breeze yet to blow it softly back and forth. Soon it will come, and then her hair will sway gently, like a clump of dry hay. The corner of her oval mouth looks sun-dried; a little piece of skin clings to her lower lip.



"What are you thinking about?" she asks suddenly, without moving.

"Nothing. I was just looking at you. Come, let's go in."

"I'm too tired now. And you can't get really cool in the water. Tell me something about the city, about what the women do there and what you do . . ."

"I've told you so much already. It's dull. The city's always dull, anyway, much more dull than it is here. The city's no place for you. You'd begin to look pale and your mouth would be greasy red."

Maria laughs. Her hands brush against my chin. They are small hands, but hard, and they smell of fresh perch and of the black barge.

As I climb down into the water, I see that Maria is completely naked under the blue linen dress. I dive and when I open my eyes under the water I can see a broad streak of sunlight across shifting, watery circles. The pressure on my eardrums keeps getting stronger. The water pushes me upward, but I still have the strength to bring my feet to the surface first. My head stays under. Now I can no longer stand the pressure in my ears. Then my head is in the sunlight. Maria's laughter seems to come to me from a distance, because my ears are still ringing.

I draw myself slowly over the mossy ridge onto the meadow. . . .

I know that Maria is lonely and that she has many desires, desires such as only young people have. She does not yet know the pain of living, but she will soon learn it, although she is very pretty. I know this and I am sad because of it. Right now, I feel the way I felt when Paul died of consumption. His father had had no money to send him into the mountains, into the sunlight. His mother sobbed for a long time over the little body. . . .

The drops of water from my body fall upon her face. They look like tears, but not tears of sorrow, for she is smiling. I want to control myself. If I can't, if the way she is sitting in front of me now makes me want her too much, then I'll chase her away roughly. Go back to your barge, I'll say. She won't understand that. Her head will sink down, a little wrinkle will run across her forehead from the top of her nose, and her lips will become tightly compressed. Then she will go, without looking around, and then I'll want terribly to see her cry, so that I may have a memory to cling to.

"I must get the horses," I say to her, when I have finished dressing. "After supper I'll come up to the boat for a while and smoke a pipe with your father."

"No, I'm coming along," she says, and she stands up. Then we walk through the tall grass toward the wood, near which the corral stands in a little hollow. The horses are already standing at the rickety gate. The black gelding has laid his head across the neck of the brown mare; out of his mouth thick green threads of spittle are dribbling into her golden-brown mane. The horses look at us with warm, friendly eyes. Their nostrils tremble eagerly. Only the yellow stallion seems to be in bad temper; he picks at a wild caraway shrub that gives him no pleasure. A songless lark soars into the approaching dusk. At the corral it is darker because of the nearness of the wood; already the mist hovers in the straight forest lanes.

I untie the rope on the gate. The horses press close. I ask Maria:

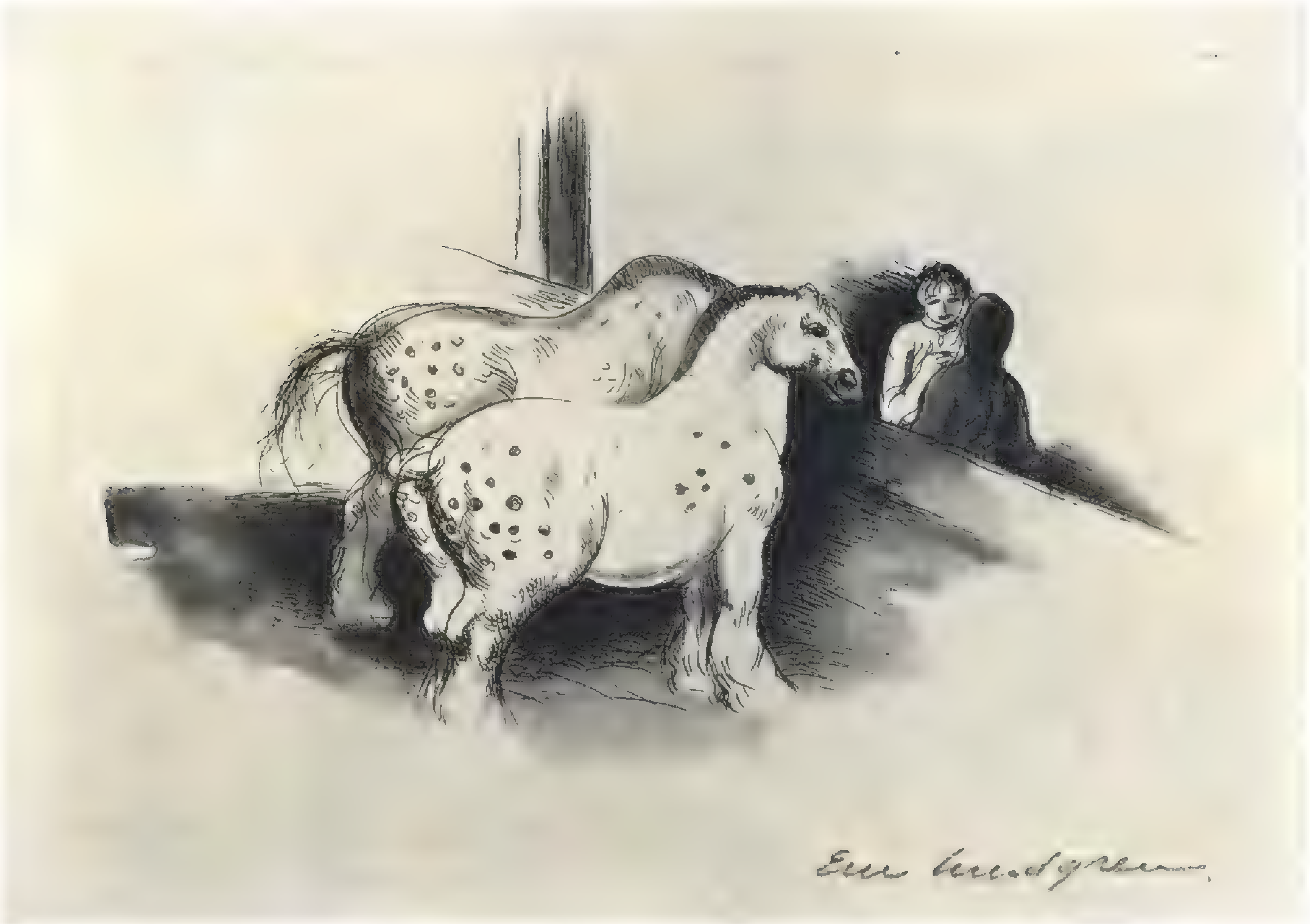
"Which one do you want to ride?"

"The yellow stallion," she answers swiftly.

"Count him out! If he throws you, it's your own fault."

As Maria approaches, the yellow stallion stands still and raises his head. The peasant I work for has told me that stallions can tell the difference between a man and a woman. I hate the yellow stallion. Maria puts her hands on his back; I take hold of her hardy, strong hips. She is light; I am glad when the horse begins to prance. Her hands seize his mane. For myself, I get the long-limbed black gelding that always drives the stallion away. Then we begin to ride slowly.

Under our mouths lie the manes of the horses, and the mossy soil of the meadow slaps against their bellies. The path is straight and covered with logs, so that the wagons will not bog down. The Deime gleams, almost silver, to the left of us. In front, poplars rise into the purpling horizon. On the path, too, there is no wind, but it is fragrant with fresh-cut hay. The backs of the horses pitch. Maria sways with every movement of the stallion, as if she were rocking herself. She hums a melody. Her thighs rub against the rough hide. Then the horses try to step out. We hold them back and keep to a trot. On this path it is easy to fall. "Come on, come on! my little yellow stallion, giddap, giddap!" Maria croons. We climb past the gravel pit up to the well behind the rambling old barn. Slowly we slip from the warm backs of the horses. I draw the pail high up on the pole. It is somewhat cooler at the well. The horses need a good deal of water today. The wooden sides of the well are foul and wet. Far down, at the surface of the water, there is a greenish gleam, although it is very dark. The pail rattles on the pole again and the weighted handle draws it swiftly upward. As I raise my head for a minute I see Maria standing on the other side of the trough. She blinks at me, very tiredly, I think. Then she lowers her head and her hair falls down in thick bunches. Behind Maria, almost at the horizon, I see the outline of the black barge, which is leaving tomorrow. Angrily I raise



AQUATINTS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

the last pail of water. Hunchbacked Daniel is running around the farm, shrieking like mad at the hens. Whenever he does that he makes a racket and goes: cluck-cluck-kim-cmere. The old chicken-maid comes out with the kitchen pail. First she looks at me, then at Maria. Then she leers nastily. Sunday, in church, she'll again slobber all over herself. On the way home, she'll sneak the bottle of schnaps out from under her wide coat and gulp it down. In three days she'll bake the usual four enormous breads and with her filthy fingers write on the kneaded loaves: W-C-A-G (With Charity And Grace), one letter on each bread. The bread with the C is my bread. She stands in the twilight for a time. Her face is yellow. I can see the ugly stumps of teeth in her mouth. She says nothing, merely leers, nods her head a bit and then walks quickly back to the yard. Now the horses have drunk enough; they raise their heads. The stallion trots into the stable first, followed by the brown mare and then by the other horses.

I toss hay down from the loft, for their peaceful evening meal. As she shoves the hay into the rack with a little pitchfork, Maria talks to the stallion. Tomorrow I'll harness the beast as lead-horse to the triple-shared plow! Maria's voice sinks into the warmth of the stable. I descend the ladder slowly and stand close to her.

"Why don't you go and eat supper?" I ask roughly. "You have to get up early in the morning and travel on in your barge." I nearly said "stinking barge" but if I said that she'd be sure to think that I meant everything connected with her.

"I'm going," she says very mildly. "You can eat with us, you know. You'll get the same thing anyway."

We go slowly down to the Deime, walking far apart. A star has risen over the water. The river moves softly, and we are silent. But now there comes a gentle wind. The tall grass is wet against our legs. Maria keeps looking straight ahead. I am afraid to take her hand. It will be moist again, and the tiny seeds of the meadow cress will be sticking between her fingers. Around us is the heavy East-Prussian night, calm and peaceful. The wind bends the grass, uncovers the silver shimmering stalks. Now the wind rustles through Maria's hair which is still dark. We are silent. Maria is warm and vital, like the stallion. Tomorrow Maria will go away; she will sit near the big steering-pole and she will not turn around to look back. Then we shall never see each other again. . . .

Go, Maria. You will not come back. On the Gilde or on the Pregel you'll find a coarse lover, a peasant from the peat-bog districts or a sailor from the Baltic Sea. The first thing your children will learn will be the odor of the water and of smelt. But then your skin will become dry and your mouth will lose its curve and its color. Then I should like to see you and read in your eyes how you have learned the pain of living that has now become for you the whole landscape, that always, now, pours down into your life from above. Then I should like to ask you about it—about love and what it meant to you. Perhaps then your eyes will hold more than beauty, perhaps they will be stern and wise and you will answer: poverty has played so great a part in my life that it has choked love. Now I neither cry nor laugh. I have never been able to struggle for love because the struggle for bread has consumed all my strength. . . .

But now we are young, the meadow is covered with silver, about us is the night, and tomorrow you depart. On the barge it is darker; the star has disappeared. Maria goes in front of me over the narrow gangplank. Suddenly, the voice of the old man speaks from the darkness:

"Well, it's about time you came, Maria!"

I can hear the old fellow spitting into the water. All about him is the reek of tobacco. Wordlessly, he shakes hands with me. We climb down the steps into the cabin. Maria's mother sits numbly at the table and stares at us vacantly. The battered kerosene lamp smokes thickly. Potatoes lie on the table, covered by a linen cloth to keep them warm. On the wall there is a picture of a white angel with fat cheeks. It is in a black frame decorated with myrtle leaves. Diagonally beneath it, a long cherry-wood pipe bobs back and forth. Maria sits down, takes a potato, and begins to peel it. Her eyes are warm and brown. The old woman puts a clay pot, with linseed oil, on the table. She digs her fingernail into a potato, peels it, and dips it into the oil. The old man does not peel his potatoes. He stuffs the whole potato into his mouth and chews. The oil leaves little drops of fat on the lips. Maria's mouth becomes fuller. Her breasts press against her dress, large as apples.

Outside, the water gurgles. A clock ticks. The air in the cabin is sultry. Set into the wall is Maria's bed. Her father has painted it with roses, bright-red roses. The bedcovers are blue-checked, like those the peasants use. . . . Empty eyes, warm potatoes and beads of grease on the lips. . . . The fingers of the two old people are crooked. Maria's fingers are smooth. Potato peels stick to them and become curled up. In the clay pot, in the oil, a piece of potato floats.

The old man fills his pipe and hands me the

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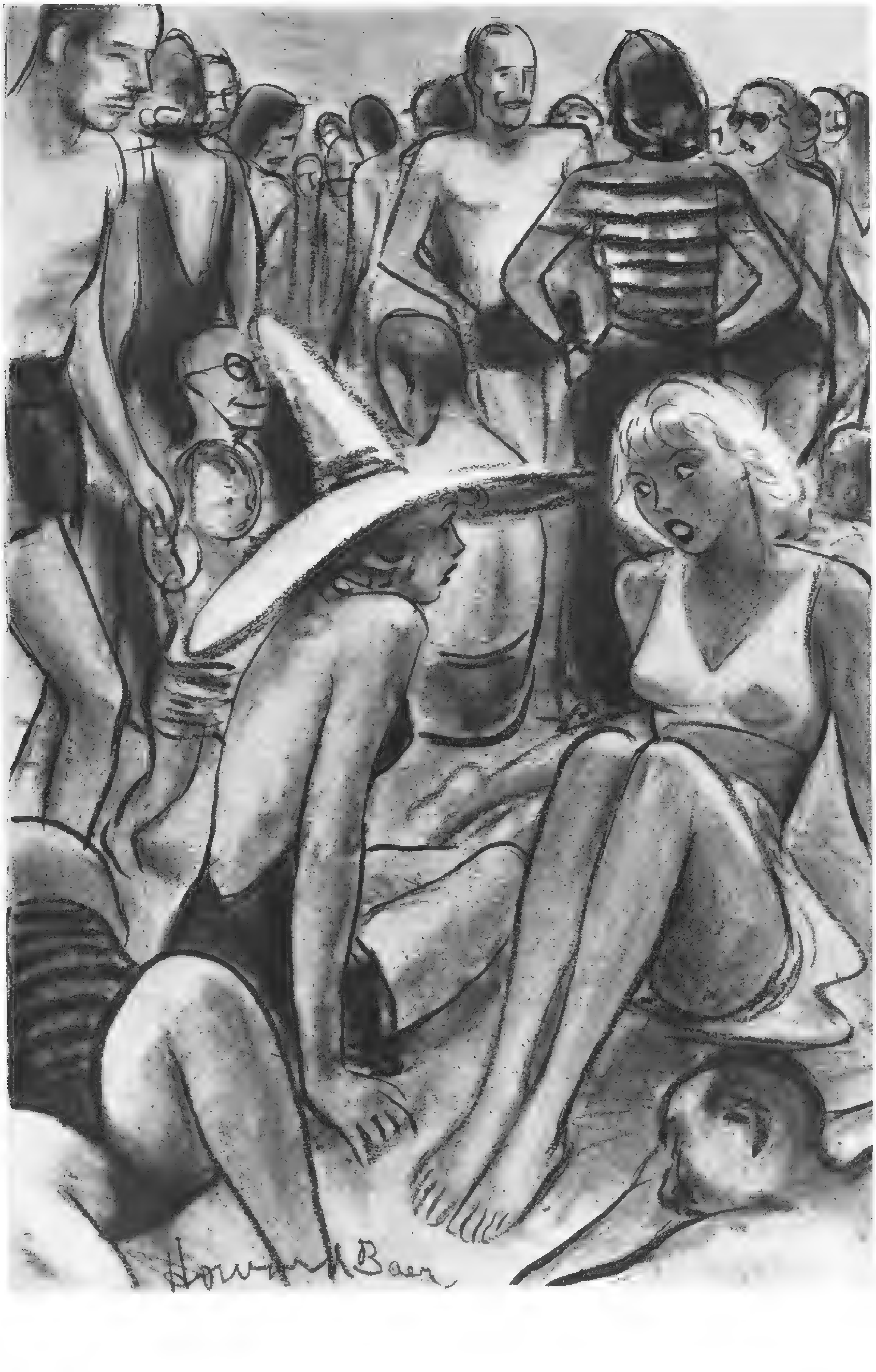
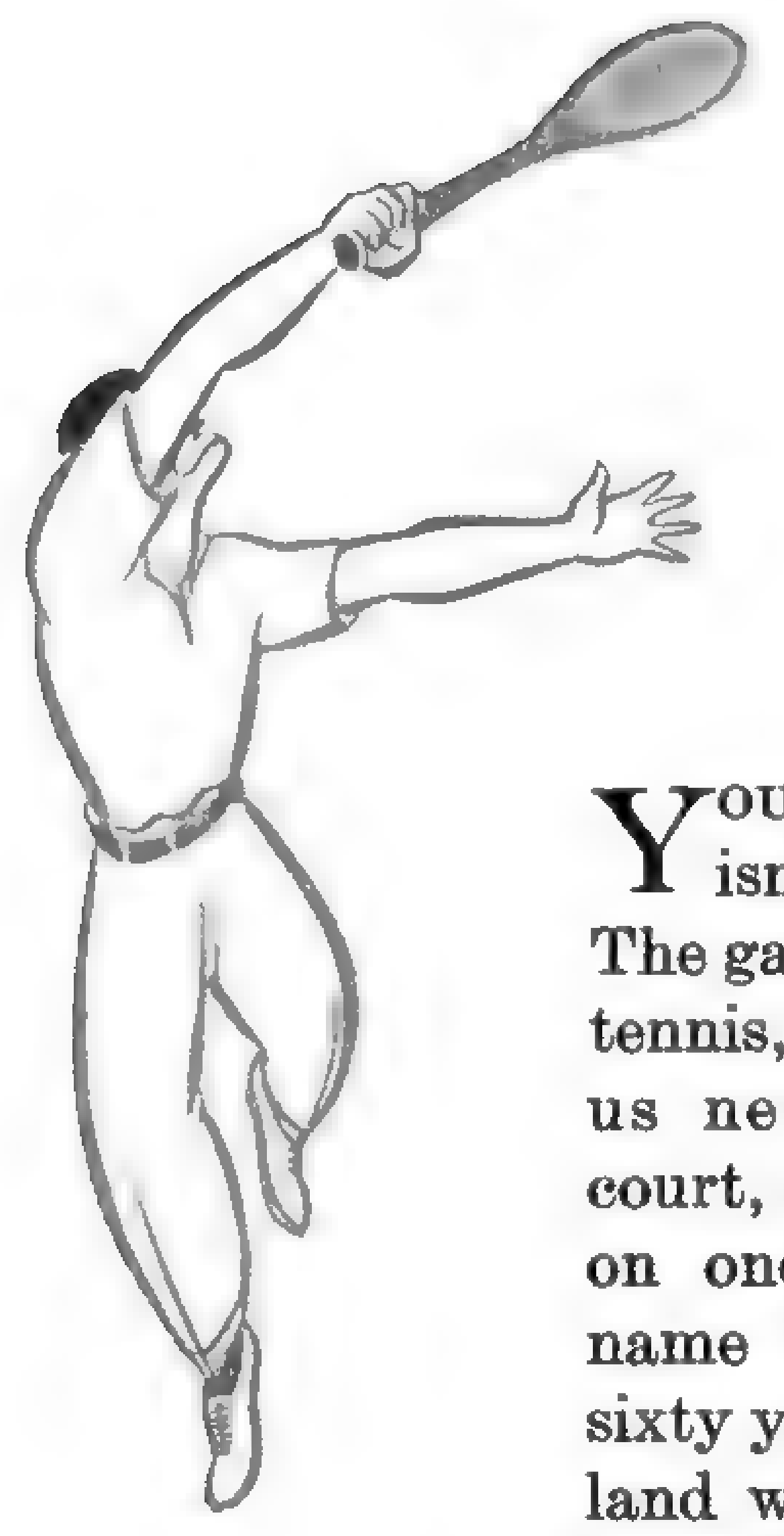

Howard Baer

"Some day we must get down early and take a look at the ocean"

A Standard Tennis Court

Standard quick-drying courts would breed less champion tennis players and make the game more fun for dubs



by JOHN R. TUNIS

• SPORTS •

You call it tennis. That isn't the real name. The game we play is lawn tennis, although most of us never saw a grass court, much less played on one. But that's the name that came to us sixty years ago from England where it was tennis played on a lawn. Grass, however, is only one of the many surfaces used in the United States today. There are others.

Probably ninety per cent of the tennis played in this country takes place on clay courts, or as we term them loosely, dirt courts. On the Pacific Coast the majority of courts are of two kinds; cement and a composition asphalt. A few clubs in the east, Longwood Cricket Club in Boston, West Side at Forest Hills, Germantown and Merion in Philadelphia, Meadow Club at Southampton, Seabright in New Jersey and several others have grass courts of varying excellence for the use of their members as well as for tournament play.

All these surfaces have disadvantages. Cement is hard on the feet. It discolors and wears down tennis balls. Asphalt shares the same drawbacks. Grass is the real plane for the game, but in this country there are few good grass courts. Anyone who plays tournament tennis will tell you there's nothing worse than a poor grass court full of false bounds, worn and dog-eared around the baseline. At best, grass is usable only a few months each season. Clay varies in quality and color according to the whims of the builder. Usually it is glaring, invariably it dries slowly after rain. To meet these objections a new kind of surface for tennis courts has been introduced into the United States in recent years.

This is a fast-drying surface known under various trade names. It has been used successfully abroad for many years, especially in England where rain in summer is often the rule and not the exception. The advantages of these fast-drying courts over clay or dirt are many. Clay courts are usually light in texture, making it hard to see the balls or the lines. These fast-dryers are darker, easy on the eyes and the feet, approximate the playing qualities of grass, have little wearing effect on tennis balls, and can be used even during rain.

Why not then, a standard court? One which would be the same all over the country so that everyone plays upon the same surface? To answer this question let me refresh your memory.

It was early July, 1932. Ellsworth Vines, then at the top of his game as an amateur, had won the English title at Wimbledon on his first appearance, blowing Bunny Austin, the best native player, off the court in less than an hour. With Shields, Allison, and Van Ryn he made an unbeatable team as they all moved on to Paris to face the French, holders of the Davis Cup. The French had no one. Lacoste had dropped out of tennis, Brugnon was getting old, and even Cochet and Borotra were veterans.

Now the center court at Roland Garros where the Challenge Round was held was one of those fast-drying courts made of a composition brick dust surface which was ideally calculated to bring out the best in the teasing, tricky game of their champion, Cochet. On the other hand, its slowness depressed and deadened the speed of shot of the American giants, Shields and Vines. But this wasn't enough. Returning from Wimbledon with the picture of Vines' thunderbolts in their minds, the French board of strategy went into action. Almost overnight the Roland Garros center court was relaid and the surface made even slower.

French tennis authorities subsequently denied this, or said that it was not done to handicap the invaders. But facts are facts. And everyone who played on the court that month, Germans and Americans alike, agreed that it was slower than the previous year. Moreover, an underground system of watering the court was cleverly installed, so that the surface could be flooded without any observer realizing what was happening. Actually the court was watered from above and below every two hours the day or so prior to the Challenge Round, and right up to playing time. Bernon S. Prentice, captain of the American team, remarked at the time that the court had even changed color.

The French won and saved the Cup. They won not because the court had been tampered with, for actually that monkey business upset Borotra's game on the last day. No, they won because they had the more brainy, the more intelligently acute minds in action. I recall this ancient history, however, to show what can be done to some kinds of playing surfaces in a few hours, and how they can be altered to suit the game of a particular player.

That's one reason why there is not, at present, and not soon likely to be, a standard court. You cannot tamper with a grass court. You cannot uproot grass overnight. You cannot alter its texture. Grass is grass, and will probably remain the surface of the champions, where the volley of the champion will bite, where slice and spin will respond to his delicate touch, where the game will be displayed at its highest. Several years ago the United States Lawn Tennis Association made a survey of the choices of court surface of the nationally ranked American tennis players.

They found fifty-two per cent preferring grass, twenty-four per cent asking for clay, twenty per cent favoring quick-drying courts, and only four per cent inclined toward asphalt. If this test were made today the quick-drying surface would have a much larger following.

Grass, then, is the surface of the champion. It's not for the rest of us. We must enjoy our game upon more plebeian courts. For the majority one of these new patented quick-drying courts is best. They are much more fun to play upon. They are easier on tennis balls and on feet. They are always usable. They are far less tiring than cement or clay.

In response to the wishes of its members the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills is gradually replacing its clay courts with this new surface. Some day all its thirty-four non-turf courts will be quick-dryers.

But these courts have drawbacks. Several years ago the United States Lawn Tennis Association appointed a committee to investigate different playing surfaces and report upon the problems involved. Called the Standard Court Committee, this body has done a valuable if unspectacular job, part of the constructive work of the Association which receives little publicity. This committee investigated all kinds of courts: clay, asphalt, cement, brick or stone dust, cork, rubber, wood, and even the famous Ant Hill courts used in South Africa. For many of the figures in this article I am indebted to their researches and especially to its chairman, Josephy W. Ivy of Kansas City.

Here are some facts.

According to their estimates, which from experience in building and maintaining a court I believe sound, the expense of constructing different surfaces for tennis is as

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Let the Day Perish

All face death and all keep going forward, for trained soldiers go forward on orders, without reason

by PAUL HAGGARD

• FICTION •

All Spain seemed on fire that spring day when we went into the line four hundred strong and came out forty-seven walking. That spring the heavy silver mountains that hemmed us in had festered with men and guns and the hoof-hiss of flop-eared burros, cheerful under curses and big burdens. Now heavy artillery and tanks—grumbling with flat-footed speed, were tearing deep ruts in the mountain trails as they passed, reeking of white gas smoke. Many regiments of strange brown men were coming along under the dusty broken olive trees—their equipment rattling and the polished rifle butts and ugly-nosed machine guns growling like deadly fungus out of their backs; the bright glowing ends of their cigarettes, limp on dusty lips.

Overhead droned the heavy purr of pursuit planes—ours for a change—and far ahead in the deep purple hills, bearded in heavy firs, there was the troubled rumble of rapid fire and sudden flames in dark shadows. All spring, men had faced each other across the red unplowed earth and sent death in whining volleys over each other's dead. We had lived—or rather existed—in our fox holes among the simple humble debris of war-making—but the enemy and our generals were feeling the whisper of the spring—the fell rank green grass and the heavy brown night odors of wet purple ground and growing plants. So they stirred over lamp-shaded maps and ordered progress. . . .

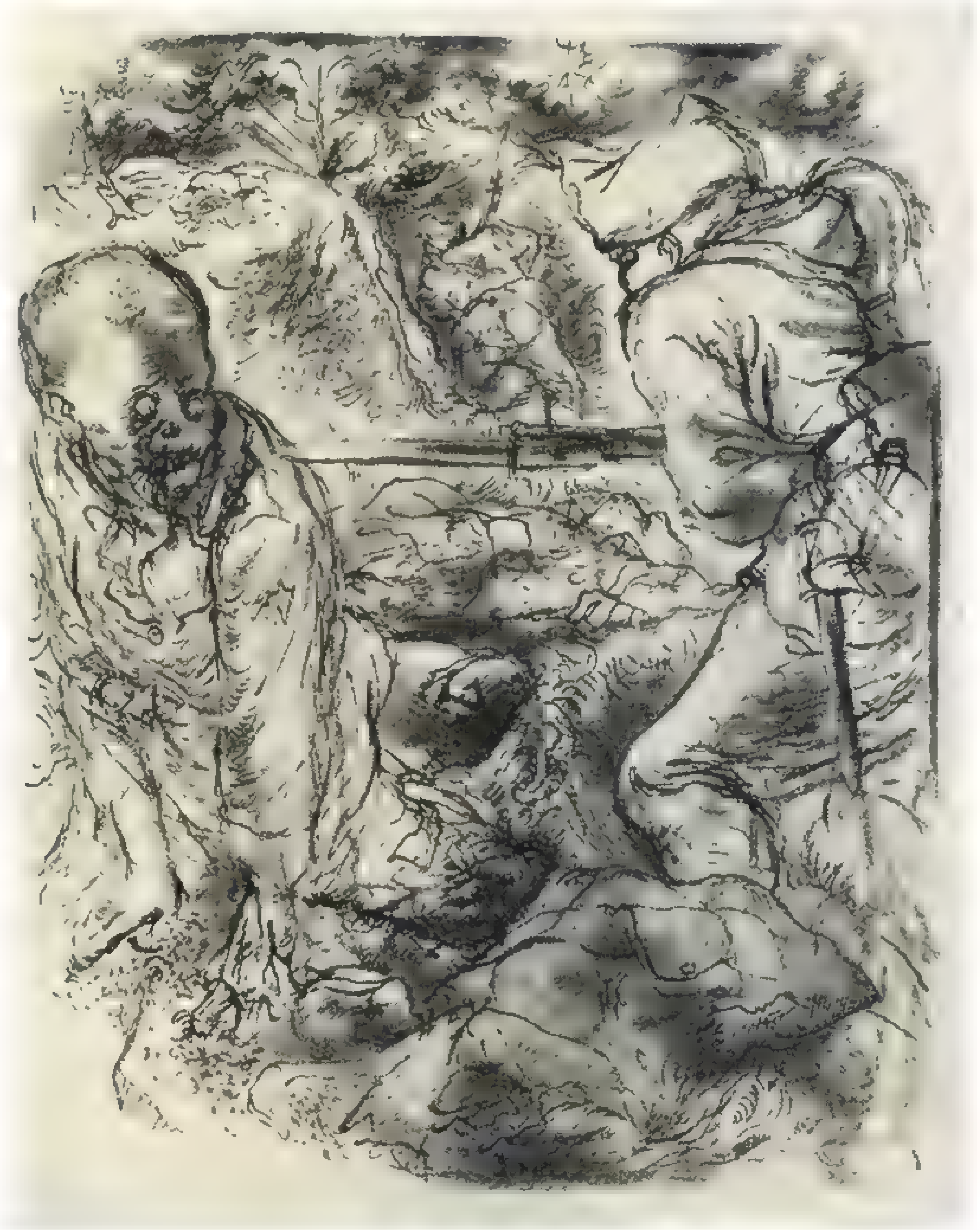
We held—or tried to hold—a hundred miles of zigzag front that protected the valley—so fruitful behind us. The white shell of the town house—gutted by the Moors' fires—was like a kind white father behind us—and on our left and right, the mountains leered down upon us, heavy with unburied dead and seared by shell fire into bald gray spots.

We knew that life was a slender thread when the walking wounded of our outposts began to dribble back in doped logginess, and the bright message of wounds—red on arms and legs, filled to overflowing the shaking Red Cross flivvers. Then came the stretcher-bearers, sweating in grunting fear, their gory loads stone-still or screaming—fragments of men that had marched from Madrid so short a time ago, to the cheers and lusty hugs of the women, and the dry throaty sobs and streaming cheeks of the old folks. Better not to remember. The hot wet hug of my own mother was very close.

The lisp of the phone holes us out of the smashed village square and orders us to the front in a silver cold dawn, as the lazy sun sends bloody finger rays into the massed battalions of clouds. We load fifty extra rounds each, down the soggy doughy mess of breakfast, and with the last pint of sour wine gurgling in our bellies, move up to the growing confusion of the lines. Three lines go forward, with the slog of many feet. We make a fourth.

Yellow Trenchcoat—a dirty, once white muffler under his copper wire of a beard—lights the last gasper in his pack and growls a yellow-toothed smile as he shades his eyes and looks over the twisting road ahead.

"They want this valley, but so do we."



Cherrynose wipes his namesake on a sleeve and belches up the winey gas. "This valley, or any valley—they can have them all. What good is land if you don't plant on it?"

I grin and spit out the hot dry dust of the road from my mouth. "Cherrynose misses the blooded oxen of his cabbage farm and the warm mellow pleasures of wedded life."

"Ah—what know you, city lice, of the soil of Spain—the furrows under the steel plow, the rank wood smoke under a fresh-killed hog, and the shirtless babies on the dirt floor plucking feathers out of the squawking rooster, while a big-breasted, bare-footed wife stirs the onion soup?"

Yellow Trenchcoat growls. "We know enough about Spanish soil to fight for it. Close up and I'll tear the man apart that throws away any rifle shells in the ditch."

A staff car, all mud and painted slogans, pulls to a stop with a scream of tormented brakes and a long thin man, bent over the cobweb drawings of an H. Q. map, rasps at us from under a pampered mustache.

"Where is the Hill of Sweet Flowers?"

Big Stomach scratches himself under the armpits and points to the shattered pockmarked hillside on which the barbwire is threaded with the bright blops of shredded rags that once were men, only three short months ago; only three eternal eras ago.

"That's the hill, and those things on the wire are all the flowers that are left."

"Don't pick them—they're mined."

Long Thin Man adds a pair of glasses to his nose, and over them looks at us with glowing disdain.

"Remember, men, that the Republic needs every shoulder to the wheel. You are facing Moors that have raped their way here up from the coast. We must clear the valley—you are the strength of Spain and in you she glories."

Yellow Trenchcoat makes a sound by puckering his lips and, far down the line, the Crazy Kid lifts his fey mouth to the sky, and with mad fingers starts his banjo strings vibrating as he jars the air with *The General Dies in Bed.* The whole staggering column—four hundred strong—takes up the refrain that concludes with the news that the general died in bed—but not alone.

The staff car starts with a neck-breaking jar and the last we see of the tall thin officer is his turkey-red face twisted into angry speech, holding on for dear life.

Cherrynose sighs.

"Always speeches at the front; and in the cities the gay young lads sit at corner cafés drinking up our wines, praising the brave proletariat and thinking up slogans."

It is a short crude word that Yellow Trenchcoat uses to tell us what he thinks the lads in cities are. We plod along—the hot brave disk of the sun cooking our very marrow. The oily sweat of the pack bands cut into me and the last of my muddy water bottle is empty. Tanks growl past. Heavy foreign monsters, reeking of oil and hot steel—the sea-sick pilots retching, their capped heads out of small hatch-holes and holding on with blue-nailed fingers, look most unhappy.

"Stick your damn head in, you turtles."

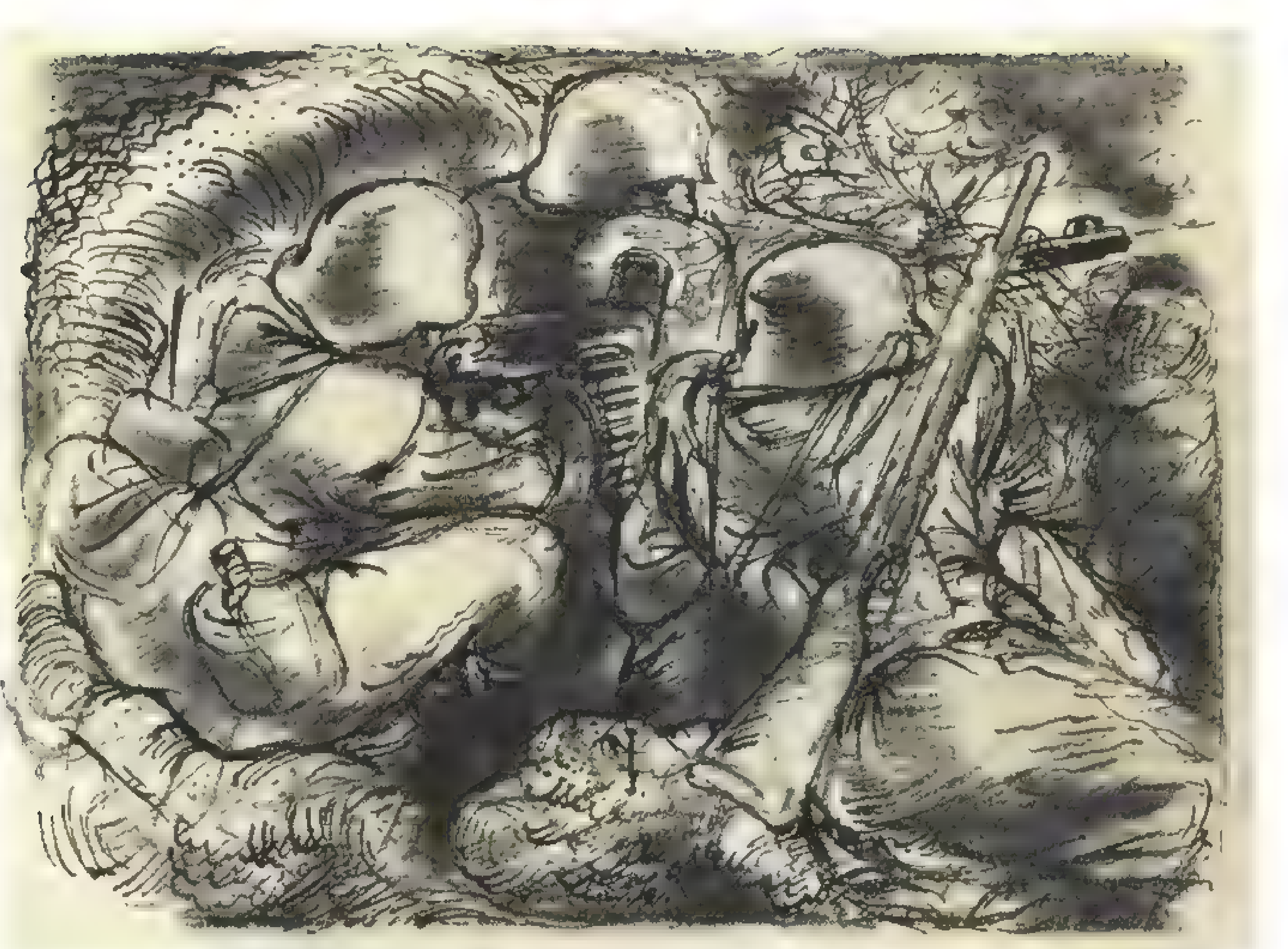
"May I use your rest room?"

"You'll get yours, you stinking infantry."

"Like men then—not like worms in steel drawers."

"Shut up and keep that line."

The tanks pass like circus elephants—their flanks rocking in the rutted road. We follow and others follow us. All the valley



is moving forward. Anti-aircraft—field hospitals—wire stringers and the noisy arrogant dispatch bearers on ill-balanced motor bikes that shatter eardrums with their roar. The road is tree high in yellow dust and the sharp stomach-gripping shatter of shell fire comes louder as the wind shifts and brings us the hot odor of battle and the acid bite of millions in fired munitions, but we always find fortunes in more munitions waiting to receive us.

We pass the first dead of the battle lying in knotted agony among bloody battered weeds. One man rests in death on his knees and shoulders—perhaps looking for his missing head. All others lie on their backs watching the changing lake-blue sky—as if worried about the weather. They need not worry—it's a glad gay day, like new red wine—but none of us watches the sky. None of us hears the birds or avoids the roadside orange flowers with clumping feet.

Our mouths open and breathe in sucked lumps and we lean forward to lick foam-rimmed beef-red lips. Suddenly we feel a great wind and overhead an express train crashes past its station. A blinking maroon flame-tossed ball grows larger with a roar and I smell the burning wood of tormented trees; there is a great whistle that jars the eardrums and just ahead of me poor Drippy turns around with an amazed brown mask on his face and a sharp star-shaped shell fragment in his right eye. He speaks of his God with a gush of bright blood, then folds up like a jackknife and his tattered heels do a fast drum beat in the chrome-yellow dust. Soon he dies, and the blue star-shaped shell fragment in his right eye is still. I step over him—and Cherrynose flips his finger from nose to navel and from nipple to nipple on his barrel chest, in the sign of a fast cross—and follows in my footsteps. My eyes are dry. Tears are too precious to waste on death. We just shiver and hitch at our guns.

The Captain chews on his cigar and the hard corners of his mouth grow even harder. He and Drippy ran a taxi stand; partners in Valencia. Also, his only sister is now a widow with two little girls.

We bunch up with fear as we think of Drippy's end—but a short curse from Yellow Trenchcoat, who was twenty years a sergeant in the French Foreign Legion, scatters us into hard-to-hit spacing. The swearing does us good—we swear back from our dry mouths and go on slowly, wondering who will be next. We all think no shell or bullet has our number on it. How could we go on otherwise?

At the edge of the green woods—right beside the two dead white horses—we receive three hand grenades each and clip them on over our growling stomachs. Ahead there is a hell—as if all Spain were really on fire. The Captain lights a new cigar and Yellow Trenchcoat and he bend heads on their watches and nod with polite bobs across the swelling horses. Big Stomach rubs the only steel helmet in the group. He swiped it from a poor dying Italian boy, that the hill dogs had been nibbling on for days. He smiled when Big Stomach, with delicate mercy, tearfully pumped two Luger slugs into his smashed face and then took his steel helmet. Big Stomach chews the corner off a moldy square of gray chocolate and offers me some.

I shake my head and duck as the whine of a German air engine sounds beyond the yellow-rusted battle-stained cypress trees. From long experience we bounce down in the roadside grass, emerald green, and watch the calm fast movements of the Captain as he and Yellow Trenchcoat point the snobbish thin nose of the American machine gun skyward. We don't have long to wait.

There is the crunch and zizz of an incendiary bomb as the yellow trees bow in crimson flames, and straight across the hot-faced sun flash the polished wings of the German airship—big, black and fast—two ground-strafing guns pour fast-spinning belts of bullets down on us in a steel rain. Our machine guns answer without much hope of a hit . . . and the plane comes lower and I feel the thud of foreign slugs dig deep little graves in the soil of Spain. Down our whole earth-hugging rows glides the airman and, like a watering can, he sprays us in garden formation. We do not answer. Only new troops take the trouble to return the fire with their rifles.

The planes pass. A red-haired boy—some whisper he came from America, from a place called Rutgers, to fight—is choking in a deep rut. Pink foam comes from his mouth and his chest is moth-eaten with holes. He gurgles like a water pipe of Turkish design. We can do nothing for him. His own blood in his lungs is drowning him.

A little brown man cheerfully holds up a red ribboned paw and trots quickly to the rear. We watch him with a tight pain in our throats and decide that in twenty lucky minutes he will be back in the village. We all pray for a light wound and finger our cartridge belts.

We hurry on—and a strange song sings in my ears. A tank gutted by fire blocks our path—we walk around it. The seared, plucked torso—nothing else—of its lone crew lies beside it. The dead are thicker now and all lie on their backs and watch the sky. Some, lightly wounded, whimper among the bushes, and far up the road, a horse screams in pawing pain and comes towards us. We split apart and it grinds past us dragging sagging, pink and white, blue-veined secrets with it.

A man retches into the ditch and suddenly the Captain yells through the big mouth he has enlarged by funneling his two hands to his face.

"Fix bayonets. Double time. We take the hill ahead and hold it until the 75's come up. No stragglers."

Yellow Trenchcoat reloads his Mauser and growls to us.

"Keep your noggins down and your bayonets in front, If you're hit, stay down—I don't want any heroes."

The cruel coolness of bare steel goes on my rifle with surprisingly steady hands. I feel silly as the beads of sweat run down my sun-stained nose and I wish with all my soul for water . . . and my mother. Common wishes; neither is available at the moment.

A whistle sounds—silly piping against the full volume of shelling. The hills loom ahead but I see nothing except a bulk of heat-hazed shrubbery, and high up the angry spit of machine guns nested with great cunning to flay all who approach. We walk faster now, remembering old deaths and past battles. Soon we are running, and from our rasped throats there is a nameless shouting grunt—half laugh, half snarl, that none of us seems to be able to repeat later on when, in calmer moments, we talk about it. My feet push the ground behind me and I keep going, leaning way over, sweating until it burns down my torso from under my armpits. My mouth is wide open and I scream—but I hear nothing. Up ahead, the office chatter of friendly typewriters sound, and I know I'm walking into machine guns. I am in a blue funk. I am young—I am in love with life—but I keep going. I keep yelling; I keep running—all

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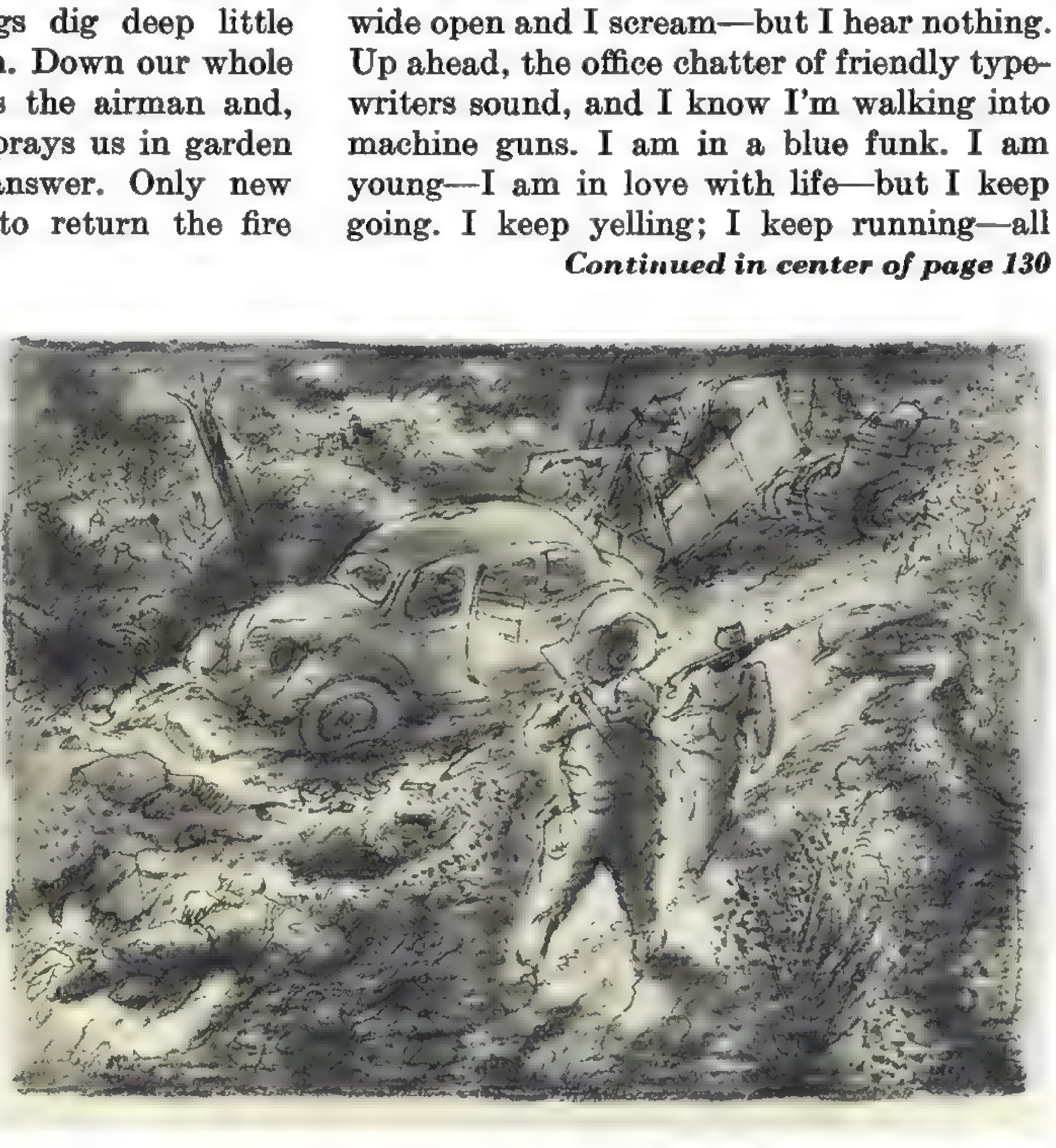


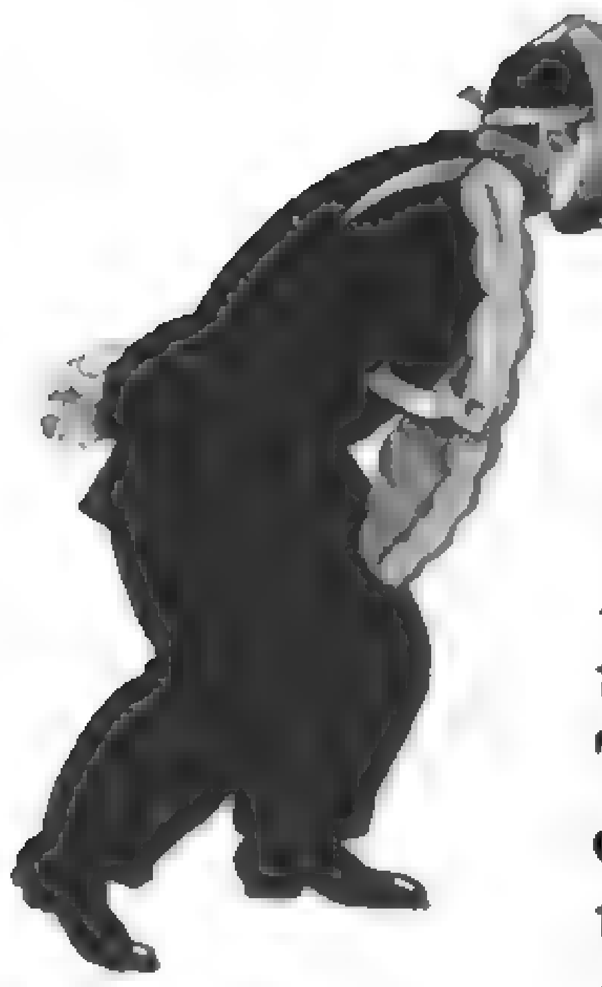
DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

Pity the Umps

While they aren't often beaned with pop bottles any more, they're more accustomed to catcalls than cheers

by LEO FISCHER

• SPORTS •



It was one of those minor league baseball towns at the fag end of the season. The home team was buried deep in the cellar and attendance had faded almost to the vanishing point. As is the custom, when the teams lined up to start the game, the umpire strode to the center of the diamond to announce the pitchers and catchers.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. "The batteries—"

His voice trailed off as he glanced at the yawning stand, in which sat one lone customer.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed. "Dear Sir, the batteries for today's game are Wilson and Smith for the visitors, Homan and Price for the home team!"

History doesn't record what occurred during the remainder of that afternoon, but it probably was the only time in the annals of organized baseball that the umpire didn't care. He was just as numerous as the "crowd" and no matter how he called them, he couldn't be overwhelmed by antagonistic boos.

Ask any umpire, from sandlots to major leagues, whence come his biggest headaches, and without hesitation he'll tell you:

"The fans!"

Players he can understand and argue with when the occasion demands. But the spectators? Tommy Connolly, who recently retired after forty-six years of active service to become supervisor of umpires for the American League, spoke for all the umpires when he told the writer in his rich Irish brogue:

"You expect abuse from excited players and learn how to handle them. But the fans can sometimes be most exasperating. When the breaks go against the home team, the crowds begin to roar and charge it to the umpire. They're inclined to think you're giving them the worst of it when the decisions hurt their favorites and they'll make a lot of noise telling you so. Many a time, too, they'll ride you almost out of the park for doing the right thing."

Tommy's classic example of such an incident occurred about thirty years ago when the Detroit Tigers were battling for the American League championship. The visitors were one run ahead in the ninth inning when Ty Cobb came to bat with a man on second base. It was decided that walking Cobb was the safest bet and the pitcher began to lob four wide ones far outside the plate.

If there was anything Cobb detested, it was an intentional pass. Accordingly, on the third pitch he stepped across the plate and whaled the ball far out to the fence for three bases. The tying run had crossed the plate and the Detroit fans were proceeding to tear down the stands with their demonstration when Connolly almost precipitated a riot by calling Cobb out and sending the runner back to second base. The rules specify that a batter is out if he steps from one side of the plate to the other after the pitcher begins his windup—but that didn't stop those Detroit fans from thirsting for Connolly's blood. They didn't get it because the park was too well-policed that hectic afternoon.

Baseball has come a long way in the seventy-five years since the professionals first invaded the sport. The Spaldings, the Ansons, the Keelers, the Cobbs, the Ruths, the DiMaggios have blossomed and withered in the endless garden of colorful stars, but the antipathy to umpires still remains as potent as it was in those early days. Modern fans may manage to control themselves to a greater extent than their earlier predecessors, but there still remains that primeval desire to inflict mental or physical punishment on the men who make the decisions. That is, of course, when the decisions go the wrong way.

Scarcely a season goes by without some disturbance in which an umpire is the central figure. Normally, nothing more serious than a barrage of boos and catcalls bounces off the distressed eardrums of the ump, but occasionally there's a touch of near-tragedy. Even such a well-behaved park as that in which the Chicago White Sox play was the scene of a pop bottle beaning just a couple of seasons ago in which an umpire was seriously injured. The culprit was never found, despite the offer of a $5,000 reward by Judge Landis. In most baseball parks bottles now are never permitted to get into the hands of spectators. The vendors pour the drinks into paper cups.

While such events are rare in modern baseball, the early days of the game were filled with them. Umpires were chosen then not only for their ability to call the plays, but also for their aptitude in handling trouble—of which there was plenty. Reporters scarcely bothered to mention that the umpire had left the field after the game in a bit of haste—with most of the fans after him. It was too commonplace to be news.

Tom Lynch, who later became President of the National League, once umpired a game in Washington in the late 'nineties. The owner of the team had a pair of savage wolfhounds which he kept chained in a kennel in right field. Lynch gave a decision on the final play which cut short a Washington rally. The crowd pursued him as he hustled to the dressing room in right field for protection. On his way past the kennel someone released the dogs. Instinctively they knew that the umpire was the cause of all the commotion and the huge animals leaped at his throat. He was badly clawed and bitten before employes of the club rescued him from the savage beasts.

Incredible as it may seem, however, there was a time in the history of baseball when the rules required that these same irate spectators be allowed to help the umpires make decisions. (Perhaps the revocation of that privilege has had something to do with the ruffled tempers of baseball fans ever since.)

It was back in the early days of the game—around 1876, when the National League first came into being. Even in that era, umpiring was a problem. The league tried to solve the situation by selecting three men who lived in each of the member cities. When a game was to be played, the names were placed in a hat and the one drawn out by the visiting manager was the umpire for the day.

Umpires, vintage of 1876, sat on chairs midway between the plate and first base. A lot of things went on which they couldn't see, of course, so the rule makers put this provision into the book:

"Should the umpire be unable to determine whether a catch has been fairly made or not, he shall be at liberty to appeal to the bystanders and to render his decision according to the fairest testimony at his command."

Asking a spectator—or a player—anything about a decision is one thing which a modern umpire emphatically is *not* permitted to do. Their instructions discourage even consultation with each other over decisions, although most of them have finger signals by which they secretly tip off each other on tough situations which may arise. Back in the old days of the one umpire system, of

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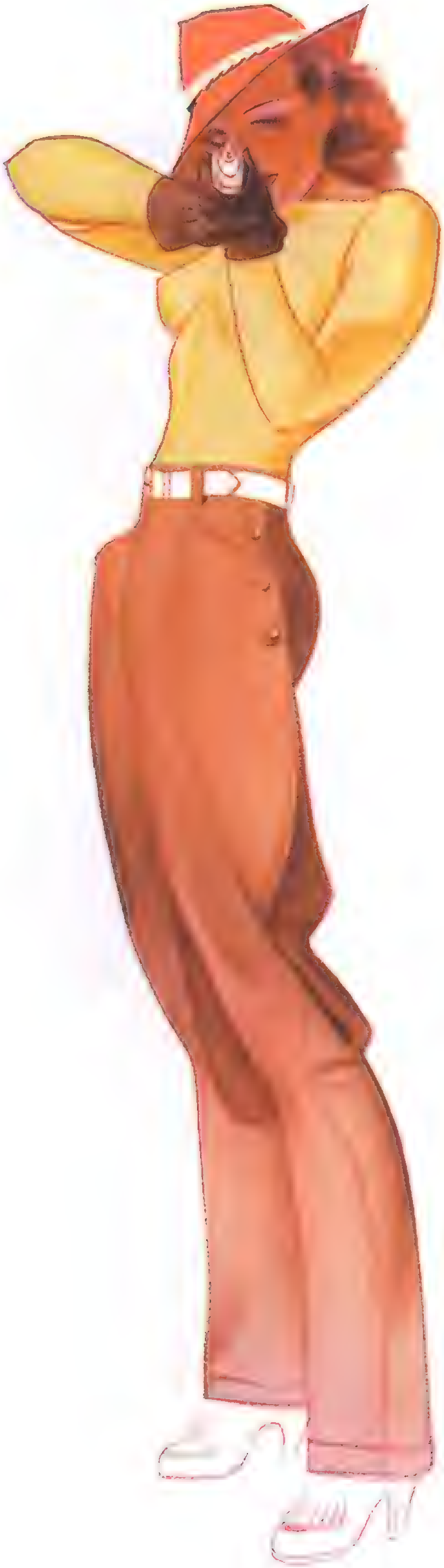
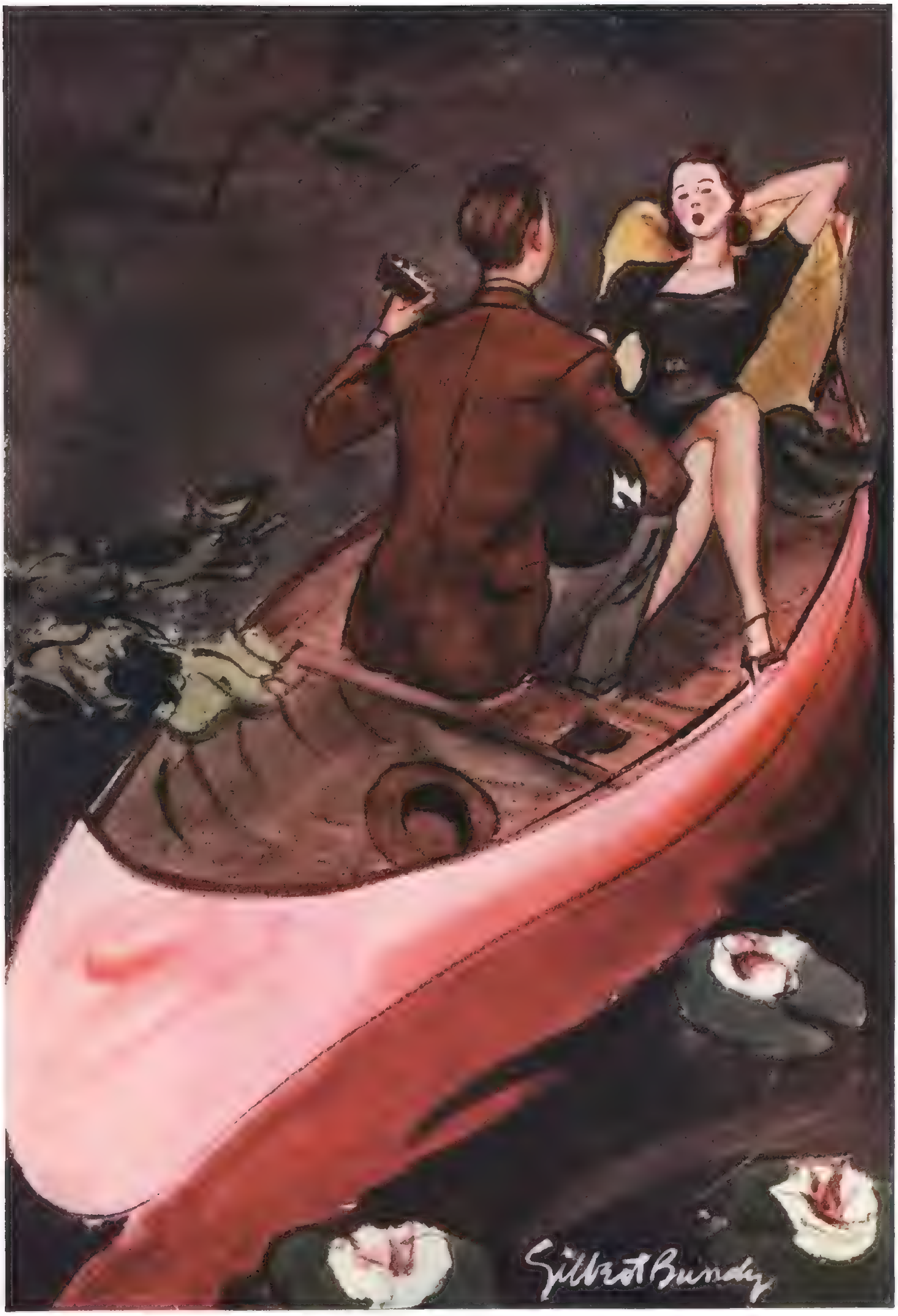


"Are you all right, Mr. Jackson? If you are, I've just killed a deer!"


Gilbert Bundy

"What do you say we duck this and take in a show!"

Requiem in a Man Lock

The superintendent and master mechanic agreed that it would not be respectful to send Callagan's body through alone

by GEORGE A. McNAMARA

• FICTION •

For three months a cluster of dancing air bubbles had broken the surface of the East River. Slowly, unnoticeably, the dancing cluster had moved farther from the Manhattan shore. By August the bubbles were not much short of the middle of the wide river. And it was late one night in August when the bubbles stopped dancing. They became bigger and they exploded at the surface, throwing little columns of water into the air. They came faster and they whipped the black water into soapy foam. They came faster yet and the water churned as though beaten by the death struggle of some gigantic sea beast. And then the tortured water blew up. A column of water shot sixty feet in the air. A wide hole opened in the river and the surrounding waters rushed into it, sobbing and roaring, rushing in, being thrown back. The whole river was rushing to some spot on its bottom. Slowly the turmoil lessened and the river became more quiet. Then it only blubbered occasionally in a deep, bass voice. At last it was still. The flat, black surface of the river was smooth and even. The little cluster of dancing air bubbles was gone. The Shentady Street tunnel had blown out.

Seventy feet below that erupting spot on the wide river, Tom Warner's gang had lost the heading. And at the final victorious roar, the sob of compressed air bursting out through water, every man turned away and ran for his life. They ran down the tunnel they had built, away from the vicious, charging water. They ran for the bulkhead near the shaft, a concrete wall twelve feet thick that plugged the tunnel like an enormous cork and kept in the compressed air. They ran for the sanctuary of the locks, big steel tanks set in the bulkhead. They ran, gasping for breath, saving no strength, straining away from the roaring slobber of the heading. Then the lights went out and they fell and cursed and crept and cried. It was dark with a darkness impossible on the face of the earth. Three flashlights went on and men, picking themselves up, came out of the darkness toward them. In three clusters, one around each flashlight, they walked toward the locks. They were safe now. The water would not reach all the way to the locks but would seal itself off by imprisoning some of the compressed air.

They were jubilant as, one by one, they stooped to enter the door of the man lock and sat facing each other on the two benches that ran the length of the big steel tank. Even Blackie who had broken his ankle and was carried into the lock, was laughing. Tom Warner, the heading foreman, stood by the door of the lock. When the last man had entered, he cupped his hands to his mouth and bellowed back toward the heading.

"Is anybody there?"

The only sound was that of water gently lapping. He called again into the darkness.

"We're going out. Is anybody there?"

There was no answer.

He stepped into the lock and pulled the steel door shut behind him. He looked at the air pressure gauge. It read thirty-two pounds.

"We weren't in a full shift, Joe," he said to the locktender. "We don't need to take the full time decompressing. Get us out of here as quick as you can. We all need a drink."

Joe opened the valve which reduced the air pressure in the lock. He sat with his hand on the valve, watching the slow moving hands of an alarm clock on the bench beside him and the dropping pressure on the air gauge. The valve hissed loudly and the hand of the air gauge moved steadily downward. When it was squarely on zero, the door at the far end of the lock gave a little pop and came open. The men, one by one, climbed out. The checker in his little shanty beside the lock was at first puzzled and then excited. Twenty-six men had gone into the heading. Only twenty-five came out. Con Callagan was still in the tunnel.

DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

They dumped scow after scow of clay into the hole that had been blown in the river bottom at the heading. For five days, twenty-four hours a day, they pumped water out of the tunnel, up the shaft and back into the river. Late the fifth night the tunnel was dry and the mound of sand and gravel that had been carried into the heading was in sight. Tom Warner's gang was on shift and Red Kerrigan and Frank Tuck, superintendent and master mechanic, went in with them.

"They should find Callagan this shift, Tom," said Kerrigan. "When they do, I don't want them handling him or standing around looking at him. As soon as they find him, knock them off. They're through for the day. Get them out of the heading right away. We'll take Callagan out ourselves."

The gang dug into the mound with shovels, pitching it into muck cars. It was easy shoveling, loose sand with some gravel and greasy river silt. The mound grew smaller, slid in and the erector arm of the shield came into sight. The bank kept collapsing as the foot was dug away. Tim Shugrue gave a shout and climbed up on the bank. He pulled at something but it did not give. He started to dig. Another man helped him. They pulled together. The body of Con Callagan came out and they laid it on the sand.

"O. K., men," shouted Warner. "You're through. Walk down to the lock. We'll take the motor."

The men picked up their coats and jackets and started to walk toward the lock. Warner, Kerrigan and Tuck stood quietly and watched them go. Nobody said anything.

Callagan's body was stiff, his eyes, ears, mouth and every fold and wrinkle of his clothes were full of wet sand.

"Maybe we ought to clean him up a little," said Tuck.

"We couldn't make a job of it," said Warner. "They'll have to fix him up after we get him out anyway."

"Those guys should be almost to the lock by now," said Kerrigan. "Let's put him on the flatcar."

Warner and Tuck lifted Callagan onto the flatcar and tried to set his body so it rested firmly. It was hard and inflexible, as awkward to handle as a sculptured figure. They covered

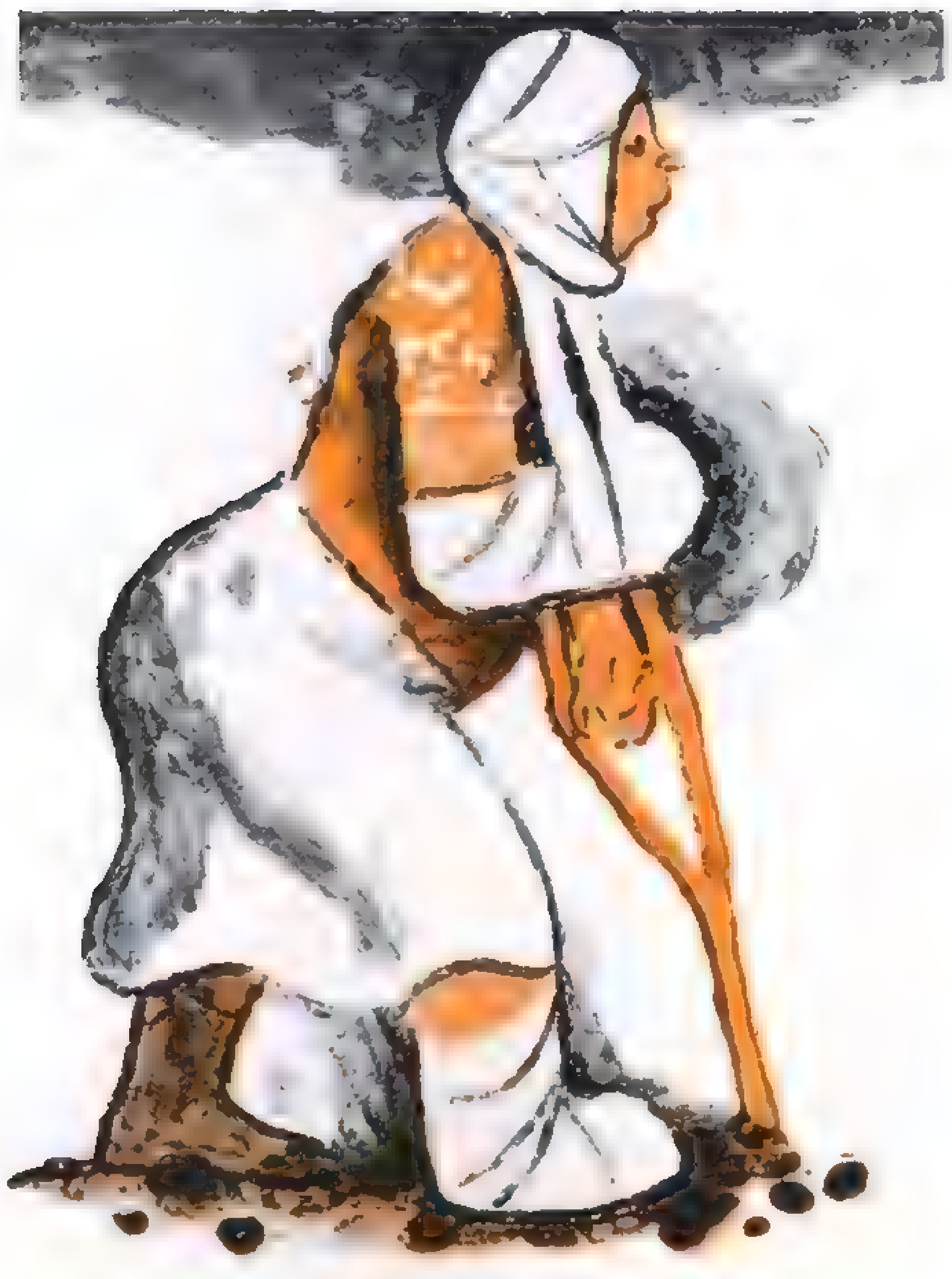
Continued in center of page 124

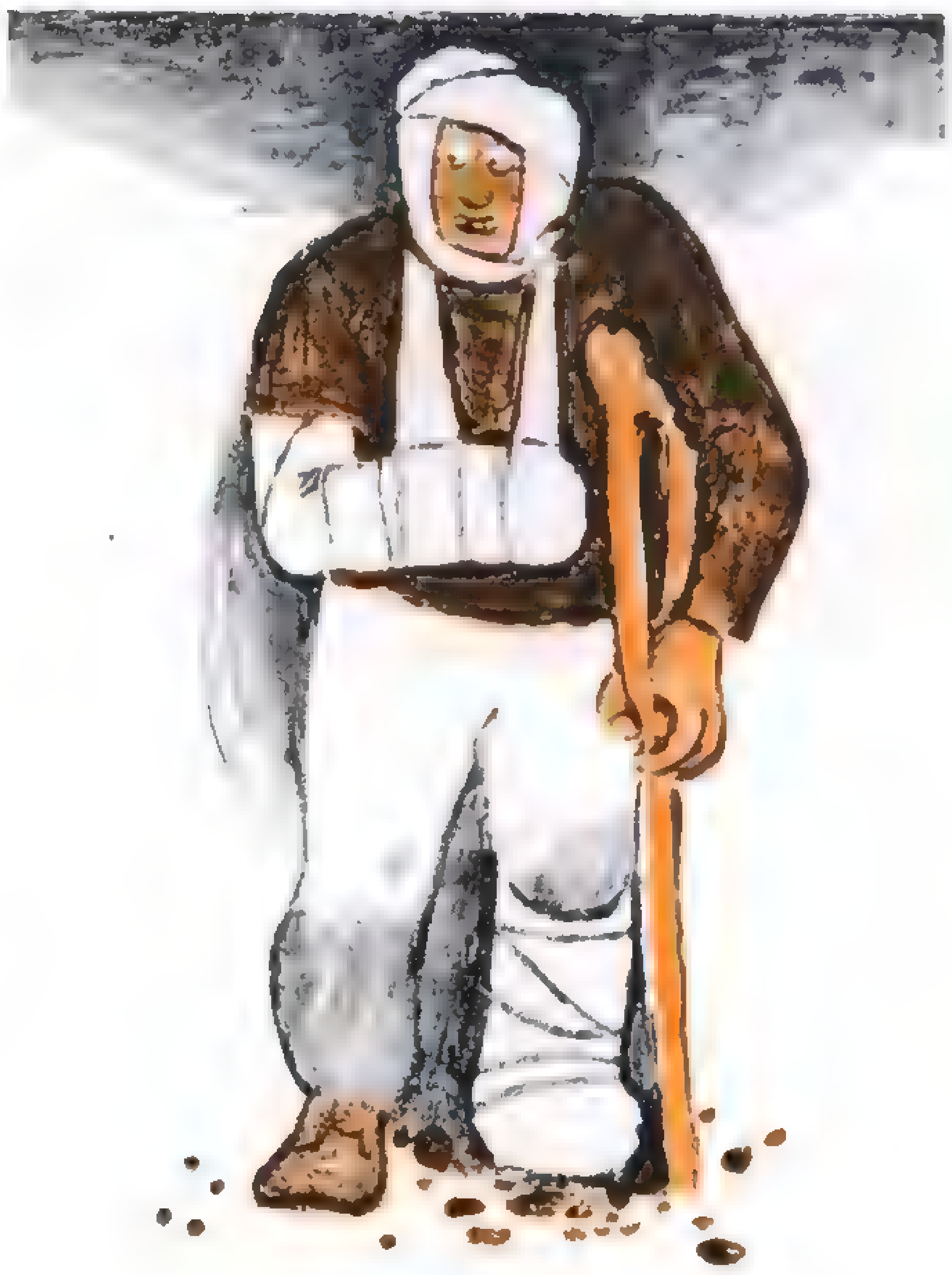
The Ails of Clonbocketty

Old Thady assured the young locum he couldn't have done better—he had found a wonderful place for sickness

by L. A. G. STRONG

• SATIRE •





FIFTY-SEVEN women in the gaol," said Doherty, "and two men; the whole place turned upside down, and the gaoler druv out of his mind, and the polis leppin' mad; faith, it was the best gait-o'-goin' ever I seen.

"It was all by dint of the herring failing on them," he continued surprisingly. "That, and Lizzie M'Garrity scaldin' her foot. Wait now, till I tell ye the way of it.

"Clonbocketty is a smallish place, with the one street in it, and a few score o' cottages, and the pier. Most times it does be half asleep. The only season ye'd see anythin' goin' on there is when the herrings is in. Then it's quite a busy little spot. The drifters comes in, the bell rings, everyone runs down to the quay, and what with the girls guttin' the fish and the dealers buyin' and the visitors that comes to see it, sure, ye'd hardly know it for the same place at all.

"It's the herrings is the making of the place. Any prosperity they do have, and any money there is in it, all comes from the herrings. So this year, when the fishing failed, and the drifters stopped comin' in to Clonbocketty, there was great hardship. Great hardship."

Doherty stopped, and spat.

"At their wits' end, the people were, with the winter lookin' at them, and no money to face it. Some of the men and the young girls went off to Scotland for harvestin' and the like, but sure there was little enough for them. No one knew what to be at. And then, all of a sudden, came the business o' Lizzie M'Garrity scaldin' her foot.

"Lizzie M'Garrity was a parlormaid above at Clonbocketty Hall, and what does she do, one afternoon, but upset a kettle o' boilin' water over her foot. A painful thing, and the roars of her was unmerciful: but there was a doctor on hand, stayin' at the Hall, and he fixed her up the way she'd over it nicely.

"'But, mind you,' says he, 'you'll have to lie up', says he, 'and not try to walk on it for a month at the least,' says he. 'And look at here,' says he, for Lizzie was a pretty girl, with a way of lookin' up at a man sideways or under her eyelashes, 'I'll make yez out a certificate,' says he, 'the way ye can get a disability allowance—or some such thing. I don't know what is the right name for it. Anyway, it s money from the government when you're not able to work.'

"So Lizzie goes home to her mother's, and lies up in the bed, and the district nurse comes every day to dress her foot. She didn't believe it about the disability allowance, but, bedad, when she'd been there a week, there comes along some sort of a form to fill in, and old Thady, him that was a clerk in the city, fills it in for her, and in a few days more the money comes, right from the very first day she was hurted.

"Well, this was great news for the village. All had given up hope of gettin' public money, because, when the herrings failed first, one of the girls in the village has a dart at gettin' unemployment benefit. But the lads in the office at Clonboyes was too leary for her.

"'Is it unemployment benefit you'd be drawin',' says they, 'and you never employed any place in your life. Go home out o' that. Sure, who in their senses would employ the like o' you?'

"So back they came, and tells old Thady.

"'Is that the size of it?' says he. 'Wait now till I think.'

"They were all silent then, for Thady was a very cunnin' old boy when he was put to it. Most times, he was foolish, for there was no benefit from cunnin' in Clonbocketty. There was nothin' to be had straight or crooked.

"All of a sudden Thady looks up. 'I have it,' says he. 'I have an idee.'

"'What is it, Thady?' says they, all crowdin' round him. And the young girls, laughin' like, caught hold of him to make him tell.

"'Easy, easy,' says Thady, for he was always very dignified. 'Sure, if yez all come stiflin' me, how can I tell it?'

"So they went back then, their fathers and such orderin' them and threatenin' them to let him alone.

"'Tell me,' says Thady, 'what way is Dr. Coffey these days?'

"'Ah, the poor man,' says they. 'His eyes is still terrible bad. He can hardly see out o' them.'

"'That's true,' says one o' the women. 'Sure, when I took Delia there the other day, on account o' spots she had on her back, he couldn't see what was wrong, and I was forced to take her to Clonboyes.'

"'And how long is it now,' says Thady, 'since he had the accident?'

"'Faith,' says they, 'it's a matter of three months and more.'

"Thady nods, very satisfied.

"'That's good,' says he.

"'What do you mean?' says they, angry like, for they had a likin' for the old doctor. It was a nasty accident too. Burnin' out a wasps' nest, he was, and the spirit exploded on him.

"'I mean,' says Thady, 'that if he was sick much longer he might lose his job, or have to pay a locum,' says he.

"'What's your idee?' says they. But Thady wouldn't tell it out then. And, bedad, the very next day, it looked as if his plan, whatever it was, was to fail; for Doctor Coffey got in a new locum, and went off on a bit of a holiday. Thady cursed very bad when he heard that. He went off to see the new locum, pretendin' there was something wrong with him, just to find out what sort he was.

"A long talk they had, and, with a little coaxin' from Thady, the young fella come out very confidential like. A serious sort of a young fella he was, and he swalleyed every word Thady told him. It was his first locum, he told Thady.

"'Of course,' says the young fella, 'I'd have preferred to go to a big place, where I'd get more experience.'

"'Don't believe it,' says Thady. 'This is a

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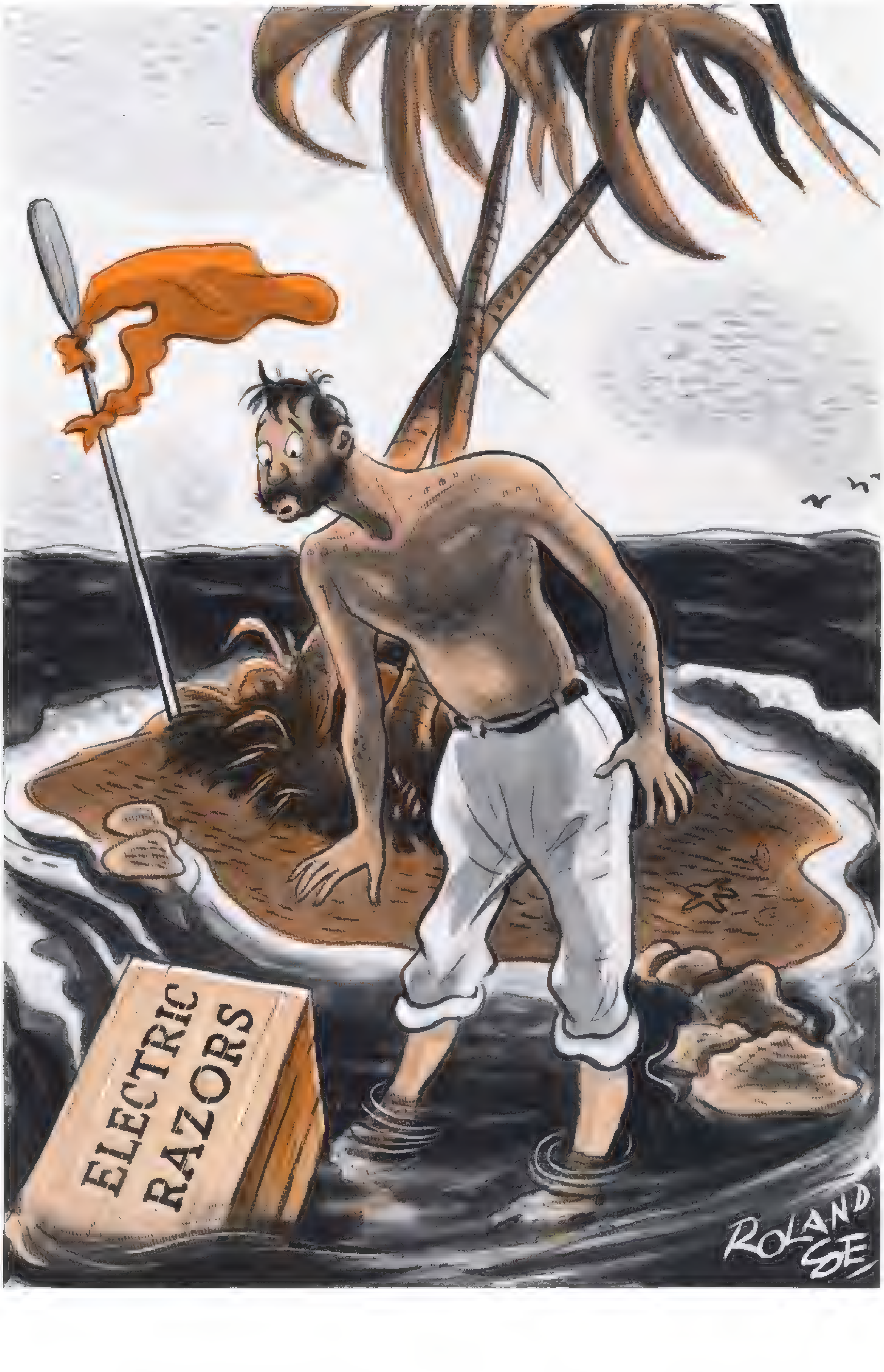
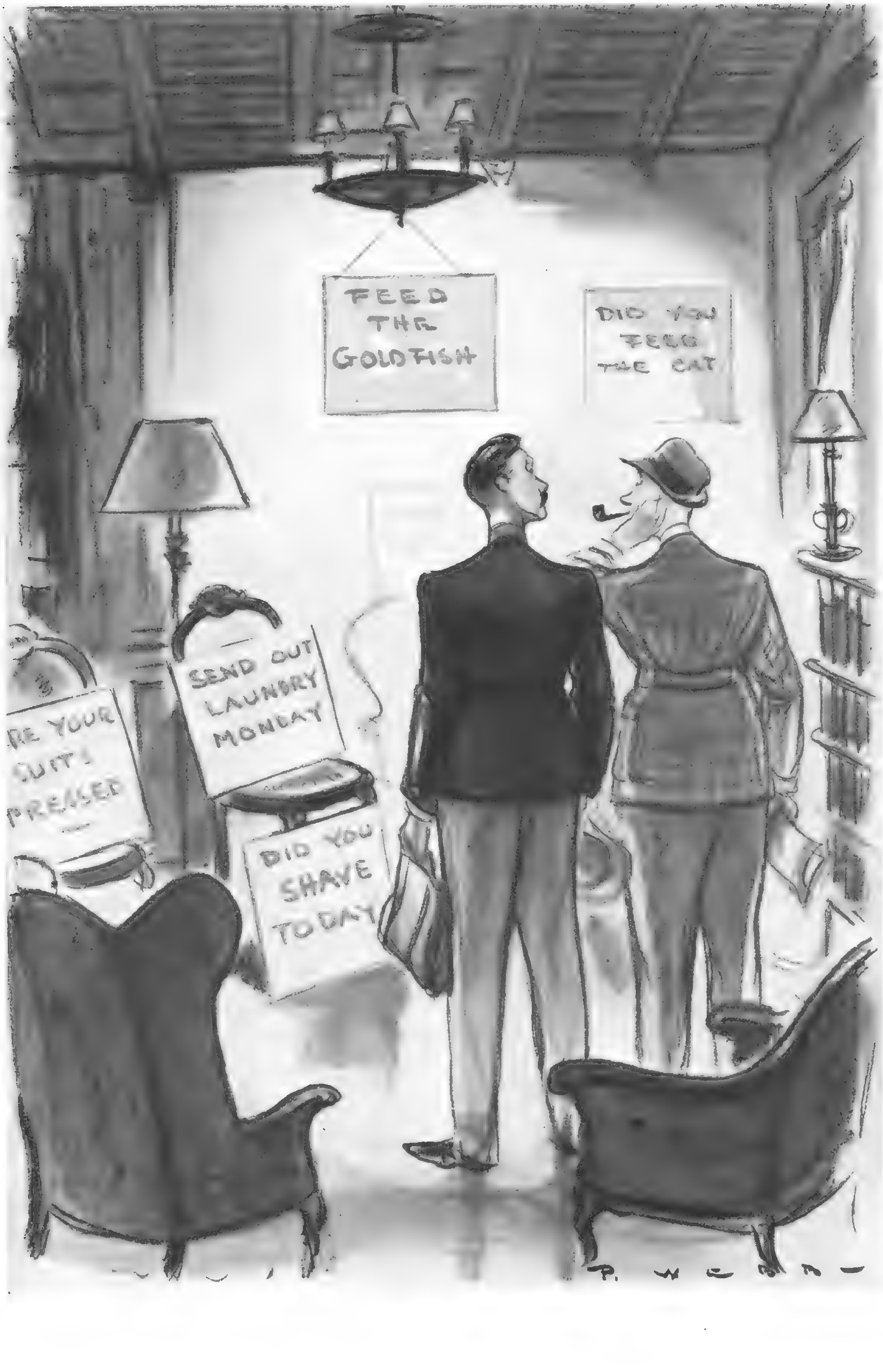

ELECTRIC RAZORS
ROLAND COE


FEED THE GOLDFISH
DID YOU FEED THE CAT
RE YOUR SUITS PRESSED
SEND OUT LAUNDRY MONDAY
DID YOU SHAVE TODAY
P. WEBB

"Er—I forgot to tell you—my wife's away for a few days"

Micropterus—America's Game Fish

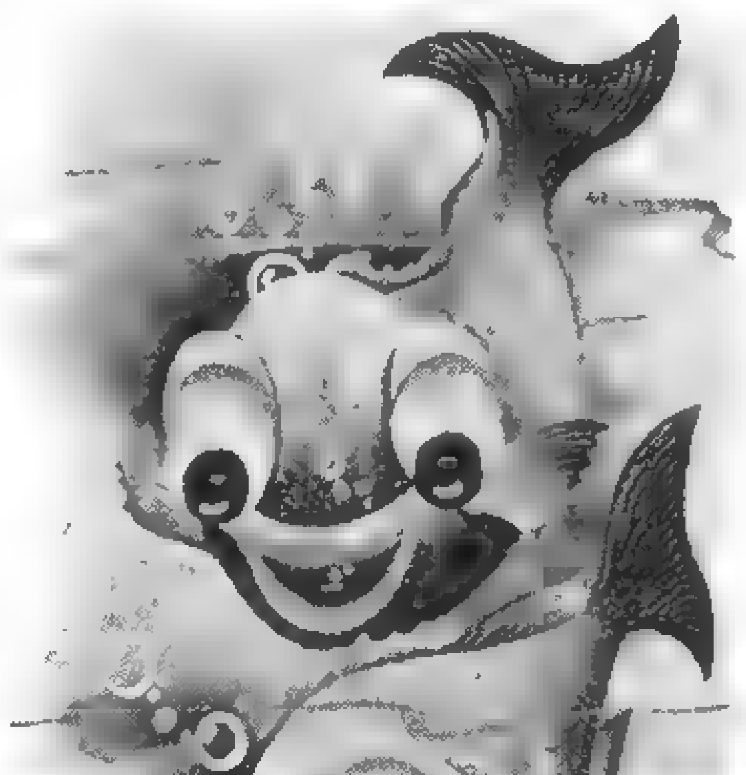
This genus of black bass has been proclaimed, inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims

by CAL JOHNSON

▪ SPORTS ▪

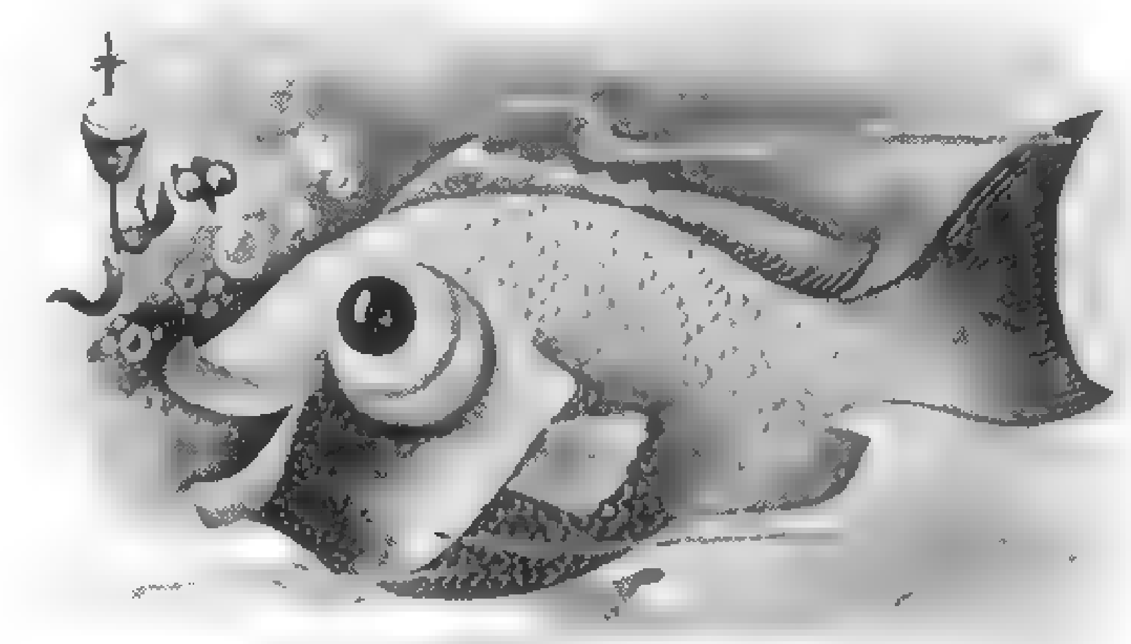
NO GAME fish in all America is so highly respected and so widely distributed as the large- and small-mouth black bass. These two species of the sunfish family are the source of much enjoyment from Wisconsin to Florida and from New York to the West. To one who has followed the fisherman's trail as it leads past many waters in search of new angling thrills and experiences, there eventually comes a realization that the resourcefulness of the sportive black bass is beyond dispute. Bait or fly, this species of freshwater game fish ranks highest and uncorks a greater variety of aquatic tricks than is known to the fighting repertoire of any other member of Father Neptune's denizens of inland waters.

One of the finest characteristics of the black bass lies in the fact that he moves along successfully with the changing conditions of lakes and streams. Civilization has not depleted his number. Unlike the salmon and trout, the bass does not necessarily need waters of a certain temperature, but thrives well in any water that is fairly clear and of varying temperatures. The small-mouth bass, of course, does not prosper in waters of the south or in lakes that become too warm during the summer months. However, the large-mouth bass seems to thrive well in any section of the country and the waters of the Gulf States produce mammoth bass that tip the scale anywhere from ten to twenty pounds. Florida large-mouth bass have long been noted



mieu) is known as small-mouth, bronze-back, plain black bass; Micropterus salmoides is called large-mouth, green bass, straw bass and Oswego bass. There are other names, too, including those used by the guides when a nice fish breaks away, but for simplification and general use the terms large-mouth bass and small-mouth bass should suffice.

Now it might be well to tell you how to distinguish one species from the other. We have caught both large- and small-mouth bass in the same waters, but it is the exception rather than the rule. The bass of the cool spring-fed lakes with rocky shores, gravel bottoms and sandy bars are usually the small-mouth species. This same fish is also the one taken from flowing rivers and streams of the north. The large-mouth bass is the species which loves to nose around among the lily-pads and rushes, or close to muddy or gravel bottoms. The latter is taken from southern rivers as well as warm water lakes. The small-mouth bass is the clear water fish, while the large-mouth species gets along very well in sluggish waters. However, we are of the belief that both species prefer clearer waters and we know that the fish taken from the spring-fed lakes and streams are superior in fighting ability to the fish of the warmer and more sluggish waters.



There are several marks, characteristic of each species, which can serve for points of identification. The scales of the large-mouth bass are larger than the scales of the small-mouth bass. The mouth

those who like to take their fish with fly-rod outfits. Both species strike a fly or bass-bug with zest.

Fly-fishing for bass is a very popular sport throughout the country and calls for a certain amount of skill on the angler's part before the "art" is finally mastered. Trout fishermen are usually ardent bass fishermen and like to battle the bass of the river in fast water. It doesn't take a very large small-mouth bass to give you all the fun you want when hooked in swift water. Any bass weighing around two pounds will keep you busy and extend all the thrills that one could anticipate before it is finally netted and slipped into the creel.

River small-mouths are supposed to top the list when it comes to bass fishing. Due to their time spent fighting the rushing waters and their alert habit of darting hither and yon for insects that float downstream or light upon the rushing waters they become extremely agile and cunning. They love to hide in the shaded waters along the banks, or in the quiet pools which form below a boulder in the stream. I have also taken them directly from the foamy waters of the rapids and in the swirling pockets which form below a small falls or long rapids. The bubbling waters of an eddy is a good spot for minnows and small green frogs, therefore the bass nose around in such locations, gobbling a fresh minnow from the cool waters in the pool and catching an occasional frog or crawfish near the fringe of water-grass near the shore.

The bass do not always rise to the fly or floating bass-bug, but when they are in the

The White Stallion

It seemed Mohammed Ali, "official guide," was more poet than pander, and more magician than mercenary

by GEORGE SLOCOMBE

FICTION

The sun went out behind the mountains as they came to the inn. The boys who had jumped on the running boards of the car as they entered the town explained vociferously that this was not the regular inn, but a mere summer refuge for travelers. The city's solitary substantial hotel lay over the valley, with its roof caved in by torrential rains. Rain had fallen for a week, crashing in sheets out of the low sky, glissading in torrents and cataracts down the black mountain walls, filling the narrow conduits of the city's forty streams, and spinning giddily the wheels of the city's hundred watermills. The little flat-roofed, single-storied summer hospice stood in the main street, facing the red walls and crumbling battlements of the 15th century Portuguese fort.

An unshaven young Spaniard in a grey sweater under a brown monk's robe brushed off the grinning Arab boys like flies and opened the door of the car. He repeated the story of the calamity which had overtaken their fine new hotel. The rains had almost also drowned out the little summer hospice. A couple of Arab masons were hurriedly building a roof of flat tiles over the patio, to keep the skies from washing the inn from its frail foundations on the hillside. The water still streamed from the walls of the hospice, and the fountain in the middle of the patio gurgled unpleasantly. The inn smelled of wet plaster, and the earthy, geranium-like odor of green vegetation growing in the mountains.

The Spaniard opened the door of one of the bedrooms off the patio and showed them proudly a small electric radiator which gave out a mild heat. The whitewashed walls steamed, and a choking smell of lime filled the room. The only window in the room gave on the rain-soaked patio, and was closed. The hospice was built to resist sunlight, not rain and cold. The Spaniard opened the window an inch and a gust of pure and cold and damp mountain air filled the room.

The woman shivered apprehensively. "Donald," she complained, "I think I am going to be sick in this dump. I feel it coming on." She was a woman of thirty-five, tall, dark-haired and with large dark eyes. She had been pretty in her youth, and was now beautiful, in the rich maturity of curve and coloring which nature seems to lavish upon aging brunettes and to deny to blondes.

Her husband peered at the room near-sightedly. He was a muscular, youthful-looking man with round pink cheeks and blue eyes, already bald on the crown of his thin mouse-colored hair. "For God's sake, Elsa, don't begin to worry now," he said. "You know you never get sick in the mountains." His voice was irritable to disguise his real concern. "Besides, we must sleep somewhere, and we cannot go on. This town is at the end of the road. There isn't another town between here and Tetuan, and if we found the way up here in daylight without getting off the road more than twice, we'll never find our way down again in the dark."

They were the only guests in the inn, and save for the young Spaniard in the brown monk's robe, who sat at a table in the corner and ate silently, they were alone in the dining room. The young Moor who served them looked neither like Arab nor Berber, nor any other of the races they had encountered in Morocco. The city had been first captured by the Spanish in 1922, and had been opened to travelers only a few years. A great stone pillar at the solitary gate of the town warned the stranger against meddling with the piety, the habits and customs of the citizens.

The food was queer. A soup of brown beans, thick, strongly aromatic and not disagreeable after the first mouthful. Then cutlets of a strange animal. The Spaniard, appealed to by the woman across the small space which separated their tables, looked up, interrogated the Moor sharply in guttural Arabic, then said briefly: "*Puerco.*" But it was not like any pork they had ever eaten. It was like the flesh of boar or bear, wild and gamy, and tasted of musk, as if the pig had been roasted in his hide.

They drank a coarse red wine with the meal, a wine harsh and thick, and faintly resinous like the wine of Greece.

After dinner they walked out into the town. The sky had cleared, and a moon had risen. The rim of the mountains was etched sharply in black against a sky gleaming like a painted ceiling. Against the mountains, in fainter relief, rose the square towers and battlements of the ruined fort. In the moonlight its walls were no longer red, but grey. The great gate of the fortress was open, and inside, in the brilliant moonlight, they could see dwarf palms, the round basin of a fountain, and a cypress. Flowering bushes grew in crannies in the walls. They could hear the murmur of sleeping doves in the tower which gazed down at the city square. The town seemed to sleep. The tree-shaded square before the fort was empty. In the solitary European café at the end of the plaza there were lights, and when its doors opened and one of the soldiers of the Spanish garrison entered or departed, rumors of mechanical mirth escaped into the still air. But as suddenly they were quieted. The city seemed as silent and mysterious as the mountains which encompassed it, as the useless fort of the dead Portuguese adventurers, as the night skies swept clean after the week's torrential rains.

Yet on closer scrutiny from the battlements of the fort the town was not dead. The inky shadows cast by the low houses of the moonlit plaza held lighter shadows, which moved rhythmically. On the narrow streets which climbed the terraced hillside a thousand little lights twinkled incessantly. There were lights even, remote and microscopic, on the black mountain walls which ringed the town. Sometimes a dog barked, sharply as if in pain. Sometimes a long single note rose in prayer, followed by the chanting of grave male voices. Then the city relapsed into its nocturnal silence, a silence as soft and as clinging as velvet.

The man and the woman left the fort and crossed the plaza to the town, their feet moving silently on the rain-softened earth. They saw a narrow room lit by a small kerosene lamp, and several Arabs, hooded and robed in grey, drinking out of little cups. Other Arabs lay on the beaten earth floor of the café, prostrate on narrow rugs, like corpses in a morgue.

"Shall we go in?" asked the woman.

They pushed through the curtained door of the café, which suddenly seemed too narrow for them, and stood together at the narrow counter looking into the pock-marked face of the bareheaded old Arab behind a charcoal stove.

The man pointed to the little cups before the Arabs at the table and said "Coffee," upon a note of interrogation.

The Arab repeated the word and shook his head.

"Coffee!" said the man more loudly, and held up two fingers. "Dos."

The Arab looked bewildered and continued to shake his head, murmuring something unintelligible in sad, liquid Arabic.

"He doesn't understand you, darling," said the woman compassionately. "Never mind. Let's go." And with an air of resolution she turned to go out into the plaza.

But suddenly they heard behind them an encouraging voice in broken Spanish. "He say no coffee, Señor. No coffee!"

They saw before them, smiling, dark-eyed, velvet-voiced, a young Arab of twenty, dressed in a grey woolen djellabhi and wearing a thick gold ring on his finger.

The woman looked at him indignantly. "Who are you?"

"I am Mohammed Ali, official guide," explained the young Arab with a look of rapture. "This gentleman say no coffee."

"Isn't that coffee those Arabs are drinking?" she demanded.

"No, Señora," said the guide complacently. "Those gentlemens drinking mint. Mint tea."

And gracefully he advanced to the table, whisked a cup from under the nose of one of the drinking Arabs without succeeding in ruffling the equanimity of the drinker so de-

spoiled, and held it triumphantly under the nostrils of the woman. "This is Moorish drink, Señora," he explained a trifle apologetically.

Elsa looked into the amber recesses of the cup and then sniffed at its contents. A grave sweet aroma of wild mint rose from the cup. She turned to the old Arab behind the charcoal stove and nodded, and without a word he placed two steaming cups of mint infusion in their hands.

They took their cups to a table near the Arabs and sat on a bench against the whitewashed wall. The guide Mohammed Ali stood discreetly in front of them, his brown eyes luminous in the yellow lamplight.

"You American gentlemens?" he asked after a while.

The man nodded.

"You like to see Moorish ladies maybe?"

"No!" said Donald on a note of finality.

"Moorish ladies very beautiful dancers," murmured Mohammed dreamily.

"We are not looking for amusement," said Elsa graciously. "We are just walking about the town."

"I show you the town!" said Mohammed eagerly. "Many beautiful mosques. Very many marabouts, holy men from the hills. This is sacred Moorish city, very mysterious."

They paid the few centimos asked for their infusion of mint and got up to go. Mohammed ran before them to the door and held aside the curtain. His eyes were dancing with eagerness and excitement. The gold ring on his brown hand glittered as he held the curtain. One of his teeth was filled with gold. The Arabs at the table looked on stoically, without any sign of interest. They walked out into the moonlight square, and the cold pure air from the mountains swept into their lungs.

When they left the square they discovered the reason for the mysterious agitation in the city, the twinkling of the lights they had seen from the walls of the fort. The city was built on three sides of a mountain, and the narrow winding streets, no wider than was necessary for the passage of a donkey laden with panniers, wound crab-wise up the steep slopes, hidden by the low houses from the open space in front of the fort, and from the cantonments of the Spanish garrison. The streets were lined with tiny Moorish shops, mere recesses in the wall in which was disposed the merchandise offered for sale, and in which, rolled in rugs, the merchants slept at night. A small kerosene lamp hung before each shop and swung in the wind.

The streets were crudely paved with immense stones, and terraced every few yards. Walking was painful. The woman stumbled frequently over the uneven stones. There was no room to walk abreast. Donkeys with downcast eyes came tripping out of the darkness, lightfoot as ballet dancers, brushed past them, and disappeared soundlessly. Arabs with the hoods of their grey or brown woolen robes pulled over their heads glided from step to step, gave them a quick unfathomable glance from their dark sad eyes, and vanished after the donkeys. The streets were filled with movement, but empty of sound. Even the cheapeners in the doorway of the light, windowless and curtainless shops, sharply silhouetted against the yellow radiance of the lamps, seemed to examine and discuss the proffered wares in silence. It was like a Trappist monastery, and the brown or grey robes of the Arabs were like the robes of monks. Only the guide Mohammed Ali spoke, and his voice flowed like a river, rapid, turgid and inexhaustible.

He was, he said, a heretic in this city of saints and fanatics. He did not go to pray in the mosque. Three years earlier he had left his home to join the Spanish Foreign Legion. He had been in Spain and learned Spanish. He liked the Spanish ladies. They did not dance so well as the Moorish ladies, but he liked them better. He liked foreigners. But in this he was unlike his family and his fellow-citizens. The people of this city were very proud. They had not been conquered for five hundred years. It was from this valley that the original Moorish legions had invaded and conquered Spain. And to this valley, after their first defeat at the hands of Ferdinand and Isabella, and their ultimate expulsion by Philip II, they had returned.

Since then no man had conquered them. The Riffan chieftain, Abd-el-Krim, had defeated a great Spanish army before its gates. But in 1922 General Beranguer had come up the valley from Tetuan at the head of a great army and declared himself master of the region. They tolerated Spanish rule, but they did not accept it. The old men would not speak Spanish, would not trade with the conqueror, would not suffer their children to learn in the Spanish school. They prayed in the mosques at dawn and sunset for the day of deliverance. One day, tradition said, they would return to Spain and rule again in the exquisite and lordly Alhambra over the portals of which Mohammed Ali had seen the prophetic text from the Koran announcing this event.

But Mohammed Ali was a modern. He did not read the Koran, like his father, who was very rich, owned ten houses in the city, had a fortune of at least thirty thousand pesetas, and prayed to Allah daily for the expulsion of the hated Spaniard.

"You wish to see my father?" demanded Mohammed Ali on a sudden impulse. "He is a very pious old man."

Guiding the woman through the steep and narrow street, with the gentlest of touches on her elbow, the Arab halted them suddenly outside one of the little Moorish shops. It was like a hundred others that they had seen. The shop was scarcely five feet wide, and six feet deep. The merchant, sitting behind his counter, could reach almost all the merchandise contained in the shop. They saw an old man with a grey beard, with a broad, lined forehead and steady eyes, the face of a prophet rather than of a trader. Mohammed Ali greeted him with affectionate raillery.

The father gazed at the rebellious son gravely, then looked at each of the foreigners and inclined his head twice in majestic courtesy. An old-fashioned Moorish lamp hung over his head and in its faint light he had been reading the Koran. The book lay on the counter before him, and a strong forefinger still marked the line at which his reading had been interrupted. His wares lay behind him in boxes: a few eggs, dates, oranges, several kinds of beans, and a pile of almonds.

Mohammed Ali spoke rapidly to his father.

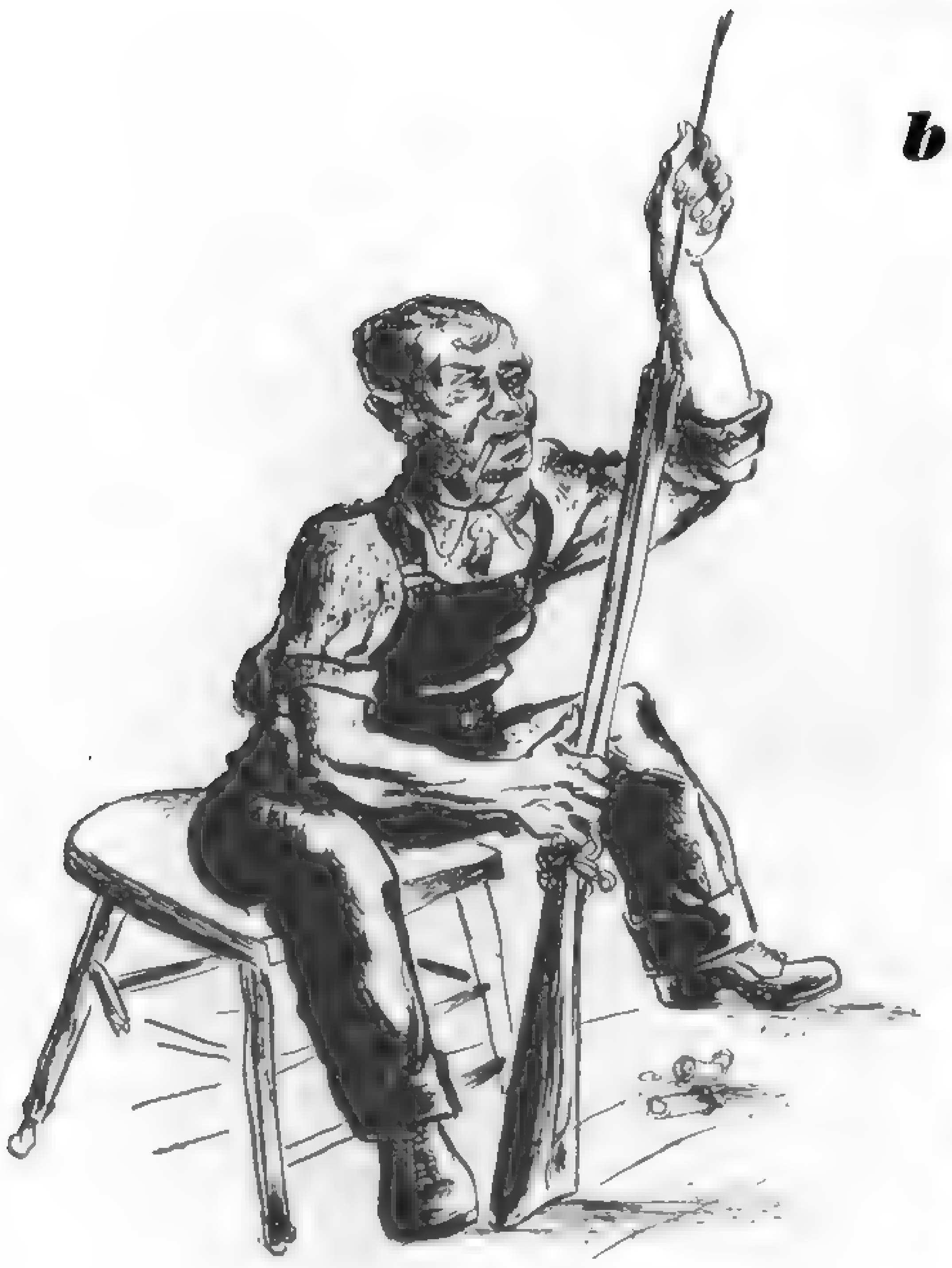
Continued on page 94

One-Eyed Poacher of Privilege

Uncle Jeff Coongate has no truck with game laws, 'cause "the time to kill a piece of meat is when it's fit eatin'"

by EDMUND WARE

• ARTICLE •



Uncle Jeff Coongate, former teamster for the Mopang Lumber Company, has devoted the major part of his life to a spirited crusade against game laws, especially those relating to the moose and the white-tail deer. As a result he has done several hitches in the Mopang jail. Aside from these interludes, his seventy years have been spent in the town of Privilege, just across the border from Boomchain, New Brunswick.

In Privilege the potato still serves as a stopper for the kerosene can. All dogs are deer dogs until proved otherwise, and all portable lights, except those with glass chimneys, are jack-lights. If you spill salt or pass someone an open knife, it means a fight. If you see three lamps on a table or three white horses in a row, death is at hand either for you or someone you know.

Since the drowning of Doctor Delirius Musgrave, Aunt Lizzie Chambers administers to the sick. She uses golden root, snake root, rhubarb, and brews from bark.

At twilight cranes fly over Privilege bound for their village on Sabio Ridge. Presently the night wind stirs the grasses on Cemetery Hill, where old man Pecois is buried standing. A loon calls from Leadmine Cove. Sometime later, if the moon is dark, you may hear the blast of Uncle Jeff Coongate's ten-gauge. If you do, you may be assured that he will soon be dressing out an old doe on the edge of a field, working in the rays of his old Ferguson headlight, blood to the elbows.

The farther you get from cities, the less likelihood of the leading citizen being a banker, a business man, or a college president. In Privilege the First Selectman is Uncle Jeff Coongate. The reason is that he can tell the best story. He represents entertainment—wit, literature, radio, and drama, especially drama. His knuckles are now a little arthritic, but at mention of game wardens he makes a fist instantly, and his one eye appears to hiss like a blowtorch.

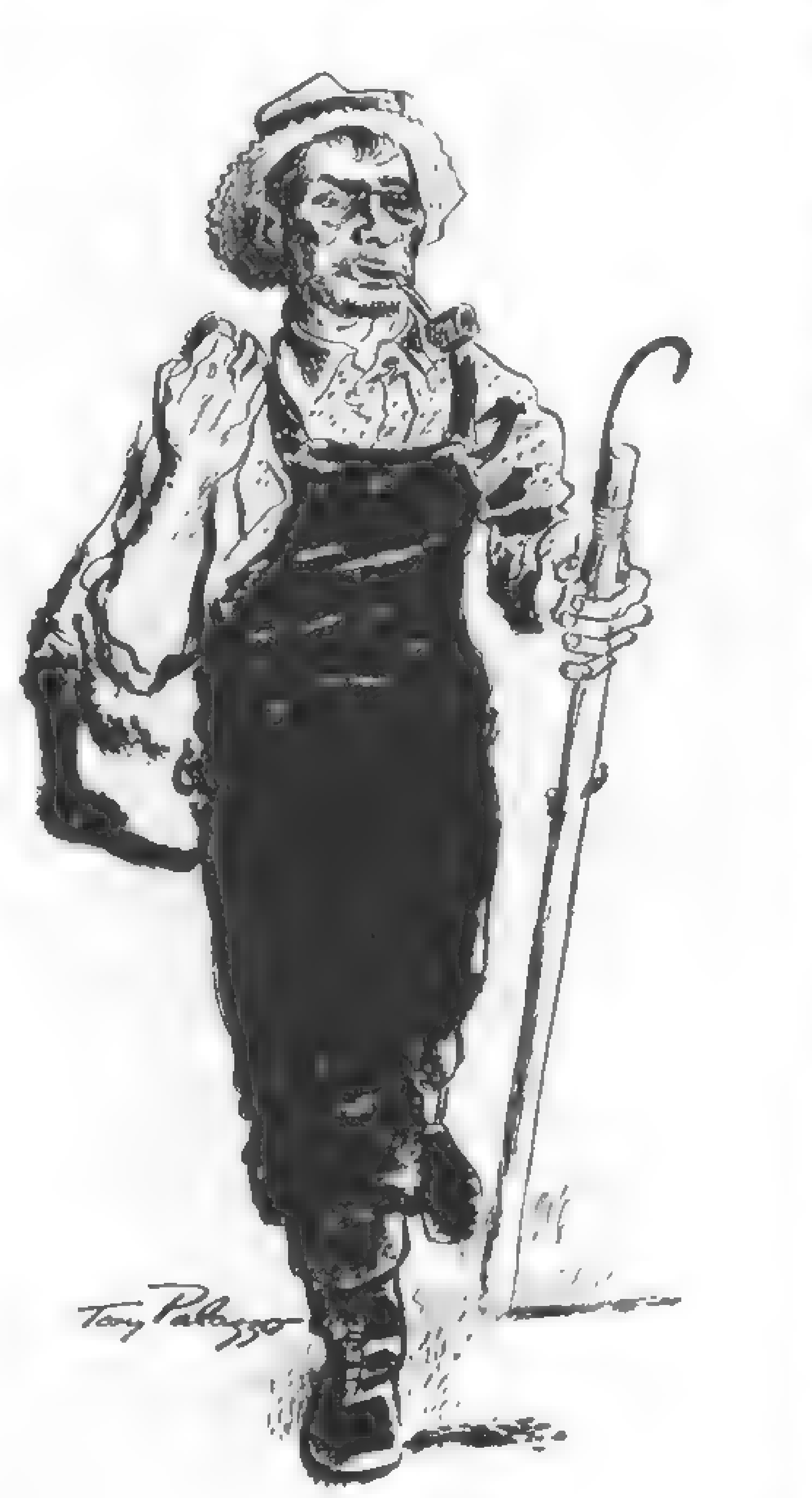
Living handy to some of the best trout and salmon fishing in the country, Uncle Jeff's attitude toward fly casting is one of sedate scorn. In taking these fish he prefers the use of dynamite, but will tolerate the spear or the gill net. He considers the outboard motor "a menace to the uncivilized world. The noise gives a man's whereabouts away, an' further an' more, they stink."

Uncle Jeff sees nothing in game laws except personal affront. Accustomed since boyhood to living off the land, he cannot seem to adapt himself to legal methods and seasons for hunting and fishing. "The time to kill a piece of meat is when it's fit eatin'. A buck that's been rammin' around the ridges chasin' does ain't fit only for snowshoe fillin'. I git mine in August."

This policy has brought Uncle Jeff into almost permanent conflict with the State. In the Mopang jail, where he has been a frequent and popular resident, the jailer often turned him loose for an airing. On one occasion Uncle Jeff violated his trust. Hiding out in the haylofts of friends on the way up river, he eventually turned up in Privilege madder than ever at game laws. His old 45-70 rifle having been confiscated by the authorities he borrowed another, sneaked off to Big Deadwater, killed a moose, peddled out the meat, and returned to Mopang to make a part payment on a previous fine with the proceeds.

Once several wardens combined for the purpose of luring Uncle Jeff into an incriminating situation. Informed of his loyalty to gambling and liquor, they arranged a poker game with the assistance of a local traitor. One of the wardens posed as a city man-of-wealth anxious to get some choice cuts of moose meat, and willing to pay a good price. Toward midnight, when the old man's tongue was loosened with whiskey, and his spirit warmed with a nine-dollar win, the city slicker spoke his piece:

"Mr. Coongate, I am a man who loves wild meat. I understand you have a moose hanging near-by in a cedar swamp. Now, we are all friends here, and I would like very much to have you sell me a loin."



Uncle Jeff's eye kindled with caution. He pocketed his winnings and made for the door, saying: "By Jesus, boys—you can't peddle out a moose till you've kilt him."

Subsequently the pseudo city slicker was appointed warden in Uncle Jeff's locality. In the belief that kindness might cause the old hellion to mend his ways, the warden loaned him a horse to use in gathering meadow hay. In the meadow Uncle Jeff came upon three feeding deer. He got them all, and cut just enough hay to conceal them as he drove his contraband down the main and only street of Privilege.

Occasionally Uncle Jeff tells the tale on himself. He is especially amused by a certain jack-lighting episode. Jack-lighting, or headlighting, is in the same nefarious category as spearing salmon by torch light. Few are the oldtimers who haven't tried it once, and numerous are the younger men who have. The method is to shine a deer's eyes by means of a focused light at night. Fascinated or blinded, the deer stands still. The jack-lighter uses buckshot at close range, firing for a point just below the eyes. The result is certain. Stowed secretly in many a barn loft or attic in Privilege is an old Ferguson light with headband. At one time the fine for sale or possession was five hundred dollars. Quite apart from the ethics or sportsmanship involved, jack-lighting has contributed to some of the weirdest tales of poaching in North America.

One October night Uncle Jeff got a hankering for the taste of wild meat. The opening of deer season was three unendurable weeks away, but the chances are Uncle Jeff did not know this. He got to dreaming of pushing bread around in venison gravy until, as he expressed it, "the drools commenced to run off my jeesely chin."

He took down his shotgun, by name Fannie, and loaded both barrels with double-O buck. With his light concealed under his jumper, and two spare shells in his overalls pocket, he left the house and made his way through the woods to the old Weatherby field. A few yards out in the field, he lit his Ferguson, and played the beam along the edge of the forest. As he was working his way around

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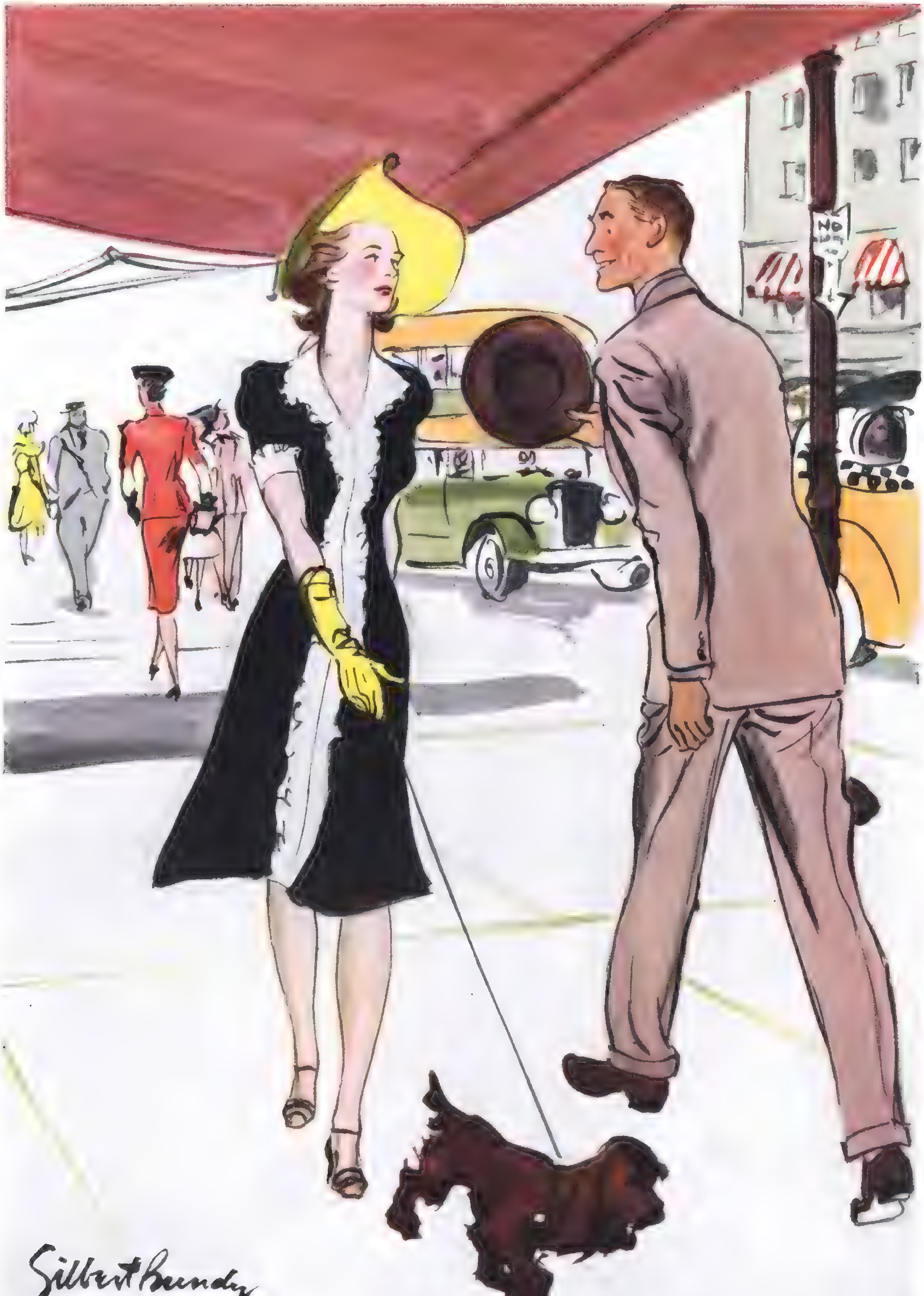
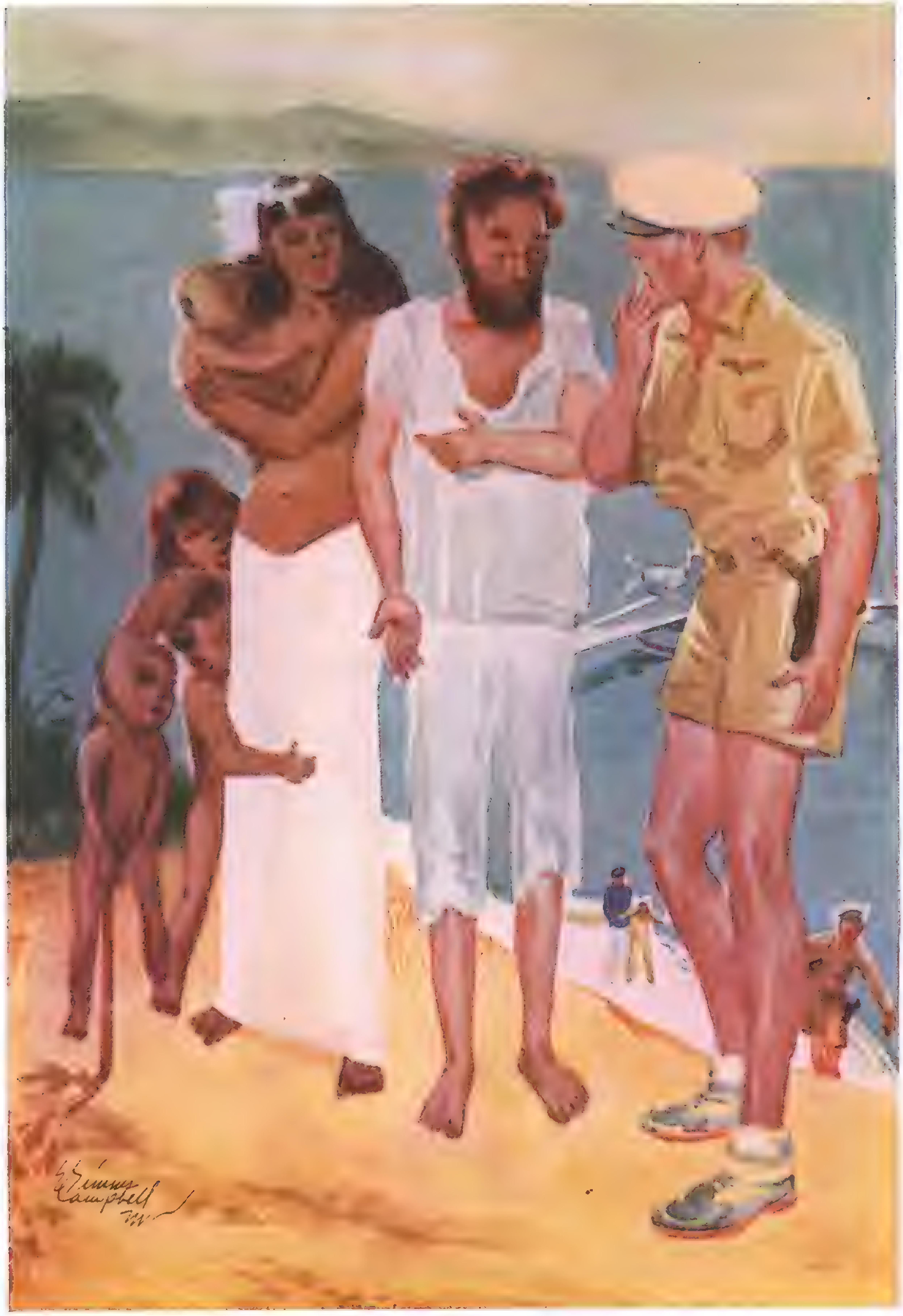

NO
Gilbert Bundy

"Why, hello—Plaza 9-6300!"


E. Simms Campbell

"I think she's Portuguese, captain—I've never been able to make her understand anything"

Yankton's Folly

John had always been a sucker for anything French and wanted to do right by a landlady of nobility

by MORRIS GILBERT

▪ SATIRE ▪

I never knew anybody so crazy about France as John Yankton. Lots of Americans get that way, but John was tops. Young, rich, and artistic, he began dreaming of it while still a youth in Oregon. Coming of age and into a modest fortune, he made enthusiastic plans, shook the dust of America from his feet, and turned up at the Gare St. Lazare with the feverish light of an ardent lover in his eyes.

For a long time, nothing was wrong with Paris, not even the taxis, not even systematic gypping by café waiters and shopkeepers. "It's the *gaminerie* of children," he would burble when stuck with some outrageous overcharge. "It's irresistible! It's droll!" When the wine waiter at an expensive restaurant pointed out a magnificent wine on the list, it was always the wine just underneath his thumb—decidedly inferior and higher in price—that came on the table. John Yankton didn't know the difference. Anybody could have sold him a 1937 Algerian vinegar for a Chambertin 1911. "Mystic!" he would croon, gargling some atrocious *pinard.*

It took a Marquise to puncture John's enthusiasm. She was his landlady.

It all happened when John rented a furnished villa in Neuilly. He came to tell me about it, overflowing with fatuity.

"It's such a delightfully crazy place!" he gurgled. "Pure Second Empire—"

"There was nothing whatever pure about the Second Empire," I interposed sternly. "It was the most impure time in French history."

"That's just it!" he cried. "It's indescribable. It's a regular museum piece—"

"Of an atrocious period," said I.

"Agreed," John cried. "That makes it all the more delightful. You wouldn't believe it. The plush. The fretwork. The colored beads on the chandeliers. The statuary, my God, the statuary!"

"Sounds like a germ incubator," I grumbled.

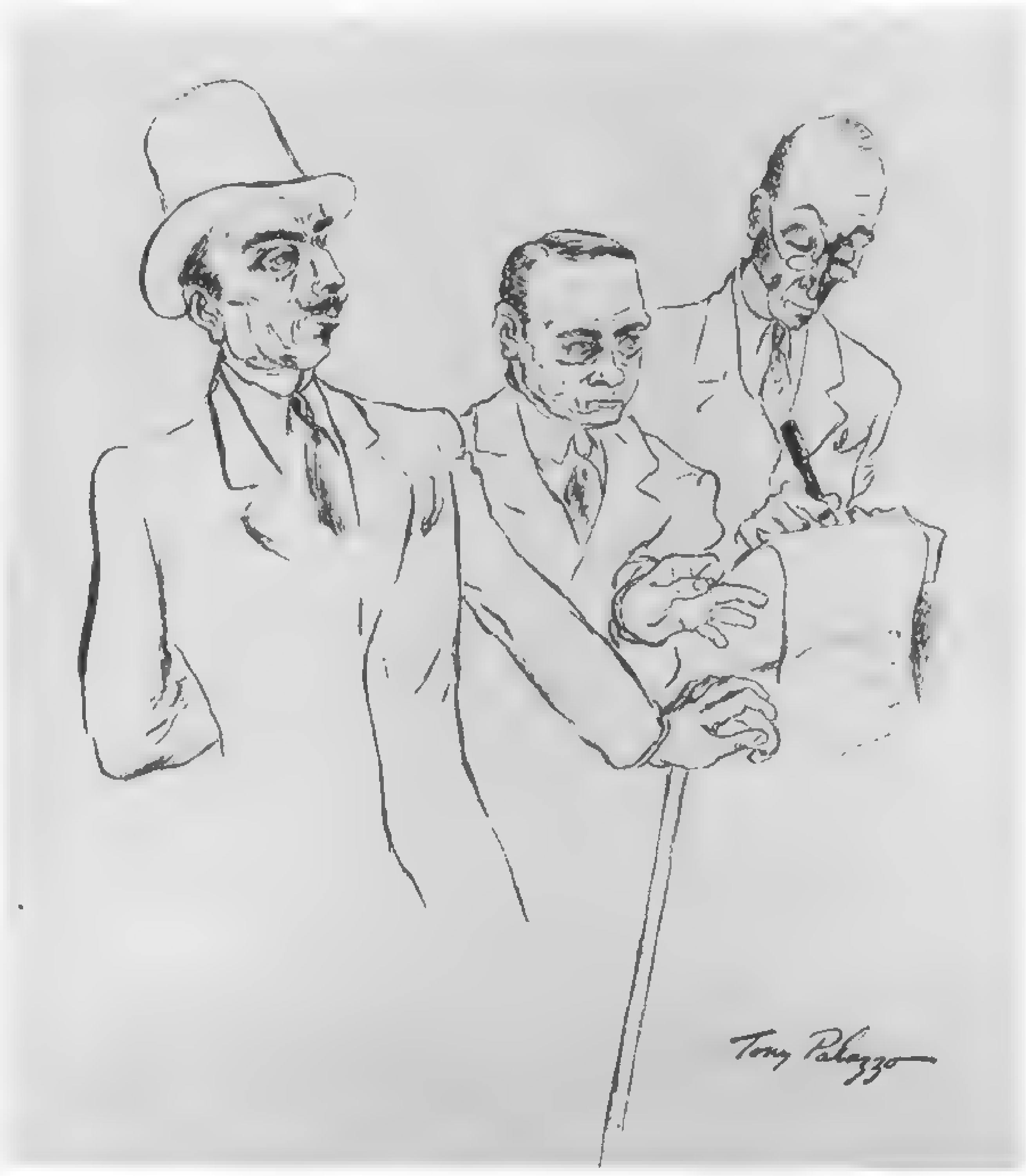
"Oh, it certainly is!" John perversely admitted. "That's why I've signed a lease for a year. Tomorrow we take the inventory. I want you to come and help us take the inventory. We start rather early. Eight o'clock."

"Why so early?" I demanded (though I knew that inventories in France take all day).

"Well, it seems they're rather particular about that inventory."

"You don't say!" said I, and I uttered an unseemly and cynical haw-haw. Then I grew stern. "It is my duty as a friend to advise you," I said firmly, "that you will be doing yourself a great favor by employing a professional inventory-taker to play on your team. He should be rugged and fearless, a strong broken-field runner, a triple-threat man but notably powerful on the defense."

"Perish the thought!" John cried. "I'm taking my own inventory. Besides, I'm dealing with a Marquise, a lady of the old nobility. And *noblesse oblige*, you know!" That was John all over, just a sucker for the French. I saw that nothing would change his mind.



So next morning we started taking the inventory. Three undertakers appeared. They were the agents of the Marquise. "Call the game!" I whispered to John. "They're ringers, and we're outnumbered." He phoophed at me. The guardian of the villa, a fat old lady, lined up with them. The chief undertaker, wearing a dignified black beard, introduced himself as Monsieur Flop. He was very ceremonious. So were the others. They produced a worn sheaf of typewritten papers as thick as the manuscript of an omnibus of crime.

"Where," Monsieur Flop demanded, "would Monsieur Yanquetaw care to commence? One can commence with the roof or with the beneath-soil."

"Whee!" John cried. "What fun! Let us commence with the roof." I concealed my pity and did a rapid warm-up in my corner.

The six of us, including the guardian, edged along the gutter of the sloping mansard. I didn't understand why until I saw the three inventory-takers aided by the guardian counting tiles. So John and I began to count too.

"*Bon!*" Monsieur Flop said suddenly. "Twenty-six."

"Twenty-six," the second undertaker echoed.

"Twenty-six," said the third.

"Twenty-six what?" John asked.

The trio and the guardian turned with as much astonishment as they could manage to express on such a sloping roof.

"Why, twenty-six *fêlures*, of course," said Monsieur Flop.

"Oh, yes," John said. He turned to me and whispered, "What are *fêlures?*" John's French is not very complete.

"Cracks," I whispered. "Chips."

"To be sure," he said loudly. "Twenty-six *fêlures.* Agreed."

The undertakers' heads bent over the omnibus manuscript. They nodded them gravely. "Yes," they said. "Same as last year. Here it is. Twenty-six *fêlures* of the tiles." They made a little check on the manuscript. Then I saw it was in duplicate and took the second copy. There it was: twenty-six *fêlures* of the tiles—chimney in good condition—gutters in good condition—roof in good condition.

I looked around and noticed a patch on the roof where there weren't any tiles. It was about two yards square.

"What's this?" I loudly demanded, pointing. "No tiles?"

They all looked at me suddenly, and with irritation. Who is this monsieur, they seemed to imply, that has the wig to barge in here, name of God? What is it that it is that that? Sacred blue!

"Monsieur," Monsieur Flop said with a pitying smile, "is it that the architect would leave a matter like that without reason? Is Monsieur an architect? Evidently, that is part of the construction."

"Yes!" cried the guardian, and it was easy to see whose side she was on. "That is the construction of the domicile as ordered by the architect. Never before has a client complained of the construction of the domicile!"

Monsieur Flop leaned forward solicitously and addressed John. "Would Monsieur wish," he demanded, "for us to make an entry in the inventory to that effect?" He pointed to the tileless section.

"Perish the thought!" John cried. "It's a lovely roof. Let's go. I'm dealing with a Marquise. That's enough for me!" That was John's way. Don't-give-a-damn, can't-be-bothered. Just a lover of France. So we went.

The full glory of the villa blossomed in the master's bedrooms. Cupids on the ceiling. Bawdy grimy silk flounces on beds and chaise

Continued in center of page 117

The Likeness of Bennington

His friends were not inconsolable—unless they missed those free dinners and theatre tickets he had generously scattered around

by FREEMAN TUCK

▪ FICTION ▪

ALTHOUGH he didn't know Bennington well, Marsh saw him often enough—in fact, too often. The man was rolling in money, fancied himself a patron of the arts and was forever to be seen at one or another of the dinners and receptions which Marsh, as a portrait painter, found it profitable to attend.

In his detached, analytical way, Marsh had summed up the nuisance to his own satisfaction, and while seeking to avoid contact with it, sometimes watched it from afar with cynical amusement. It was a bumptious little person who felt the need to bluster and spout in order to gain the fleeting attention of bored acquaintances. The marvel was that he was able to gain a spurious sort of following by scattering free dinners and theatre tickets to right and left. He was forever gushing about Art and Culture in a voice that gave them Capital letters while expressing no understanding of them. Or else he was telling dirty stories, which generally happened when he had been drinking. He was less despicable then, because more himself. Marsh and his cronies often wondered what earthly pleasure Bennington found in hanging around with painters and writers, instead of the crap-and-duck shooting crowd to which he really belonged; unless it was that he had a secret yen for some rather more glamorous society, and theirs was the only one easy-going enough (and sometimes greedy enough) to put up with him.

He was not attractive to women, but his money gave him an easy success with the not-too-particular sort, and anyone could see that he battened on these adventures, that they were the breath of life to him, feeding his pot-bellied vanity and soothing his inferiority complex. It was known that he had a wife, but he never appeared with her and never referred to her.

One evening when a rainstorm broke suddenly, Marsh turned into the nearest restaurant he could find, a place he had never tried before. As he went down the aisle to find a table, he passed a booth where two people were sitting. He would have liked to go by, pretending not to notice them, but he had stared too obviously in his surprise at seeing Bennington, who looked very sheepish at being caught dining with a woman so utterly devoid of glamor. After that he could not resist the temptation of stopping long enough to speak to them, just to increase the wretched Bennington's embarrassment.

The woman was a thin-lipped, correct, small person of about forty-five or thereabouts, a dried-up little old maid, Marsh thought, if ever he had seen one. She must have been pretty well off, though, to judge by her clothes; a sister of Bennington's, he surmised, or perhaps a cousin. His amazement was profound when Bennington introduced her apologetically as his wife.

Once he had mastered his embarrassment, the plump little man was his usual energetic self, and insisted upon Marsh staying at their table and having dinner with them.

It was awful. Marsh found himself actually feeling sorry for the silly fellow when he explained amiably enough to his wife that their guest was an artist, a portrait painter. He might just as well have told her he was a leper. She had the kind of withering self-righteousness that makes an ordinary weak mortal look guiltily around the room to see if there's an ash tray in sight to give away the unspeakable fact that he smokes cigarettes. She made Marsh shiver, and after being with her for five minutes he could no longer blame the idiotic Bennington for his tawdry escapades with other women. If they started a conversation it was like trying to make a fire with damp sticks. It sputtered and went out, foiled by the squelching disapproval expressed in every line of Mrs. Bennington's person.

By the time Marsh made his escape he had a feeling of positive affection for poor old Bennington, so much so that he felt something almost like a pang of regret when he read of his death a week or so later in the morning paper. He had been killed in a motor accident.

A good number of people went to his funeral and made insincere expressions of regret or astonishment at his sudden end, but actually, he wasn't much missed, even by those who had professed to be his friends. In a little while he was as dead to their memories as he was to the physical world.

Then one day, about two years later, Bennington's widow came to Marsh's studio. To his astonishment, she wanted him to paint a posthumous portrait of her husband. Somehow she had managed to down her loathing of the vicious race of artists, arguing no doubt, that no matter how dishonorable the means, the end would justify it; but she did it with the air of one who will even walk through mud to get to church. She had brought a photograph of Bennington and asked that it be used as a guide.

"I come to you," she said, "because you knew my husband. I've been wondering who to go to, and then I remembered that you had lunch with us one day just about a week before my dear husband died."

He was surprised to hear her say "my dear husband" in a tone that betrayed not only a stuffy kind of piety, but a genuine emotion as well, as if she might take out her handkerchief and dab her eyes at any minute. He reflected that sorrow had perhaps done something to soften her nature.

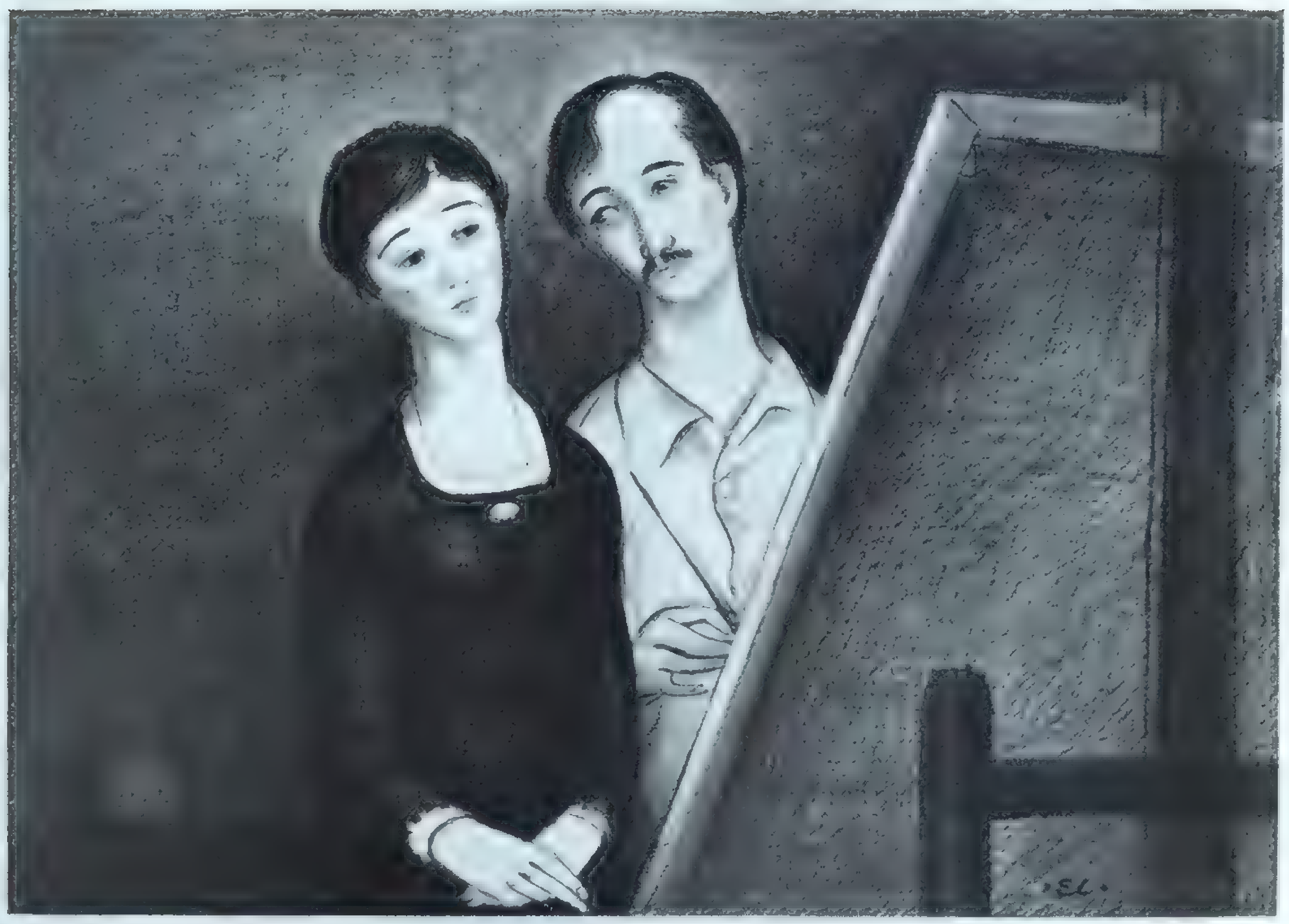
His first impulse was to refuse. He never painted portraits from photographs, and except for a fleeting compassion which he had felt for Bennington towards the end, he was not at all interested in the man, but it so happened that taxes were falling due and he needed the money.

He earned every cent of it. It was at first the most tiring, and afterwards the most curious job he had ever undertaken.

Once he was able to put his mind to it he found that with the help of the photograph he could mentally reconstruct Bennington fairly well. He remembered him as being short and rather stout, with a plump, ruddy face. His eyes were light blue, and his hair, what there was of it, was sandy.

Struggling against boredom, Marsh stayed with the job. When he considered it done, and Bennington was popping his blue eyes at him out of the canvas in the well-remembered way, he summoned the widow. He hoped that she would go into raptures over it, at least to the extent of which she was capable, and take it off his hands immediately. But not at all.

She simply gave it one look and said quite flatly: "That's not my husband. My husband had brown eyes."



LITHOGRAPHS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

It was no good arguing with the woman that her husband's eyes had been blue, or even grey-blue. Oh no, they'd been brown, beyond question. She wouldn't have it otherwise. Marsh soon saw that he'd save himself time and trouble if he did as she wished, and promised to change them. After she had gone he phoned several people who had known Bennington, and, explaining about the portrait, asked them to give him a description of the man as they recollected him. Nearly all agreed with his own impression.

After he had changed the eyes, however, Mrs. Bennington, to his great astonishment and annoyance, again repudiated the portrait. Looking at it defiantly, she said: "The eyes are right now, but that isn't my husband. My husband had dark hair. Dark brown and smooth."

She said this in a definite tone of voice, snapping her mouth shut on the words as if to signify that there was to be no further discussion.

"Well, hell-and-damnation!" Marsh thought, "if the woman remembers brown hair where I remember blond, it's all the same to me. After all, it's not unusual for men to be quite stupid about remembering their wives' coloring." Certainly, the photograph was not very helpful on this point. The small quantity of hair it showed might have been either light or dark, so unreliable is the camera in such matters. Marsh therefore agreed to darken Bennington's hair.

The next time Mrs. Bennington was summoned, the color of the hair was right but he was too fat. She used the same expression as she had employed twice formerly, saying: "That's not my husband. My husband was much thinner."

Marsh noticed that she didn't mention his name at all, referring to him simply as "my husband," and suddenly it flashed upon his mind that it was probably not a portrait of Bennington she wanted at all, but of some other man she had known, an early sweetheart, perhaps, or it might be even a nonexistent person, the ideal being she would like to have discovered. At this point he began to be interested in the woman's psychology, and to feel deeply curious as to the ultimate result of their strange collaboration in portrait building.

He was quite unprepared, however, for the shock he received the next time she came to the studio. Her eyes, like the rest of her, had always seemed insignificant. Now they were suddenly made noticeable by a fanatical fire, a brilliant blackness, as if their pupils were enormously widened by excitement. High on her dry, thin cheeks there were two red spots, like the coloring of fever. She gave him the creeps.

She crossed the studio and stood before the canvas, and Marsh could see that she was nearly satisfied, that the thing was beginning to assume the shape she desired. But she had not done with it yet, for she suddenly snapped: "No. That's not my husband. My husband had a beard!"

Startled, Marsh was about to produce the photograph again, to confute this latest absurdity. But curiosity overcame him and he acquiesced. Alas poor Bennington! Up to that point there had still been a fifty-fifty chance that the portrait was really to be of him, seen as through a glass darkly and slenderizingly, but after the request for the beard there was not much hope. Bennington, who had so quickly passed out of the thoughts of his acquaintances, was to be wiped from the face of the earth even by the testimony of his own portrait!

Yet, striving to give the devil her due, Marsh wondered whether Bennington had perhaps worn a beard at some time or another, and if this withered little female cherished that particular memory of him. There's no accounting for the ideas of women, he thought, and it's often these thwarted little souls that have the strangest notions.

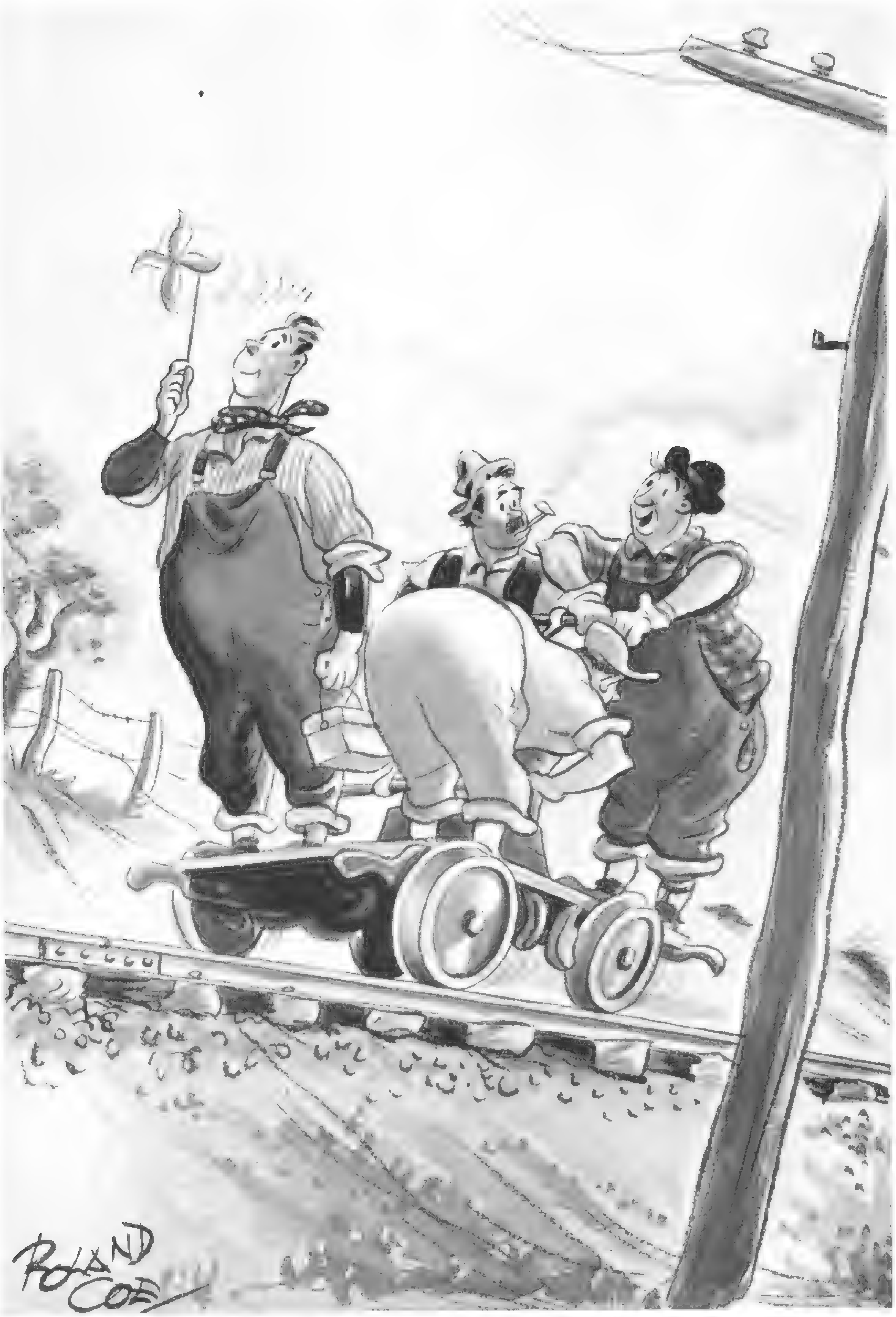
He proceeded to give Bennington a beard, wondering very much how and when this ridiculous business was going to end. He made the growth fairly conservative at first, then in a fit of mingled exasperation and bravado, painted it in more luxuriantly. The result was surprising. There was something vaguely familiar about the face. It was certainly not Bennington's. Yet it was not quite . . . it couldn't be . . . with a shock he realized at last the exact form taken by the poor woman's dementia.

He painted for hours, in a fever of excitement, in a queer way thoroughly enjoying himself, though all the time fighting between the desire to get the thing perfect and the longing to finish it as quickly as possible.

With careful modeling he refined both the bony structure and fleshy covering of the face. He gave to the hair and beard their traditional thickness and luster, and painted into the eyes greater depth and spirituality. At last he darkened the background to give more prominence to the ring of light which played about the head. None of the symbolic properties—the crown of thorns, the drops of blood—was required for the identification of that familiar face. It was unmistakable.

As soon as Mrs. Bennington arrived she went quickly over to the canvas. She stood quite still for a moment and her expression was now ecstatic. Suddenly she burst into tears.

"Yes! Yes!" she cried, in a high, excited voice, "that is my husband!" ###



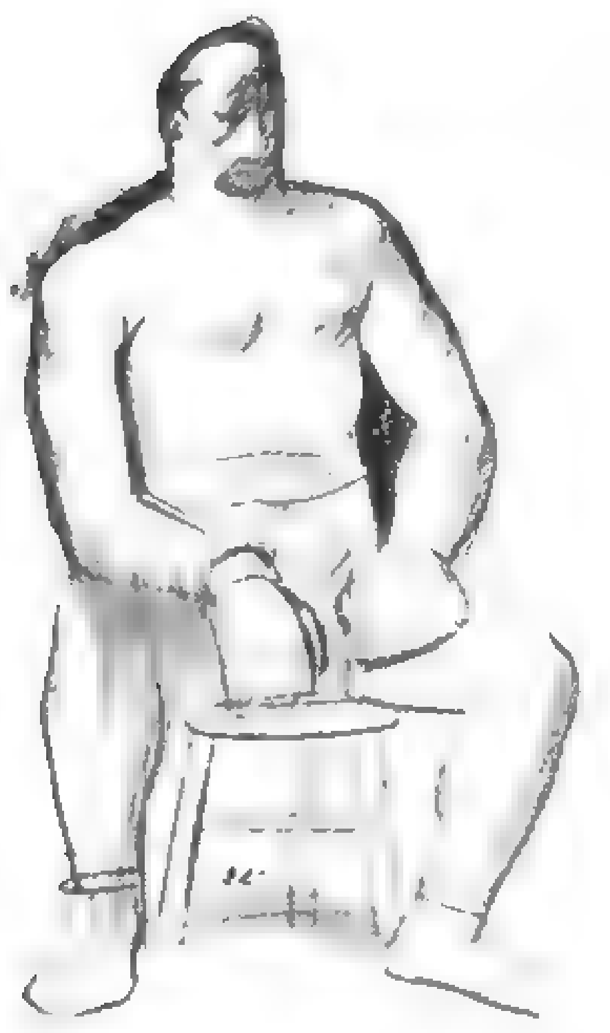
"Just a great big kid, ain't he?"

Battle of the Century

The referee called it a draw when Tom Sharkey and Jack Johnson fought out an old grudge four years back, in Chicago

by CARL FOREMAN

• SPORTS •



When the party goes stale, or, say, while waiting your turn in the barber chair, try popping this question: Did Tom Sharkey ever fight Jack Johnson?

The answer, of course, will be an emphatic thundering *mais non!* You will be bombarded with record books, almanacs, and mildewed copies of the *Police Gazette,* and none of them will list such a fight; experts will sneer, your friends will laugh at you, even your wife may look at you askance, but through it all you can be calm, and collect, too, if you are canny enough to get a few friendly wagers on the subject. For, strange as it may seem, the two did meet in the ring, and although the encounter may be classed as an exhibition, it was an out-and-out grudge fight, a great deal more genuine than some of the phonies the sports pages fabricate.

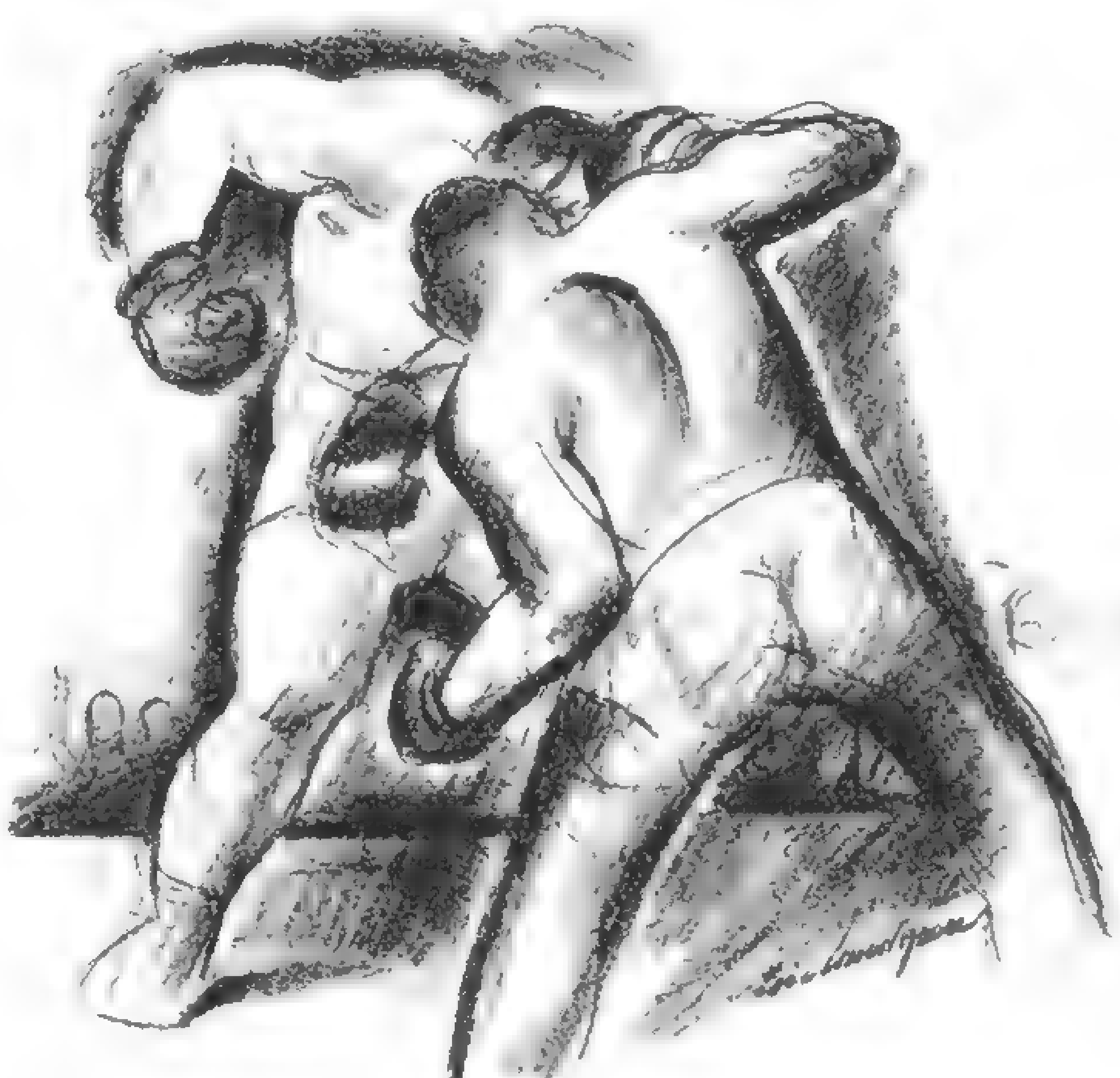
This epic story comes under the "now it can be told" heading, not that there has ever been any reason to shroud the affair in secrecy, but that your dashing reporter—one of the few semi-literate persons who witnessed the fight—has finally got around to the arduous task of putting it on paper. At this stage of the game there should be no unduly violent repercussions; the man who refereed the bout is dead, one of the fighters won't mind this belated report, and if the other objects I think my two brothers and I can lick him today.

Tom Sharkey and Jack Johnson fought in Chicago on the night of September 19, 1934. This is the way it happened. In that year the late Dave (Long Count) Barry was the impresario of the Garden of Champions, striving with might and main to bring culture and light to the Century of Progress Exposition. Assisting him in that laudable enterprise was Johnny Coulon, doing his bit by defying one and all to lift him from the ground. The supporting cast at the Garden was composed of a number of rather bright luminaries of the fistic sky, as well as a detachment of lesser known gladiators. The ranks of the shinier stars were in a constant state of flux, for these boys were, of necessity, forced to leave the show at intervals to fulfill contract requirements, but the ham and eggers usually hung on for the duration of the season, charmed with the prospect of continued steady eating.

Indeed, there were so many pugilists and wrestlers rusticating about the place that I find it difficult now to remember any but those whose idiosyncrasies placed them apart from the bellowing herd. Of these, I seem to recall such amiable and charming fellows as King Levinsky, Benny Dukes, Battling Gizzy, Midget Fischer, and Jabber Young, and let me say right here and now that a good time was had by all.

Johnson and Sharkey were the headliners, of course, and when the weather was good the magic of their names packed the arena. A surprising number of the younger citizenry had never seen either, and although they were but relics of a dim past, no doubt their fistic stature reached Goliath-like proportions in comparison to the then current hierarchy of the ring.

The general program, once the house was filled, was composed of two or three boxing bouts, as many wrestling matches as the audience could take, and the introduction of the stars. Alternating to avoid monotony and fatigue, one would rest while the other, after figuratively meeting the audience, would entertain it with anecdotes and behind the scenes stuff pertaining to his career. When the lecture was concluded, the classes were invited to propound questions, and these the celebrity would answer with relative grace, depending on the speaker and the question asked.



Naturally, Sharkey's forte was his magnificent championship fight with Jim Jeffries, and at times he almost achieved eloquence as he told of that long fierce struggle under the searing lights. It was one of the first championship battles photographed for the motion picture public, and Sharkey would ruefully relate how the heat generated by the giant Klieg lamps actually burned the hair from his head exhibiting his sparse grey hairs as proof.

Pounding his fist against his palm, punching and uppercutting the air as he lost himself in his saga, it was easy to see that he still lived through every round of that fight as he told and retold the story. And although he always admitted that at the end of the conflict he was little more than a mass of crushed and pulpy cartilage, as time went by he gave himself more and more of an edge over his opponent, until, as the season progressed, the angle was that he had been robbed. He got so that he believed it, too. Earnestly, yet nobly uncomplaining, he told how the referee, dead on his feet with exhaustion and blinded by the sweat that poured into his eyes, lifted Jeffries' hand in victory by mistake, so depriving Sailor Tom of the heavyweight championship of the world!

Johnson's repertoire was more extensive and not so somber; he was quite a crowd-pleaser. In contrast to the hoarse stammerings of the Fighting Gob, the black man was a suave fellow, and always appeared to be in the height of good humor as he told of his long-drawn relentless stalking of Tommy Burns, and his explosion of Jeffries. There was but one subject Johnson never willingly discussed. You guessed it. And when someone in the audience brought up that odd occurrence in Havana, his reply was generally a good-natured shrug of his shoulders and the avowal that "Mistah Willahd was a tough boy."

Johnson was not disposed to high-hat the lesser champions-by-courtesy at the Garden. He was pleasant to all, and whenever his wife brought him chicken, cake, or some other delicacy, he invariably passed it among the boys. He was agreeably willing to give pointers on the science of footwork and other subjects in the pugilistic curriculum, and it was no unusual sight to see him sparring with one or another of the fighters. Oddly, the moment he pulled on his gloves and stepped into the ring, the thin veneer of the civilized Negro vanished, and "killer" was written in the lines of his long lithe arms, the slender springy legs that belied the paunch at his midsection, and the savage, shifty rhythm of his movements.

Sharkey, on the other hand, was distant, aloof. Never trading friendly leather, he moved in stolid bulky grandeur, rarely speaking unless addressed, and then almost always in accents of gruff condescension. He was not as popular as Johnson, for he made little pretense of hiding his honest contempt for the

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Libel Lawyer: Macdonald De Witt

His record for success is tops, and by proving certain precedents unjust, he's established three laws concerning libel

by BURTON RASCOE

• ARTICLE •

A GANGSTER was murdered. The police brought in and questioned associates and acquaintances of the slain man. They could get no clue that might have led to the identification and apprehension of the slayer.

A reporter for the *New York Evening Sun*, in an account of the police investigation, wrote that one of the witnesses knew more about the murder than he told the police.

This was an allegation by implication that the man, who had merely been questioned by the police and released, was an accessory after the fact of the murder and guilty of a conspiracy to thwart justice—both of which are criminal offenses.

The witness promptly brought suit against the *Evening Sun*, alleging libel and asking $150,000 damages.

As a direct result of bringing this libel suit, the complainant was sent to prison for life.

Macdonald De Witt, as attorney for the newspaper, after conducting his investigation as to the truth of the reporter's statement, discovered that the witness not only knew more about the murder than he told the police, but *that he had actually committed the murder.*

De Witt turned over to the district attorney the evidence he had gathered in defense of the libel suit; the libel complainant was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced for life in Sing Sing prison.

Had he not brought the libel suit, the man might never have been tried for the crime. Or at least, if he had not had the misfortune to run up against Macdonald De Witt in his attempt to gouge money out of a newspaper publisher through a libel action.

A young man employed in a New Jersey dairy, where Dr. Diderian's acidophilis milk is produced, was arrested on a charge of attempting to blow up the dairy. An explosion occurred; but only minor damages were inflicted before the fire was put out. The prosecution was unable to connect the young man in any way with the crime, so he was acquitted by the grand jury and released.

He promptly brought suit against the *New York Journal*, alleging libel and asking $100,000 damages, for publishing the story of his arrest.

Had he won the suit, the way would have been open for him, and precedent would have been established, whereby he might have recovered damages from every newspaper in the country which carried the story of his arrest for the crime.

Macdonald De Witt, attorney for the defense, conducted an investigation which disclosed that the bomb had been made out of a cigar box which had a time clock arrangement for the opening of the lid and a device whereby a match scratched when the lid opened. He traced the box to the young man; and, after carefully documenting the evidence in the case, he turned his findings over to the district attorney.

The young man was arrested, tried and convicted. After the conviction, De Witt interceded in behalf of the defendant and asked the court to exercise clemency in pronouncing sentence because of the youth and the former good reputation of the defendant —which request was granted.

In 1908 one Theodore Whitmore was twice tried on a charge of strangling his wife to death and burying her body in a swamp. The jury disagreed in the first trial and the defendant was acquitted at the second trial. Seventeen years later, in 1925, the *New York Daily News* began running a series of stories on unsolved murder mysteries under the title of "What has happened to Justice?"

One of the stories had to do with the Whitmore or "Lampblack Swamp Murder" mystery. The author was under the misapprehension that Whitmore was dead and so stated. He told the story of the murder and of the trial in great detail and drew the conclusion that, in the face of the evidence, Whitmore's acquittal was a miscarriage of justice.

Whitmore showed up and sued the *Daily News* for $500,000, alleging libel.

Mind you, this was seventeen years after the murder trial. Witnesses had died or moved elsewhere. The case was largely out of people's minds. The court records were inconclusive. De Witt, as attorney for the *Daily News* set to work with his staff of investigators and, after many months, filed an answer to Whitmore's bill of complaint in which De Witt set forth detailed facts to show not only that the article was true but that, in addition, he had evidence to prove that Whitmore had been a habitual criminal operating under aliases to shield his identity after the murder acquittal. After De Witt charged Whitmore with being a habitual criminal in answer to the libel suit, he had him brought into court for examination before trial and there confronted Whitmore with the evidence he had procured. Whitmore's attorney dropped suit and withdrew as the complainant's lawyer.

When the old prison for women in New York City was torn down after the new one was erected, a newspaper published an account of the historic jail and of its more notorious prisoners. Thirty years before this, one Florence Burns had stood trial on a charge of murdering one Walter Brooks in the old Glen Island Hotel. She was acquitted. The reporter who wrote the prison history from "morgue" clippings, was so careless as to assume that Florence Burns was dead, ignore the acquittal and state that she had murdered Brooks.

Florence Burns was not dead. She turned up, brought an action for alleged libel and asked whopping damages.

This was one of the toughest cases in libel defense that Macdonald De Witt and his staff had ever been called upon to handle. The newspaper had charged the woman with murder. She had been acquitted more than a quarter of a century before.

In order to sustain a defense, De Witt would have to do something the district attorney had been unable to do; *i.e.*, prove that *Florence Burns did murder Walter Brooks.* The Glen Island Hotel in which the murder took place had been torn down. Witnesses at the trial had moved, died, or disappeared.

On going over the records of the case, De Witt discovered that the only witness who had seen Florence Burns in the hotel room the night of the murder was a colored bellhop, and that, in order to present his defense, it would be necessary to find the bellboy. The murdered man's female companion in the hotel room on the night of the murder wore a hat with a veil and the chief witness—the Negro bellboy who was the only person who had seen the woman without a veil—had disappeared after the preliminary hearing. He was not a witness at the trial.

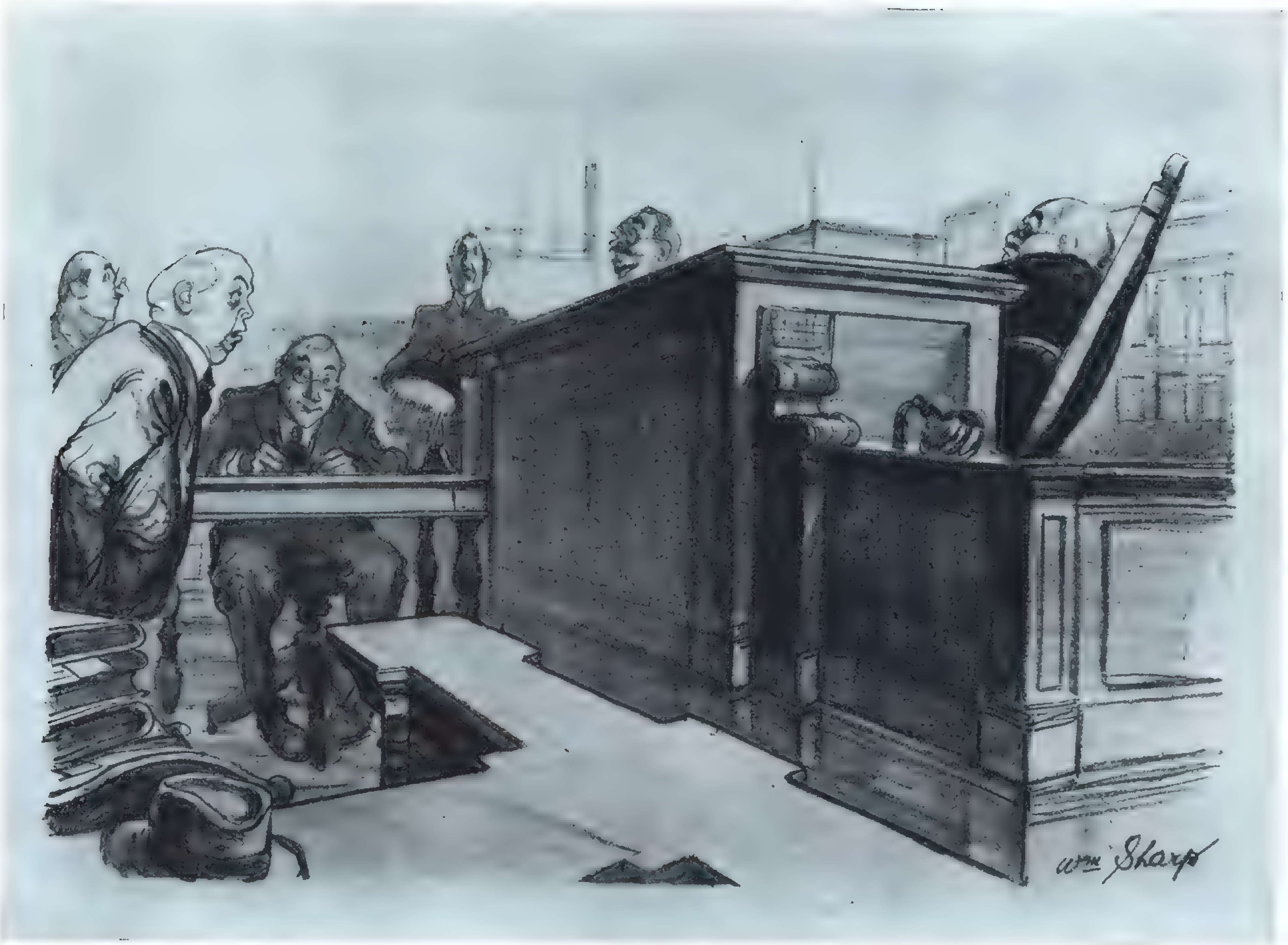
Thirty years later De Witt discovered that the bellboy witness was still missing; moreover De Witt was dismayed to find that the fellow's name was George Washington, one of the commonest of Negro monickers.

There are thousands of Negroes named George Washington in Harlem, Boston, Philadelphia and in the resort towns and cities which support hotels within a two-hundred-mile radius of New York. De Witt found that out. But his staff interviewed every single one of them. The investigators were sent on several wild goose chases by helpful Negroes who told them where they might find the particular George Washington they were looking for. The search was hopeless, or seemed so. De Witt had given up and was concentrating upon some other means of defense, when the telephone in his office rang one day and a voice said, "Is you-all still lookin' foh dat George Washington?"

Most of the Negroes in Harlem knew of De Witt's search for the missing witness; for practically every man, woman and child in that Negro residential section and the section of the San Juan Hill in New York City, had been interviewed by members of De Witt's staff.

The reply was, "We certainly are."

"Will you-all give me five dollars if I comes to yoh office and tells yo' wheah you kin find him?" De Witt eagerly agreed that



LITHOGRAPH BY WM. SHARP

he would. But it sounded like a gag. He didn't believe any informant would show up. However, in less than an hour a huge, jolly Negress was ushered into De Witt's office where she forthwith demanded: "Give me the five dollars what you done promised me afore I tells you."

De Witt handed over a five dollar bill and the woman broke into loud guffaws of laughter. Finally she said: "Lawsy sakes, don't you folkses never read yoh own papah?" and she took from under her arm the morning edition of the paper De Witt was representing, spread it open and pointed to a picture of William Howard Taft, then Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Taft had been ill and the news photo showed him being shoved along in a wheel chair on the platform of the Union Station in Washington.

"But," expostulated De Witt, "that is Chief Justice Taft. That's not George Washington."

"But that colored potah is. That's yoh George Washington." And she burst into further gales of laughter.... De Witt of course hadn't recognized, because he had never seen, a picture of the missing witness.

Sure enough, the Union Station porter turned out to be *the* George Washington. He had left New York shortly after the murder and had never known he was being sought. With George Washington's identification and testimony and with a mass of other gathered evidence De Witt prepared his answer to the complaint in libel in which he stated that the defense was prepared to show justification in proof of verity at time of trial. Not only that but that she had been a professional courtesan and blackmailer and had been responsible for the ruin of an attorney for the Lawyer's Title & Trust Company; that she had been on intimate terms with this attorney and that she had participated in a plot to blackmail him; that the attorney had refused to be blackmailed but, instead, had confessed to his relations with the woman and had turned over the evidence of the blackmail plot to the district attorney, and that having performed this publicity had shot himself. The lawyer, after exposing the blackmail plot and testifying to the details of his associations with her, had committed suicide, but Florence Burns was convicted of blackmail and had been sentenced to serve from seven and a half to fifteen years in the penitentiary, seven and a half years of which she served. When the attorney for Florence Burns in the libel action read De Witt's answer to the libel complaint, the suit was never noticed for trial.

* * *

Thus a libel defense lawyer of the caliber of Macdonald De Witt must be a civil and criminal lawyer at the same time. He is frequently called upon to perform the service of a public prosecutor, or at least to provide the public prosecutor with information and evidence of crime which the public prosecutor, the detective force, and the police department have been unable to dig up themselves.

As in some of the incidents cited above, and in many others, De Witt has gratuitously performed a public duty of bringing about the indictment and conviction of criminals *after sworn servants of the public have been unable to uncover evidence sufficient to hold these criminals to the grand jury or to convict them after indictment and trial.* And in every instance, this public service has been collaterally performed by De Witt in his main job of preparing a defense for writers, editors, and publishers of newspapers, magazines and books who have been sued for damages alleging libel.

The criminal class and the criminal type of mind are notoriously litigious, and for having been so often on the defense side of criminal and civil prosecution, they are especially prone to seize any chance to get on the offense side and to bring civil suits asking for money damages. Their favorite form of extortion or attempted extortion among the legal forms open to the bad citizen and the good citizen alike for the redress of alleged grievances is (along with damage suits brought for phony accidents), a threat, complaint or action alleging libel.

Ninety per cent of the cases involving libel suits and threats of libel actions *are a species of extortion or attempted extortion, pure and simple*, practiced under the protection of our liberal laws, whereunder the judicial machinery is set up for the unprejudiced and impartial adjudication of all disputes between free citizens and for the hearing of any citizen's grievance, however unwarranted his grievance may be.

Furthermore, criminals and men and women of the criminal cast of mind and character, through their frequent entanglements

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Midsummer Morning

When Mrs. Tupper showed she didn't trust the hired man alone with her daughter, he took it as a challenge

by KARL KAMB

▪ FICTION ▪

IN THE *mangel-wurtzel* patch between the grey farmhouse and the road below, Jim Rich crawled along on his hands and knees, weeding in the hot morning sun. From time to time he wiped his forehead with a grimy hand and glanced up at the kitchen window where Evangeline had set a pie to cool. The pie sharpened his awareness of the girl, alone in the house. He knew it was now or never. And Mrs. Tupper's attitude, as she left for town with the eggs, warned Jim to make up his mind in a hurry.

He had been splitting wood back of the house when the old woman came out, wearing the wedding cake she called her summer bonnet. She pointed to the egg crates on the back porch and nodded toward the old sedan. "Put them in the back seat," she ordered. Jim complied and, when she stepped on the starter, went back to his chopping block. Halfway down the driveway she stopped, got out of the car and called back, "Jim! I want you to weed the mangels this morning!" Her tone was unnecessarily strident.

"Okay," he yelled, but took his time putting up the axe.

Out of habit, he stooped to gather an armload of wood, then straightened as Mrs. Tupper prodded, "Don't waste time with that now!" She remained planted in the road waiting for him to move.

At first Jim was puzzled. Then he understood. She wasn't taking any chances on the hired man hanging around the house while she was gone.

He plodded submissively down the hill, but burned. "There's more than one way to skin a cat," he muttered, and the longer he thought of it the more keenly he interpreted Mrs. Tupper's mistrust as a challenge. One he had to meet.

An hour of monotonous weeding pounded the simple resolution into an obsession. Coming to the end of the row, Jim stood up and dusted his knees. His foot sought the water jug, set in the shade of a fence post, and sent it rolling. Easing himself through the barbed wire, he caught the empty jug in the crook of his first finger and started for the pump back of the house. As he crossed the narrow slope of pasture and house yard, he caught a flash of Evangeline at the window.

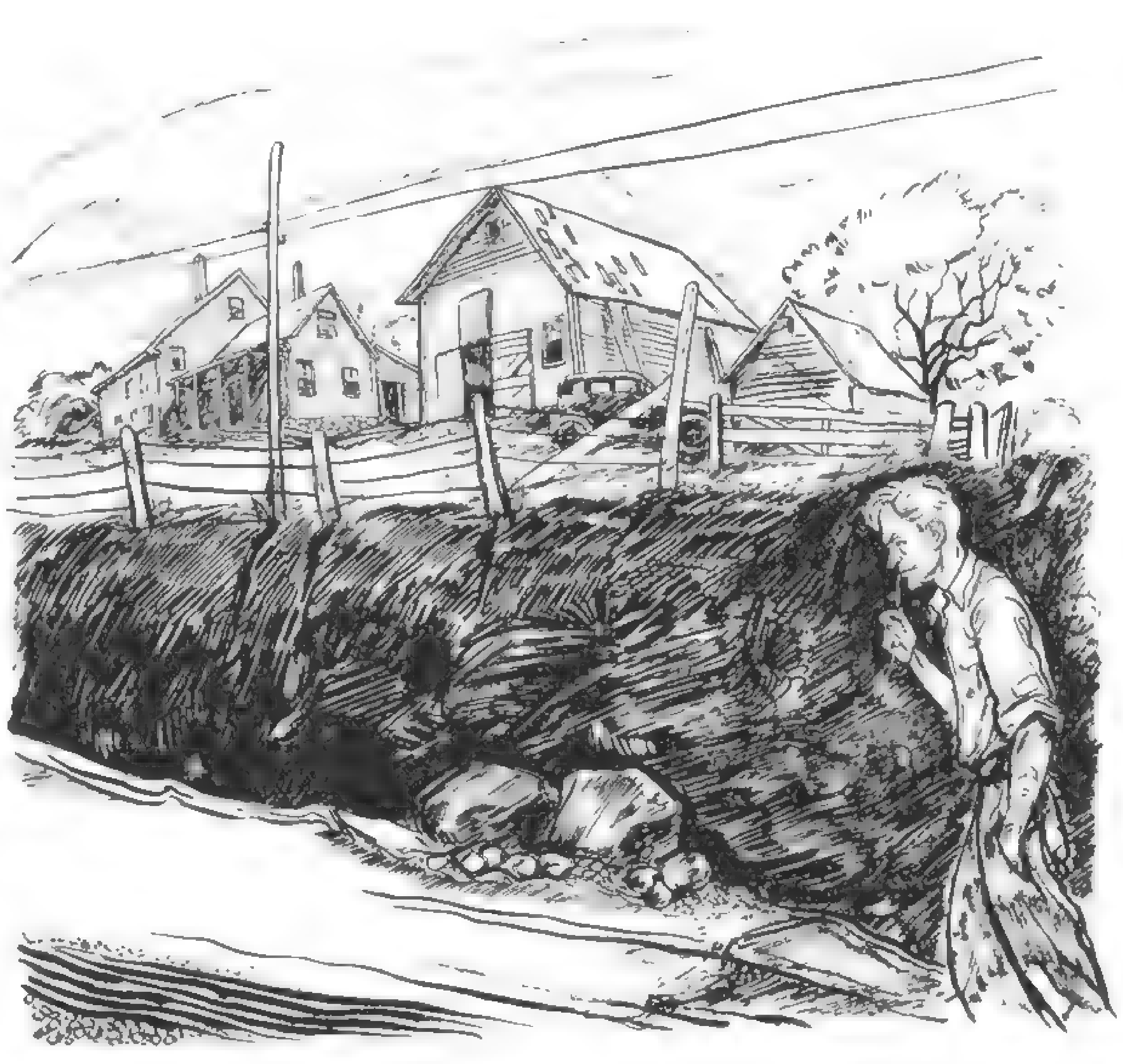
"Now take it easy," he cautioned himself.

* * *

Last night the three of them—Mrs. Tupper alertly in the middle—sat at the kitchen table after supper, wiping and crating eggs. It was hot. Every time Evangeline bent over the crate, or raised a hand to brush the hair away from her slightly too-round cheek, a startling play of unshaded light leaped along the firm curves of her upper arm. She was big and built for comfort. Strong as a mare. Yet she had appeal; a shyness inconsistent with her proportions. She'd make some farmer a good wife.

Then Jim looked at the mother, a grim old bell cow with a dewlap that shook every time she said no, and that was always—the girl didn't have a chance.

By the mysterious telepathy of woman, Evangeline seemed to catch his thought. Her eyes came up to search his, then dropped hastily in self-consciousness. She took her confusion out on the eggs, which literally flew from the dishpan on the table into the crate beside her on the floor. Not many men had looked her over, that was plain.



Suddenly Jim realized that she had possibilities. This practical conviction came over him slowly, not unmixed with apprehension.

His job on the farm was to last the rest of the summer. Twenty-five a month and board. But if this kept up . . .

He looked away from her, drawing his imagination up short. "What's eating on you?" he asked himself. "Can't you handle yourself outside of a CCC Camp, where they keep you full of saltpeter?" A cluster of moths were beating at the window screen, smacking their brains out against the wire.

Jim decided he was no moth. As soon as the chore was finished and the filled crates were stacked on the back porch, he said from the door, "Guess I'll get some air." What he had to do was get away, where his eyes couldn't keep measuring the girl.

Mrs. Tupper nodded drily. "Don't forget you're on the farm now. We're up at sun-up."

Outside in the dark, Jim relaxed. Whistling, he put the house at his back and stepped into the yellow oblong laid down the driveway by light from the kitchen window. When a shadow cut off the illumination, he turned and saw Evangeline pressed to the screen, looking out after him. Then she was gone, as if Mrs. Tupper had jerked her away with a wire.

Jim walked until the house, silhouetted against the milky glass of the sky, was cut off by the crest of another knoll. The still-unfamiliar countryside held his attention until he sat down on the ditchbank. Then the girl was back in his mind stronger than ever and presently he found himself approaching the house again, haunting the locus of his uneasiness like a chained wraith. The lights winked out. He yielded to a grimace—they went to bed with the chickens, all right.

Then a shadow moved on the side veranda. Evangeline. Jim didn't see her; he felt her. He stopped in his tracks to make sure. Silently she came out toward the railing.

He joined her without turning a pebble. "You're up kind of late."

"I wasn't sleepy."

Their voices, intuitively, were pitched at barely above a whisper, mindful of the ears within the house.

"How about a walk?" Jim suggested.

She hesitated, then said slowly, "I . . . can't."

But she wanted to. She wanted to do anything that would get her away from the old Plymouth Rock inside. As if to forestall any such escape, bedroom slippers slithered across the carpet inside, like snakes over dry grass.

"*Evan*geline!" Caustic with suspicion, the old woman's voice reproved through the window. And commanded.

The girl sighed and went toward the door. "I'm coming."

As she disappeared, Jim summarized, "And that's that." He waited until the galling drone of Mrs. Tupper's exasperation, laid on the girl without mercy, was muffled by the closing of the front bedroom door. Then he went in, feeling his way to his room at the back of the house, where he squatted on the bed-rail and swore softly in the dark.

Suddenly the tap thundered in the bathroom adjoining. Jim's mind placed Evangeline on the edge of the tub, waiting for it to fill. When the water stopped and the deliberate processes of her careful immersion came through the thin wall, he succumbed to a

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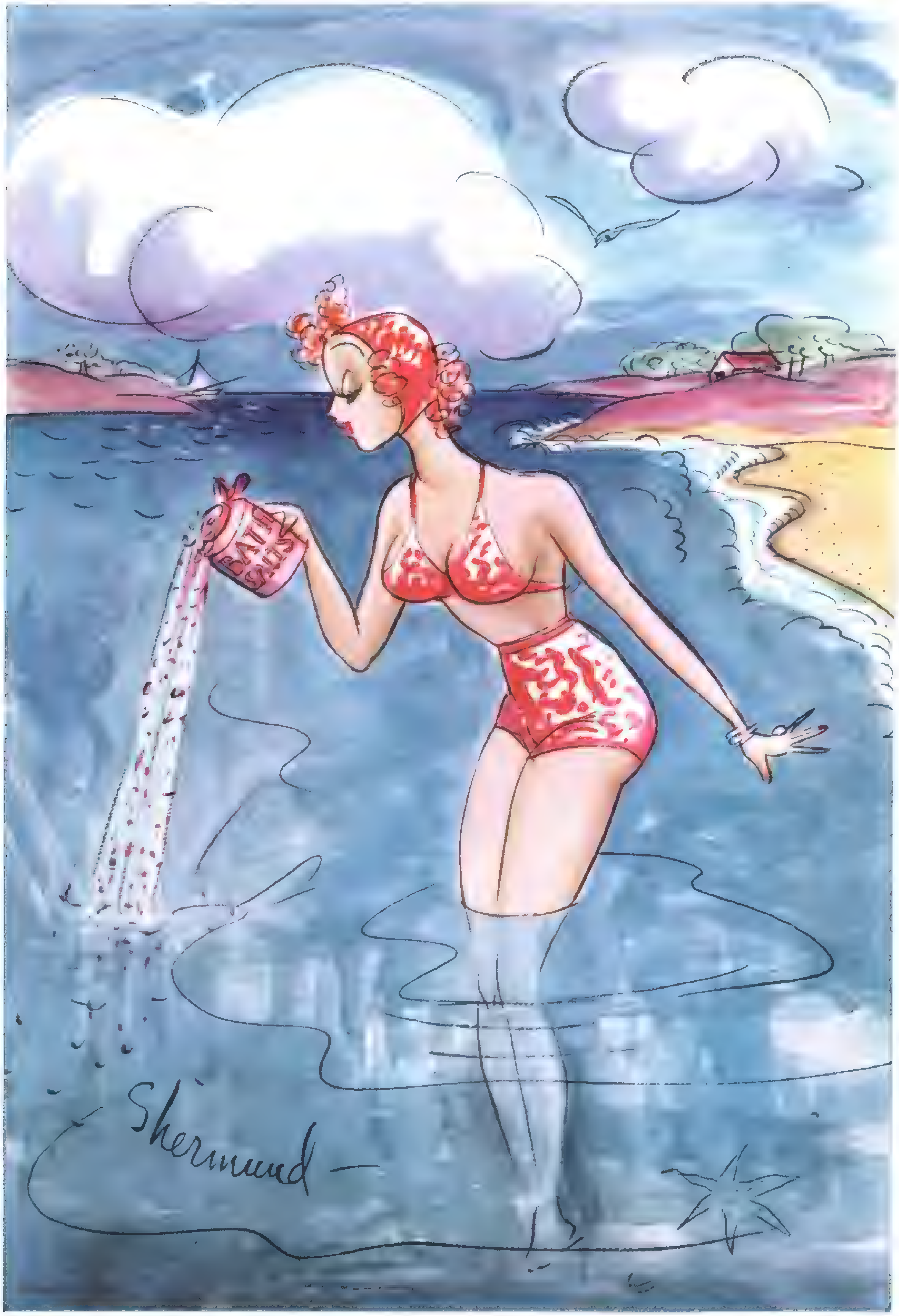
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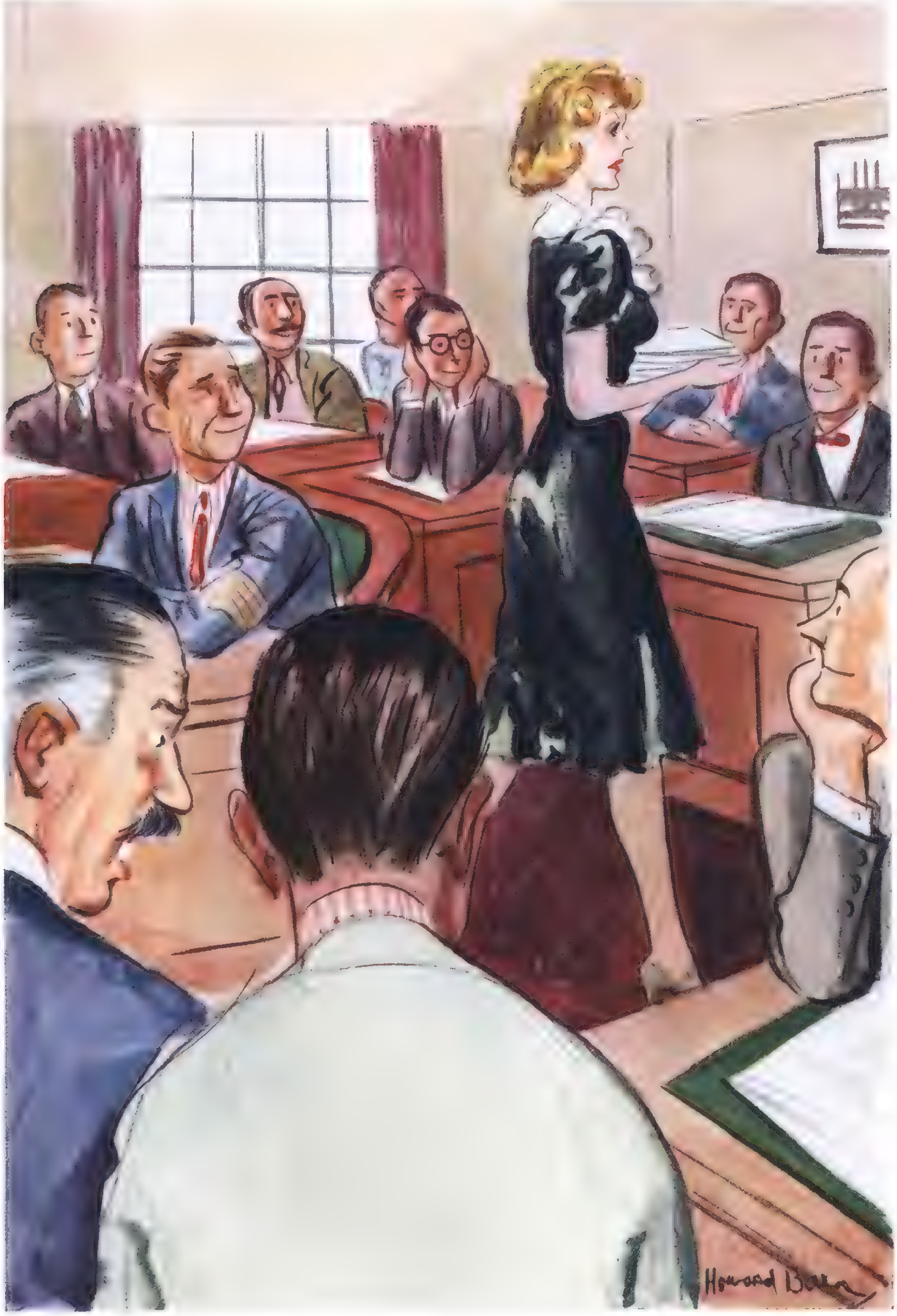


"According to our efficiency expert four and one-half aggregate hours are wasted every time she passes through the office"

And Still They Come

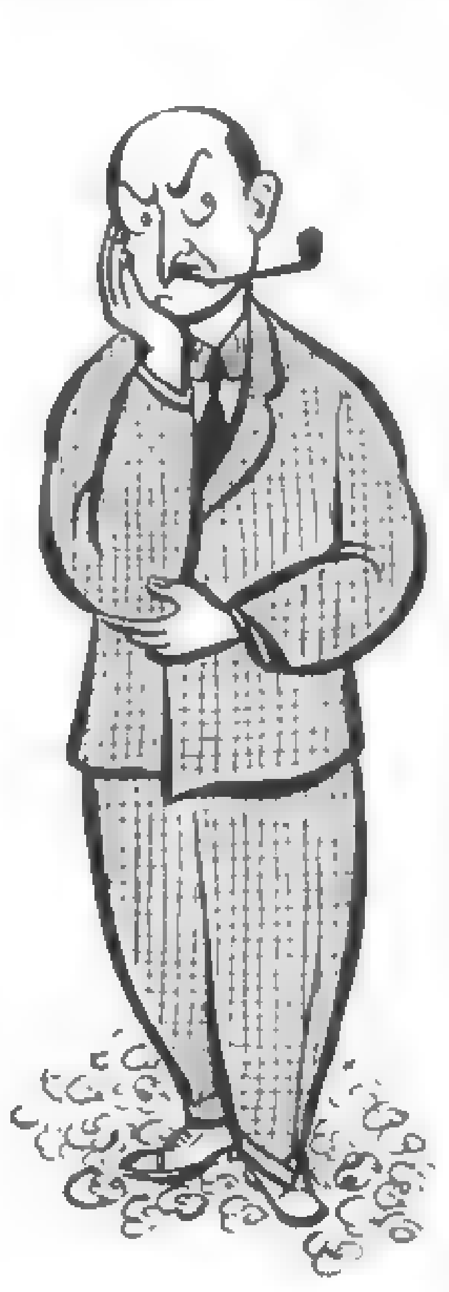
You might as well prepare yourself for your next battle of wits with some of these enigmas and wheezes

by GREGORY HARTSWICK

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The great poet Eugene Field sang of a certain humble but useful structure long before Chic Sale cashed in on the same idea. This is mentioned solely to introduce one line, which is apposite to our point:

"I often wondered at the weeds that grew so rank and tall." Like those weeds (disgusted solution-missers might carry the comparison along to roots and nourishment) the enigma grows to distract a tortured land. Originated by geniuses unknown, passed along by word of mouth as a rule, these products—and tests—of ingenuity crop up at parties, on the 8:22, over the bar, even in the occasional silences that fall in the best of conferences.



Unfortunately, along with the growth of the really high-class enigma—*aenigma pulcherrima et subtilissima*, to quote Brother Fermat, who flourished in the middle 1600's, and who was no mean riddler himself: people still don't know how he solved some of the problems recorded in his works—there has come a pestilential variety which we might dub *aenigma vilia et horrida:* the variety in response to which direct action is the only thing. Beware of such. In fact, when asked any enigma, it's wise to ask in turn, "Is it one of those dumb things like the story of the three worms?"

The story of the three worms is the perfect example of the second form. Most people know it; in the hope that I may help to enlighten some few potential unfortunates I give it here:

Once upon a time there were three worms—a daddy worm, a mamma worm, and a baby worm. They decided to crawl over into the next field. When they had safely crossed the boundary the baby worm said to his parents, "Well, I'm glad that all five of us got over safely!" The question is, why did he say "All five"? I will not detain you with puerilities. The answer is: because he was only a baby worm and couldn't count.

And I suppose you ought to be warned against the other horror concerning the man in the black tie: a man wearing a black tie went into a restaurant. He ate a plate of soup, a small steak, hashed brown potatoes and apple pie à la mode. On his way out he said to the pretty cashier, "How about a date tonight?" The girl replied, "I don't go out with sailors." How did she know he was a sailor? No, she hadn't seen him come off a ship, she didn't know the fleet was in, she hadn't heard anyone call him a sailor. It was simply that he was wearing a sailor suit . . . perhaps we'd better pass on to the more pleasant variety.

Here's a nifty: it concerns a week end at a country house all of whose inhabitants had a great deal of sporting blood. In the course of the entertainment one of the guests got up a race between the chauffeur and the cook. Another guest, who had seen the pair run before, knew that the chauffeur could give the cook twenty yards start in a hundred and still come in ahead, so he laid his bets accordingly. The cook and the chauffeur started from scratch, but when the race was run she just managed to nose him out at the tape. How come?

We might as well provide you with the answers to the inevitable questions:

Yes, the race was on the level.

No, the chauffeur didn't trip or pull up lame or have any accident at all.

Yes, the contestants did their best. In fact, (presumably keyed up by the wagers) in some ways it was an extra fine performance.

No, the race needn't have been exactly one hundred yards, but it was over a fair distance . . . and so on . . .

Oh, well: the cook was an accomplished but fat chef named Anatol, and the chauffeur was a modern up-and-coming young lady. So she (the chauffeur) just managed to nose him (the cook) out at the tape. Evidently Anatol surpassed himself. Anyone who sees the whole business in any reasonable length of time will surpass himself, too, if experience is any guide.

I have seen a good deal of gnashing of teeth over this wheeze, too: Suppose you were operating an elevator in the Empire State Building. A lady who weighs exactly 200 pounds gets into the elevator; she is carrying a violin case weighing 5 pounds. She is carried to the 48th floor. Before she gets out of the elevator she places the violin case on the floor and kicks it exactly 25 feet away. How much does the elevator operator weigh, and how old is he?

Oh, the hair-tearing and the wild guessing! Oh, the suspected traps tortuously exposed, to be greeted with a smiling, "No, that isn't it." Smart boys and girls will get it after awhile: "Suppose you were operating an elevator in the Empire State Building—" why, then the elevator operator would weigh as much as you do and be as old as you are . . . We proceed.

Here enters crime. Scene, a courtroom. On the witness-stand, a beautiful young girl. In rapt attention, a jury. Cross-examining the witness, the District Attorney.

Q. You say you entered the library and found your uncle murdered. Just tell the jury what you saw—every little detail.

A. Well, I went into the library, and there on the floor was my uncle. Oh! Gentlemen, every detail of that moment is stamped upon my memory. On the table stood three glasses, one full of some brownish liquid, one half-full, and one empty. Three books had been taken from the bookcase. They lay on the floor, one closed, one open but face down, and the third open face up, at pages 101 and 102. Oh! Shall I ever forget—

Q. Young lady, you are lying!

Now Q., or the District Attorney, is entirely right. The question is, how did he know she was lying?

The solution of the above requires (a) a certain amount of logical ability and (b) a modicum of information based on observation. Go at it this way: the District Attorney says that the girl is lying, and we are told that he is right. Very well, what part of her statement can be shown to be a lie? We may discard such frantic guesses as "The District Attorney was there at the time," or "He knew the girl was a congenital liar." We have a right to assume that the propounder of an enigma has been fair with us. Now certainly there is nothing demonstrably wrong with the business of the three glasses. They could be there, in the condition stated. Forget them and consider the books. Nothing wrong there—apparently. Books have been known to lie on the floor closed, open and face down, open and face up. But there is one specific statement: "The book that was open and face up was open at pages 101-102." This is the *only* thing the girl has said which contains definite information which might be wrong. All right—is it? Assume that you have read a book. Cast your mind back to the way its pages are numbered. Did you ever see a book with an even number on its right-hand page? No, you never did. Books are invariably numbered with the right-hand pages odd. Therefore the book mentioned could not have been opened at pages 101-102, because the figures 101 and 102 would have been on opposite sides of the same page.

Here is one which differs from the run of

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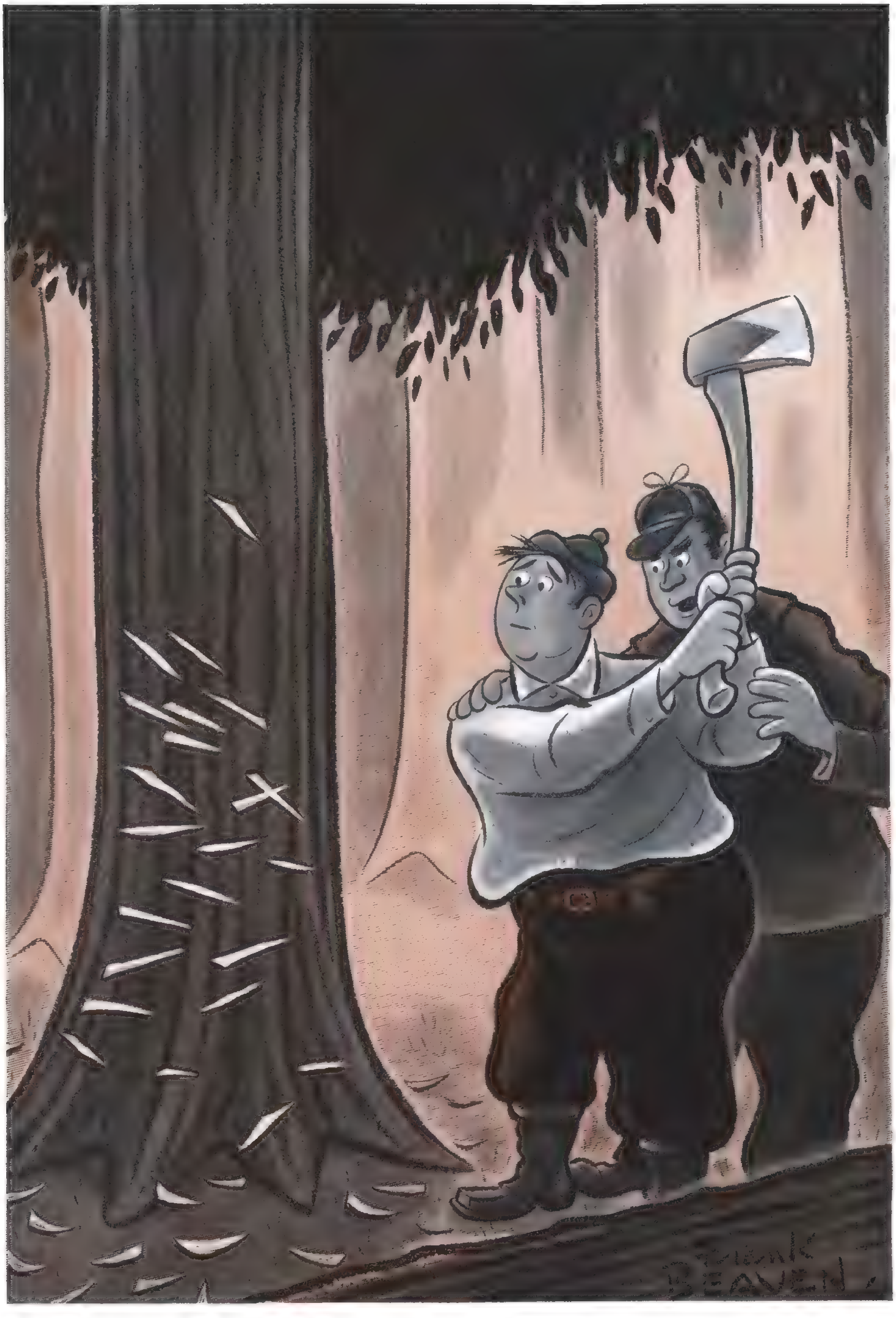
FRANK BEAVEN

"Now keep your head down and your eye on the tree"

The Water Hen

The sun was warm with the fever of spring, and she knew just the spot for a nest among the reeds

by LIAM O'FLAHERTY

• FICTION •

She stretched her left leg and laid her wing along it like an open fan. The sunshine made the moist feathers look a radiant blue. Then she wheeled, stood on her left leg and preened her right wing in the sun, making it shimmer. With her wings trailing, she stood on both legs, lowered her head slightly and shook her tail feathers. She shook them frantically, like a flag signaling. Then she began to cluck in a strident tone and ran around in a half circle, with her breast near the ground and her tail feathers distended. Now her wings were crossed above her sleek back, like a canopy, their points toward her arched tail.

One of the two cocks grazing on the bank of the lake answered her clucking with an eager cry. Without lowering her wings, she looked sideways and saw that it was the smaller cock which had answered her.

The big cock was still picking with the other six water hens, apparently indifferent to her gesture. She at once lowered her wings, twirled her tail smartly and began to tidy herself.

The small cock ran down the grassy slope to the water. It was very shallow out to the mud bank, where the hen was sunning herself beside a clump of reeds. He could wade all the way. Instead of wading, however, he crossed with a great flurry of wings, skimming the water in flight and paddling fiercely at the same time. He clucked triumphantly as he came. He landed on the mud bank and ran towards the hen, with his wings raised forward and his head lowered. She did not wait to receive him. Affecting to be frightened, she took wing and flew over to the grassy slope. She landed daintily near the big cock, who took no notice of her. He was still picking with great energy.

The small cock, excited by the gesture she had made on the mud bank and taking her flight for a piece of coquetry, came after her on the wing at great speed. Clucking amorously, he landed on the sward and rushed at her. Again she fled from him and ran behind the big cock for protection.

At last the big cock deigned to notice that there was something afoot. He raised his head, clucked angrily and shook his right leg. Then he looked at the little cock and jerked his head several times. Finally he prodded his breast with his beak, shook himself and resumed his picking.

During this time the little cock had stood still, with his body braced to receive an attack. When the big cock resumed picking, he clucked defiantly and again charged the hen, coming at her in a half circle. She ran around the cock with her head lowered meekly and her wings trailing slightly, coming closer. The little cock kept following her at a run, leaning over as he ran, in a wide curve, like a boat careening from the wind. Now all the other hens took notice. They raised their heads and made angry noises.

Suddenly the big cock stopped picking and charged the other without warning. The little one was almost caught by the charge, but he wheeled just in time and rushed to escape through the flock of hens, which scattered in confusion. He made for the water, racing down the slope at top speed. The big cock turned and followed him. As soon as the small cock reached the water, he spread his wings and scurried over the surface in the direction of the reeds. The big cock was much faster. He reached the little one some distance from the reeds and forced him to wheel out into the lake. The big cock followed closely, straining to reach him.

Like hare and hound, they curved and doubled, skimming the smooth water, leaving a labyrinth of interlacing eddies in their tracks. They moved farther and farther away, until the big cock finally gave up the chase and returned. The little cock took refuge on a small island.

The hen came forward to receive her protector as he stepped proudly up the slope, prodding his breast feathers and shrugging himself. With her lowered head turned to one side and her wings loose, she offered herself to him humbly. He went past her without taking any notice. Then she ran forward a little and again offered herself still more humbly, with her wings trailing. She stood right in his path. He turned aside, passed her once more and began to pick. She followed him with her eyes, as if spellbound, as she slowly raised herself to her full height, gathering up her wings. Then she turned away and walked a few steps towards the edge of the lake. With lowered head she stood there brooding for a long time without movement.

Then she heard a plaintive cry far out in the lake and raised her head. It came from the small island on which the other cock had taken refuge. Presently she saw him take wing from the island, flying in the direction of the reeds. He flew only a part of the distance and then he landed on the water. He cried again, while resting on the water and then took wing once more. He flew quietly now, making no sound, still afraid of an attack from the other cock. Finally he landed among the reeds and began to edge slowly round to the mud bank, uttering sharp, low cries. The hen became excited.

The sun was now at its full height. Its warmth was full of the fever and the violence

Continued on page 147

You Like This

Now our professor of hypnosis will demonstrate how to give practically everyone within earshot a headache

by MARTIN PANZER

▪ SATIRE ▪

Some months ago I attempted, through the pages of Esquire, to hypnotize something over six hundred thousand readers. Specifically, I tried to make each subject touch his left elbow with his right forefinger. I don't know exactly how well I succeeded, for only a small percentage of the six hundred thousand got in touch with me, but I don't think the experiment worked. Except for one gentleman who got his wife to telephone and tell me that I had hypnotized her husband so thoroughly that he couldn't remove his forefinger from his elbow, and another who wrote that he had lost his right forefinger in a power press accident two years ago and would it be all right if he touched his right elbow with his left forefinger—except for these two, the reports were very unfavorable. Very.

I confess that I am a bit discouraged. Hypnotism, as I have tried to impress upon my readers, is not a mystic mumbo-jumbo. It is something that exists, something that has been spun down into a fine science and it should have worked in at least a majority of cases. Now if you add two to two you are supposed to get four; if you happened, one blue Monday, to get five, you would know how I feel about the whole affair. Perhaps the world just isn't ready for hypnotism on a wholesale basis yet.

Or is it? The commercial possibilities of hypnotism are tremendous. Whether they are aware of it or not, national advertisers are stumbling upon an amazing consideration: if mere third or fourth degree suggestion will sell toothpaste and gelatin, how much greater will be the sales value of what I call first degree suggestion, or hypnotism. Only the other day I was startled to hear a radio announcer declare, "I will spell the name of our product once more. B-L-O-X-A-L-A-M-I-N. You—will—never—forget—it. You—will—never—forget—it." I could almost see him making passes before my eyes, and the bright flashlight he was turning in a slow circle almost blinded me through the loud speaker. And I for one will never forget bloxalamin although, unfortunately, I don't know what it is—the announcer didn't take sufficient advantage of the power he was wielding.

But let us plan a complete hypnotic advertising campaign for bloxalamin, assuming that bloxalamin is a headache powder. A rush order is sent to the printer for two and a half million postcard-size throwaways bearing only these words: "YOU—HAVE—A—HEADACHE. YOU—HAVE—A—HEADACHE. YOU—HAVE—A—HEADACHE." These cards are distributed in a predetermined area and a period of a week is permitted to elapse. During this week one-minute broadcasts-between-broadcasts are arranged for, over the station or stations serving this area. These one-minute periods are to be used to repeat slowly and convincingly the words printed on the throwaways. At the end of the week the first step in the hypnotic advertising campaign will have been completed. The terrific and overwhelming impulse to have a headache will have been firmly established where it will do the most good. Assuming that two persons will read each card distributed and that an additional million persons will hear the radio announcements, and assuming that only fifty per cent of our prospects have been successfully hypnotized (a conservative estimate when one considers the potency of the power of first degree suggestion), we come to the inescapable conclusion that in the territory covered by our campaign there are three million and fifty thousand headaches, fifty thousand being the number of headaches normally to be expected in a group of six million human beings even without hypnotism. Now we fade into the second stage of our campaign to make the world bloxalamin-conscious.

Here we use fundamentally the same method as was used by the announcer mentioned above, but we cover the ground more thoroughly so that the good people will not only remember bloxalamin but they will also remember what it is and what it can do. Ordinarily, advertisers content themselves with hammering away at the names and the merits of their products, hoping that the repetition will implant their message in the minds of their potential customers. That they have succeeded fairly well so far goes without saying, but think of the waste! A prospect once hypnotized needs no reminder—oh, he may possibly run down once a year or so and feel the need of a new dose of hypnotism, but even one advertisement a year is a far cry from consistent daily, weekly and monthly advertising. And think of the benefits to non-customers. Take Esquire readers for instance. If Esquire advertisers could get the same results with one hypnotic ad that they do with twelve of the present-type ads, there would be only one heavy issue a year, the Christmas issue, which everybody buys but no one reads anyhow, and Esquire could be carried about as conveniently as *Gone with The Wind* or the *Sunday Times.* And as for radio, peace would once more reign o'er the land, since most of the time would be silent time.

YOU LIKE THESE DRAWINGS.
YOU LIKE THEM-
YOU LIKE THEM--
YOU LIKE THEM
RODNEY DE SARRO

To get back to the second stage of our bloxalamin campaign, our ad would be something like this:

YOU HAVE A HEADACHE. REMEMBER. YOU HAVE A HEADACHE.

You know that bloxalamin cures headaches. You know that bloxalamin cures headaches. You have always known that bloxalamin cures headaches. You will always know that bloxalamin cures headaches. You cannot possibly forget that bloxalamin cures headaches.

YOU ARE GOING TO BUY BLOXALAMIN
YOU ARE GOING TO BUY BLOXALAMIN
YOU ARE GOING TO BUY BLOXALAMIN

You are going to take bloxalamin for your headache. You are going to take bloxalamin for your headache. You cannot help but take bloxalamin for your headache. It is your will to take bloxalamin for your headache.

BLOXALAMIN WILL CURE YOUR HEADACHE
BLOXALAMIN WILL CURE YOUR HEADACHE
BLOXALAMIN WILL CURE YOUR HEADACHE

After you take bloxalamin your headache will be gone. Your headache will be gone. Your headache will be gone—gone—gone—gone. You will have no headache after you take bloxalamin.

That last paragraph illustrates one of the most revolutionary features of this hypnotic advertising.

How often we hear victims of headaches say, "I've taken twenty-two of the damned powders and I still have a headache." Hypnotic advertising eliminates all danger of failure: it isn't the powder that cures the headache that was suggested by the first phase of the campaign—it is the ad in the second phase. If bloxalamin were made of pure white flour it would be one hundred per cent effective if it were exploited by means of hypnotic advertising. The saving in the cost of complicated ingredients alone would be, as

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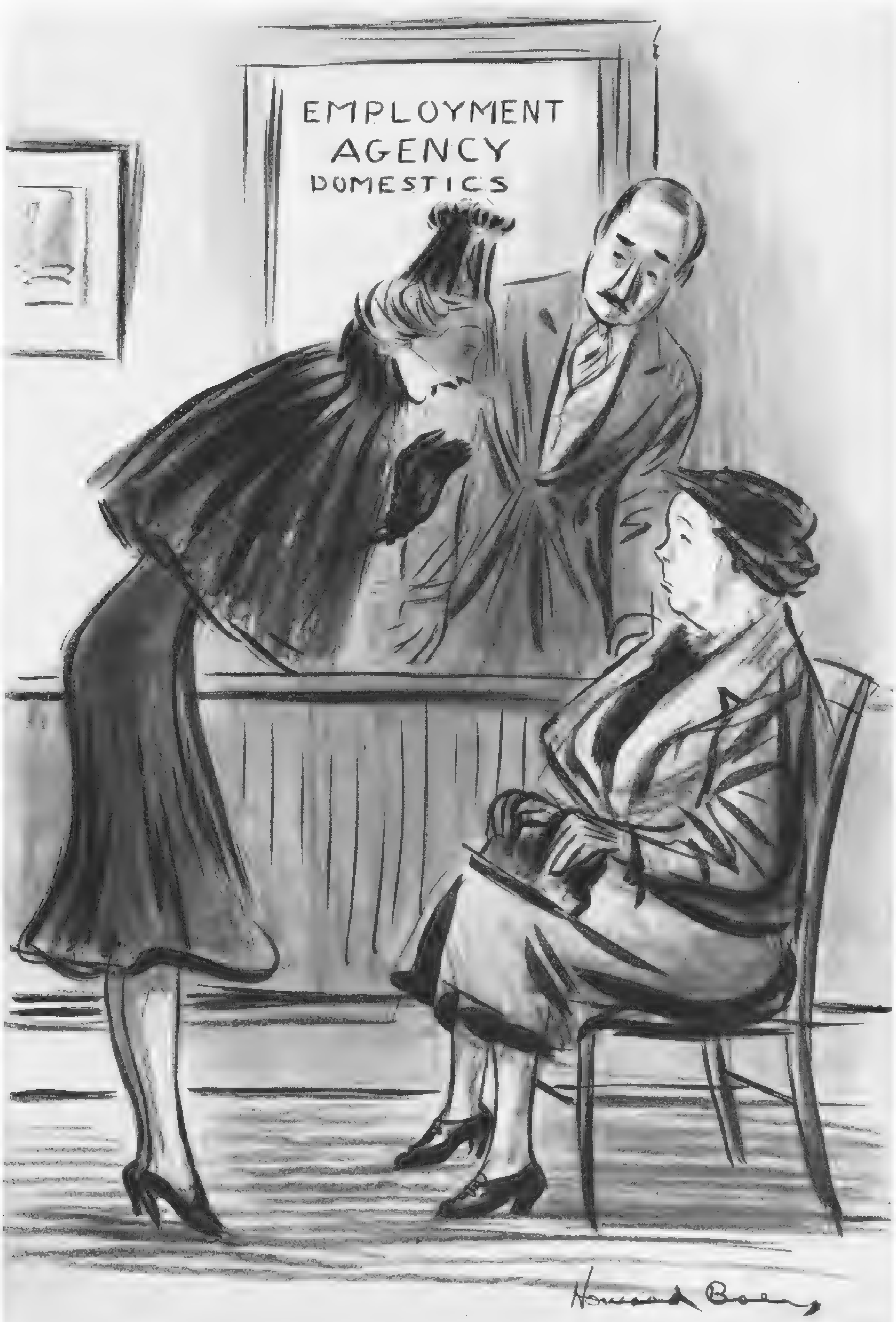
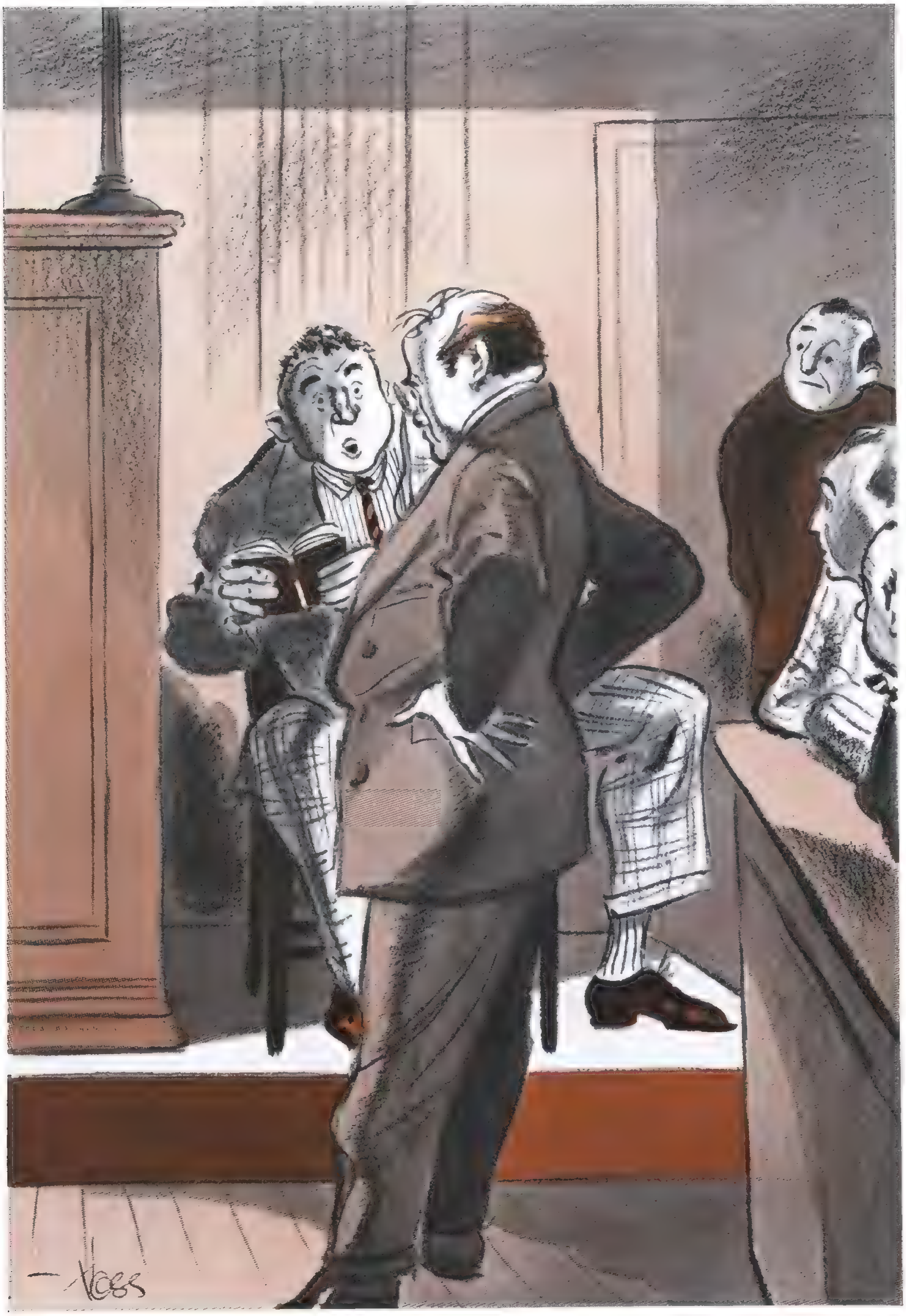

EMPLOYMENT
AGENCY
DOMESTICS
Howard Baer

"And we have awfully nice policemen on our beat!"



"Accordin' to my diary, I didn't rob no bank on the fifteenth of July!"

Mexican Prison

It appears more like a bazaar than an institution, and men are respected as human beings

by JULIAN ARONSON

▪ ARTICLE ▪

WHATEVER Cardenas may be doing for the reform of Mexican agriculture and industry and the pacification of the militant Catholics, the wave of civic reform has not to all appearances struck the Mexican judiciary. Justice, we were given to understand very early in our questioning, is still a rich man's prerogative, a commodity you buy in a limited market with the judge as jobber and the lawyer as broker. Like in the days of Hammurabi, the rich strike a deal while the poor go to prison for their crimes. An honest judge is the exception, not the rule; a rich man in prison an accident, not a proof of equal justice for all. The system is so well entrenched over centuries of misrule that to the convicts of the Mexican prison the fault is not with the rich who get away with it but with the inability or the indifference of relatives and friends in negotiating with the judge at the time of sentence.

In matters of human nature the Mexicans are thoroughgoing cynics. Every man has a price. Politicians in control of the government are not in business for their health. The government is a system of organized milking and the ministry of justice just a cartoon by Daumier with the prison as its bailiwick. When you get into trouble the magistrates have a lien on you. Murder, robbery, assault, rape, are worth just so many pesos to the officials who turn the small wheels of government. Round up your friends and relatives, shake out your stockings, close your bank account, approach a politician, hire a lawyer and be ready to pour out baksheesh into everybody's pocket. The notion of an abstract justice meting out punishment with Draconian dispatch is as yet a Mexican dream, like much of the socialistic program inherent in the new Mexican Six Year Plan. If you are poor you are punished and that is all. This is what the average Mexican believes and nothing, so far, seems to have made him change his mind about the system of justice found in his country.

Mexico has a very fine penal code, one of the most progressive in the world. The revised Penal Code of December 15, 1929, goes so far as to abolish trial by jury for criminal offenses and introduces a commission of alienists and other experts to examine and report on the defendant. The decision of this committee cannot be appealed. After conviction, a Supreme Council of Social Protection and Prevention of five specialists takes charge of the prisoner on the basis of an indeterminate sentence and decides on the treatment and reform of their charge. Capital punishment has been abolished.

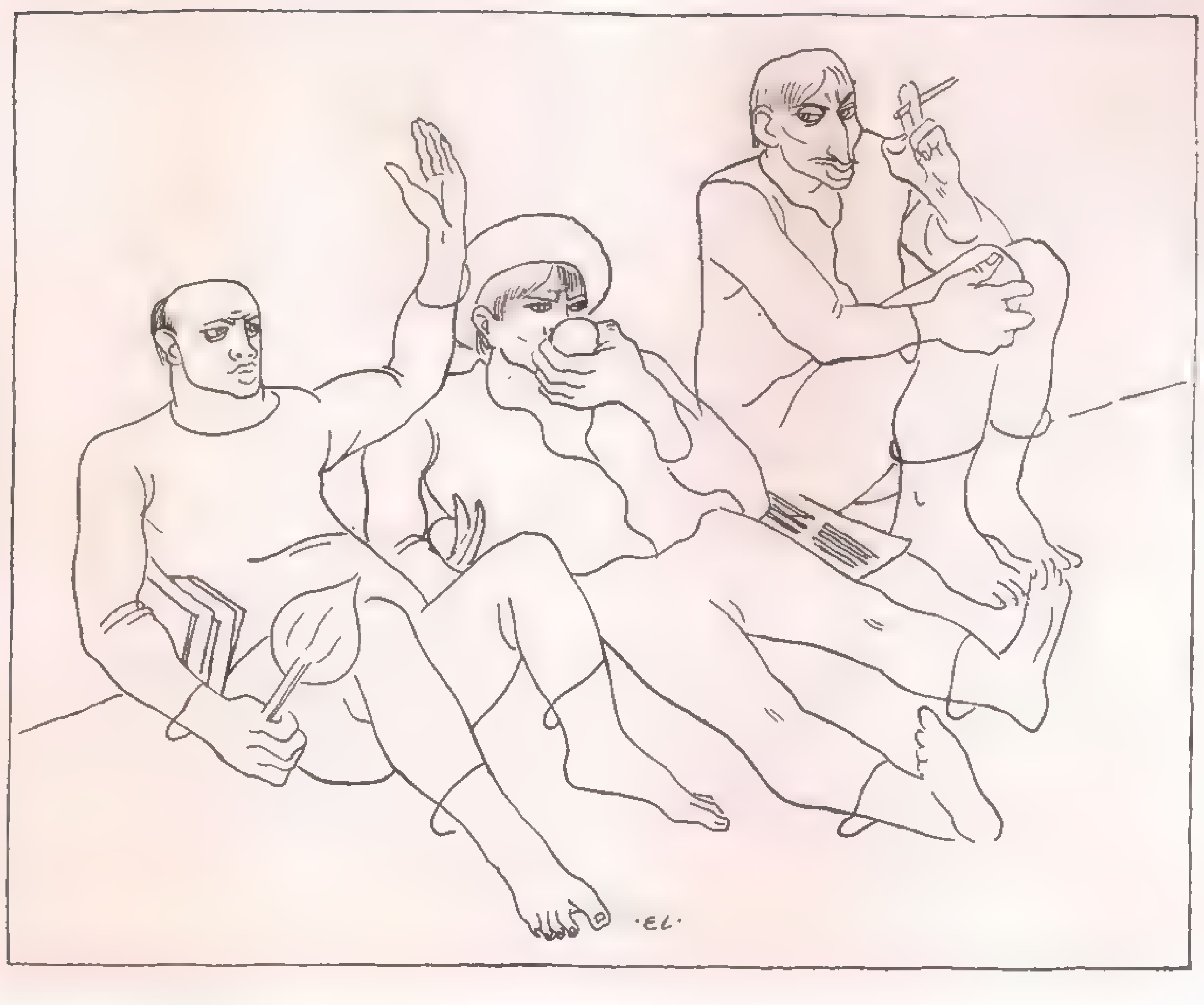
The Code is a model of humanitarian procedure in which the neolithic idea of the innate cussedness of human nature is replaced by twentieth century sociology and psychology. The environment is the villain. A crime of passion committed under the influence of the dreadful *tequila* is an indictment of a beverage forced upon a people too poor to pay for beer. There are extenuating circumstances everywhere and the problem of fitting punishment to crime is not for the Mikado but for the specialist in medicine. The Code, to say the least, is an excellent instrument that would gladden the heart of reformers of criminals in this country. It reads well. Yet we have it from high authority that it would be a mighty accomplishment if Mexico took a tithe of its Code seriously and reached our own levels of dubious justice. Given independent, well-paid, honest judges and commissioners, there is no doubt that Mexico would be hailed as a country in which criminal jurisprudence had been completely liberated from the medieval corporate sadism which still afflicts most of our state criminal codes.

The discrepancy between book and deed, between a fine code and a poor judiciary, had its counterpart when we visited the Federal Penitentiary. The technique was wrong but the spirit was right. American prisons comparable to the Federal Penitentiary in importance, like Leavenworth and Auburn, are models of efficient administration, clean, disciplined, dispensing on the whole fair treatment under the law, at times politically corrupted but mostly avoiding politics because it has a way of getting onto the first page.

But such prisons are also notorious for their volcanic eruptions, their failure to rehabilitate criminals and their encouragement of the revenge spirit among the alumni. The discipline of an American prison is a perversion of the discipline of a normal society. Hence the prison pallor, the mounting resentment against society, the yammer and the riot, the grim lips and shifty eye, all indelibly stamped upon the bodies of men who have been denied their bodies.

How different is the spirit of the Mexican prison! It has the appearance of a bazaar. No two uniforms are exactly alike. Nobody feels regimented. Everybody talks and walks. Some play, some do not. Some are openly vicious while others wear the mask of the Indian, immovable and melancholy. The stink is terrific, just like any slum neighborhood in Mexico City. But the men are still respected as human beings and their primitive instincts to move about and enjoy their impulses, even their love impulses, are accepted by the prison authorities.

To the irate American taxpayer visiting the prison for the first time it may all seem like a scene from the *Gay Desperado*, all proof of the extraordinary inefficiency and recklessness of the Mexican, but to American prison reformers like Thomas Mott Osborne and Dr. George Kirchwey it would be welcomed as a phenomenal improvement over anything we have to show in the United States. The Mexicans have succeeded in doing something we have written libraries about but never accomplished. They have taken the first step in rehabilitating the convict. They have recreated a normal environment without which real reform is impossible. They haven't done much apart from the environment, as we shall see, but what they have done



ETCHING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

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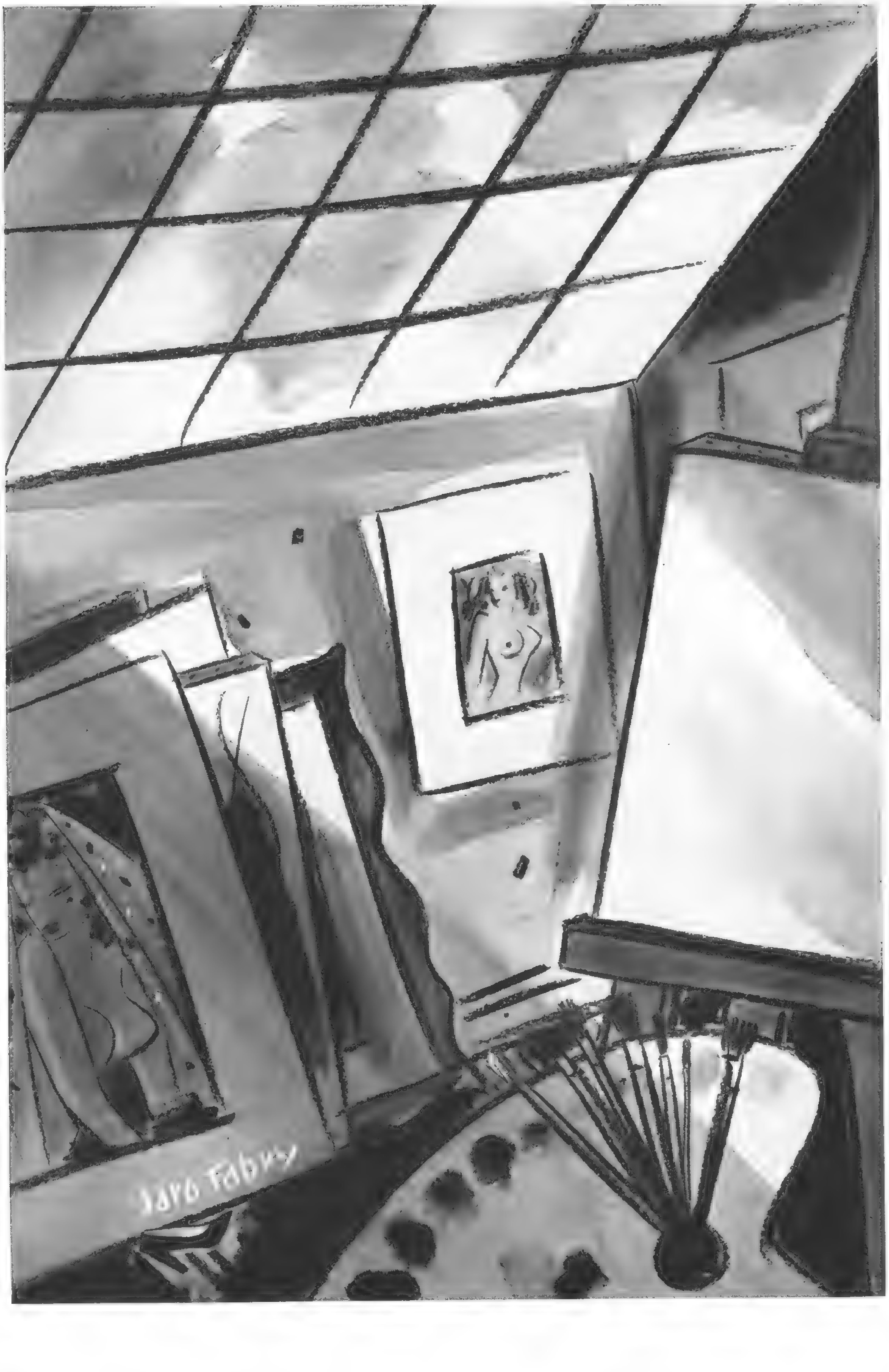


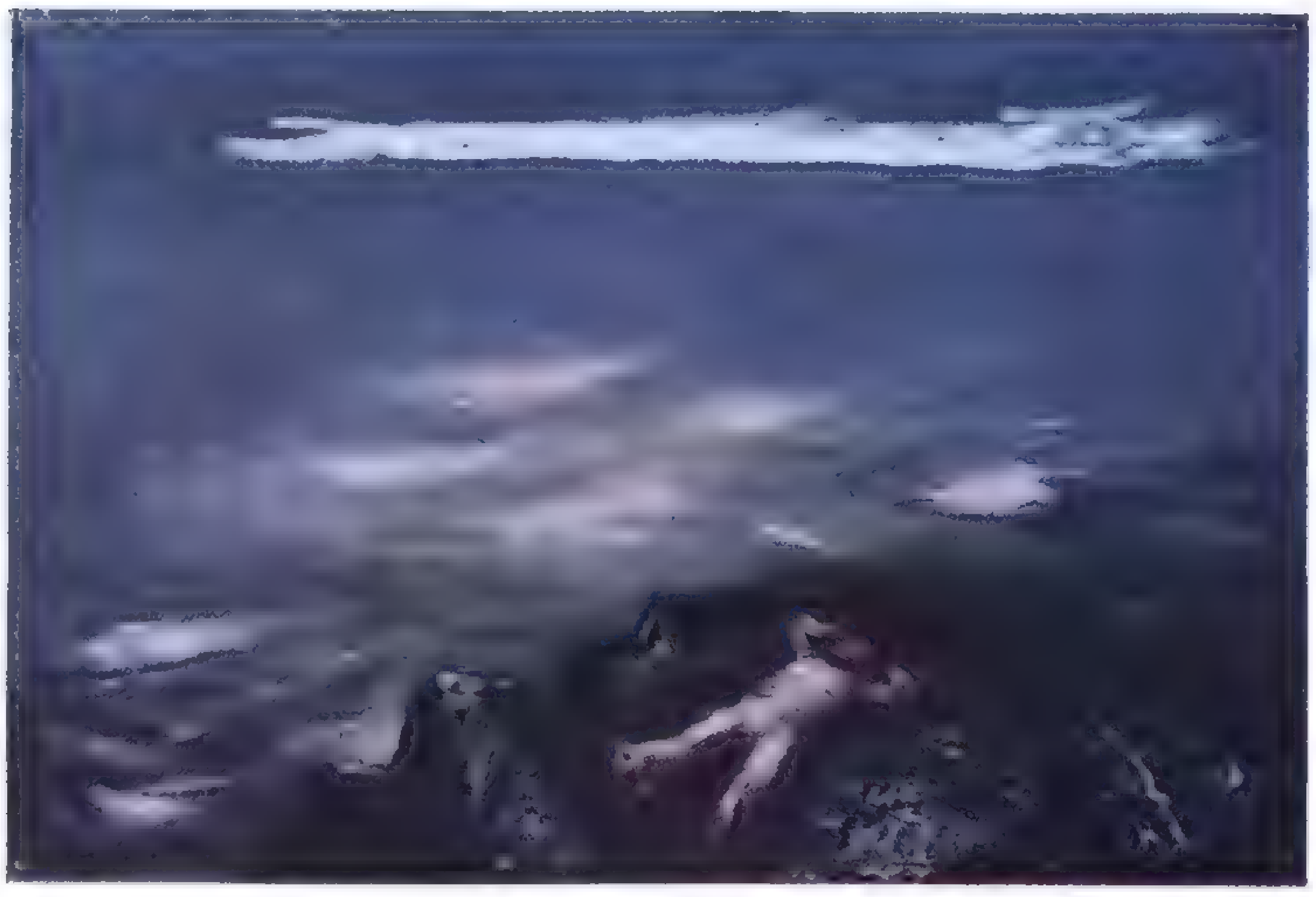
"But what kind of a story could you possibly illustrate with a pose like this, Mr. Bertrom?"

John Carroll: Non-Conformist

He refuses to conform to any artistic ism, and he's good, even though he does admit it

by HARRY SALPETER

ARTICLE



SEA MAGIC

John Carroll looks like a cross between an energetic administrator and a cultivated idler. To be informed that he is a painter by trade and a country squire by avocation is to be taken only a short distance toward the complete comprehension of the man Carroll. The person John Carroll adds such strange accents to the business of being an artist and a country gentleman that even after knowing what he *does*, we seem to know next to nothing about what he *is*. I have a suspicion that when I shall have finished telling about the things he has done and the things he is doing, I shall have only incidentally revealed the kind of fellow he is. Maybe the mystery comes down only to this, that we like people to look their trades and he doesn't; moreover the mystery in his case is spiced by the fact that although he is an artist and the boss of a middling estate, he is also what he looks like—an administrator when on duty and a cultivated idler when on furlough. It's all right for a man to be many-sided, to look like a broker when he is a poet, but no man has a right to confuse us, by looking most like the type which contradicts his chief activity, to be, for example, both poet and broker, and then most nearly resemble a horseman. But this is not the whole key—if there is a key.

To be an artist is, *ipso facto*, to be an individualist—that is the general assumption and the fact about most painters. To be an individualist is to be almost always a non-conformist. Painters have a general conformity one with the other. There is the public's idea of a painter—a picturesque Bohemian who is supposed to live individually, but really has no individuality because he conforms to a fictional, literary convention of unconventionality. Usually if a painter looks and acts like the public's idea of the breed, he is put down as a hollow fake by true artists who preserve their individualities within the protective coloration of conventional dress and conventional behavior.

John Carroll's individuality, his non-conformity, lies in the fact that he has subscribed to the conventions neither of the public nor of fellow-artists. As a gentleman farmer he rides to hounds often enough, but as a painter he hunts with no pack. He is non-conformist. I have it on his word. I have it on his dealer's. His non-conformity is implicit in his record. He has done many things in an active and rounded life, but it is painting which is his life and his language. You couldn't recognize him for a painter if your life depended on it, but he is nothing else and happy and successful at it. He has the ironist's satisfaction of having become almost fashionable through dint of following no fashion, but of being quietly himself, hewing out his own line of development and being otherwise than damned by the consequences.

The only extent to which painters subscribe to their own conventions lies in their almost tremulous response to the fashion of painting that is in the air. There are people who can tell what style of painting is predominant by observing the fluctuations of the barometers, the current exhibitions of younger artists. American scene painting was a reaction against the influence of the French Impressionists and Post-Impressionists. The Surrealists came close upon the heels of the Abstractionists. Obeying fashion, a sweet painter will become sour and an impersonal, objective painter will take his stand and become proletarian in paint as well as in word. Young men who hitherto have been happy expressing themselves in still life arrangements will be seeing America first and all the time, a lover of nudes will discover the masses, while a follower of George Grosz will find, upon reflection, that it would be wiser to submit to the magnetic pull of the proletarian caricaturist Gropper. The modern painter's place in society is sufficiently insecure; these shiftings of influence only confess his own insecurity in relation to his art.

When John Carroll began to paint his contemporaries were imitating Manet and Whistler; he painted like John Carroll from the start. Impressionism or any of the other isms touched him but lightly. When the Armory Show of 1913 came along the young men who had been painting like Manet and Whistler became French moderns, John Carroll was still John Carroll. "All I wanted to do was to paint, I didn't simply take over a technique." Abstraction has left him cold, so has surrealism. As a result of his fidelity to his own way of saying things he has achieved not only independence but an identity as well, an identity which doesn't trail off from other identities with which it may be confused. His life work constitutes an unbroken arc of development. He paints today with an easy control of his medium simply because he hasn't broken his impetus in fresh starts dictated from outside himself. The courage to go along on an undeflected course derives from a sense of faith in oneself, perhaps from a sense of self-conceit. He says, and he isn't being entirely funny either when he says it, "I have never really made a god out of any artist, except John Carroll." And, "All the painters I have any respect for were big men in their day and I had their feeling that by doing my own work I would make for myself the life I liked." He has made an enviable life.

The first time one sees a Carroll painting one is baffled or confused, possibly irritated, for it looks like a shorthand note for a painting yet to be done. His work might imply the existence of knowledge not fully displayed. It is diaphanous. Some of his figures justify the reference to them as tubercular. "Well", said one of his confrères, "Bellows paints flesh without souls, and Carroll paints souls without flesh." The forms look like unfinished emanations, figures dreamed in moonlight rather than seen in the cold north light of the studio. He seems to paint with a palette of whipped cream and sea foam. Someone has referred to the "thistledown touch" of his brush and it is a brush which sometimes thins down to the density of a cobweb. But his pictures seem more natural as we get used to the terms of his vocabulary and as we see his work in its widest range of subject matter and technique.

But upon first glance John Carroll's paintings look like the paintings of a not quite masculine man. Put John Carroll in the middle of a room containing his pictures and not one in a thousand could guess that *this* man painted *these* pictures. That is just another contradiction—at least an apparent contradiction—that helps make John Carroll the mystery he is. The man is a man, the pictures look feminine almost in an 1890 sense, with a call imminent for the smelling salts. Why, except that the painting is in modern terms,

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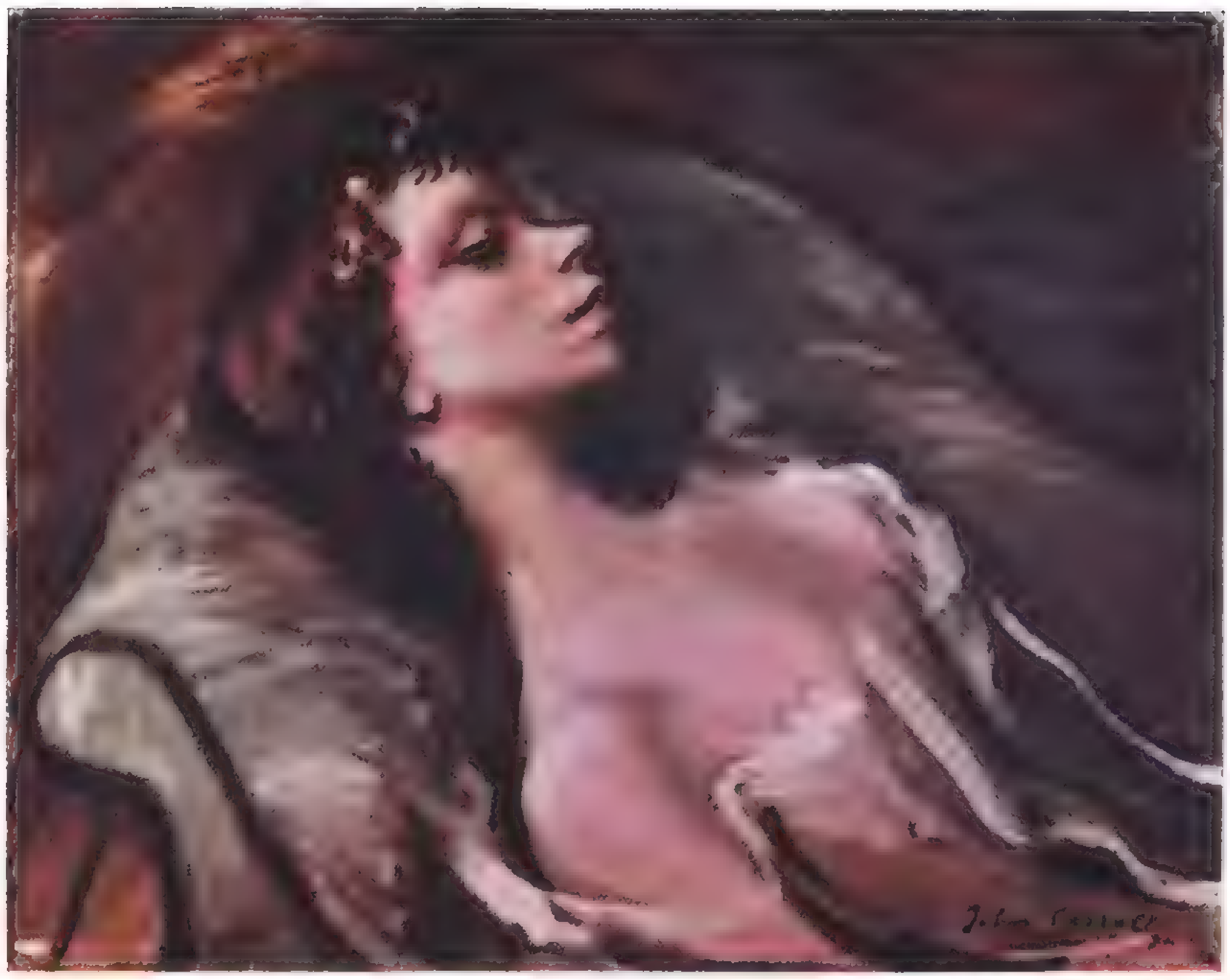
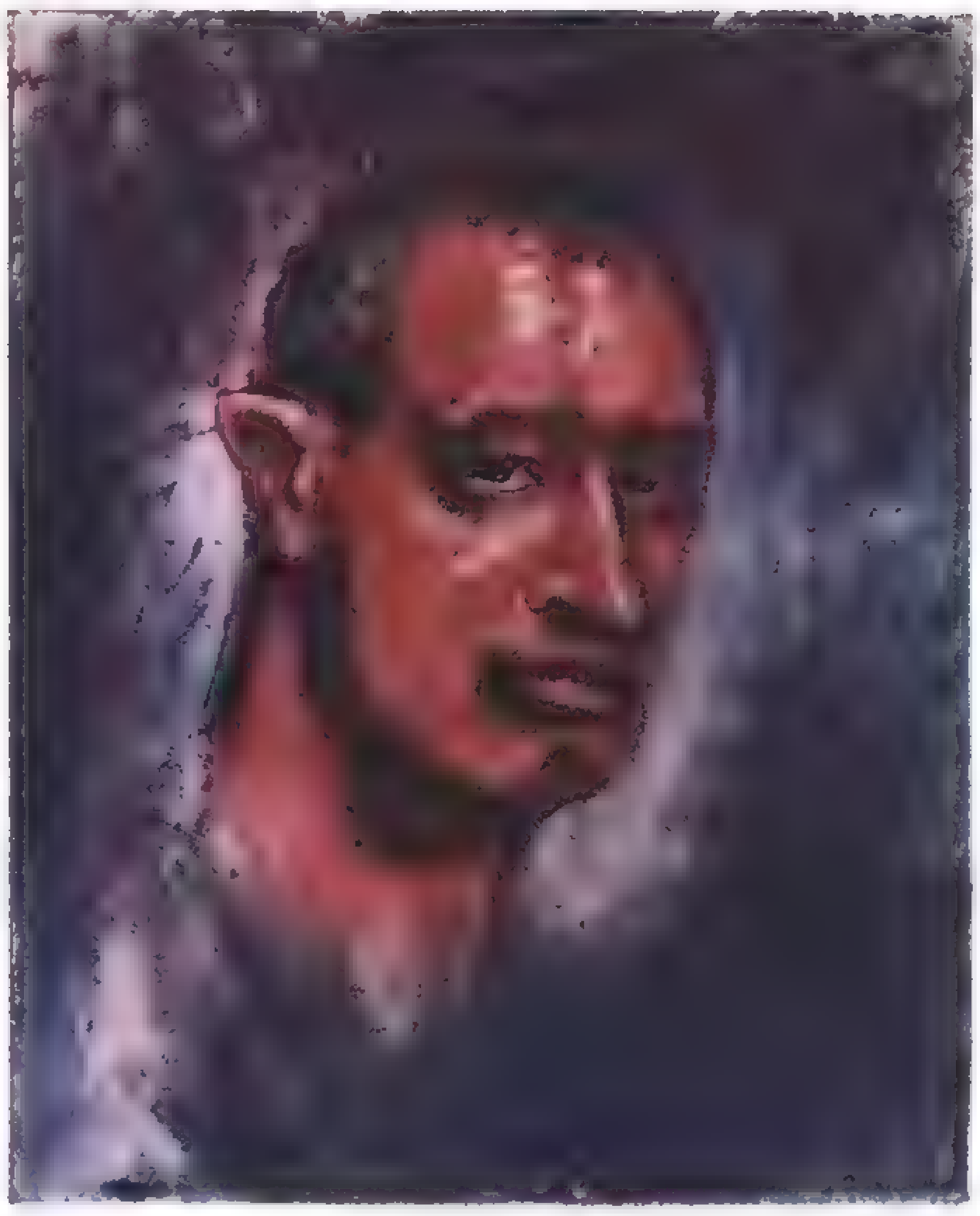


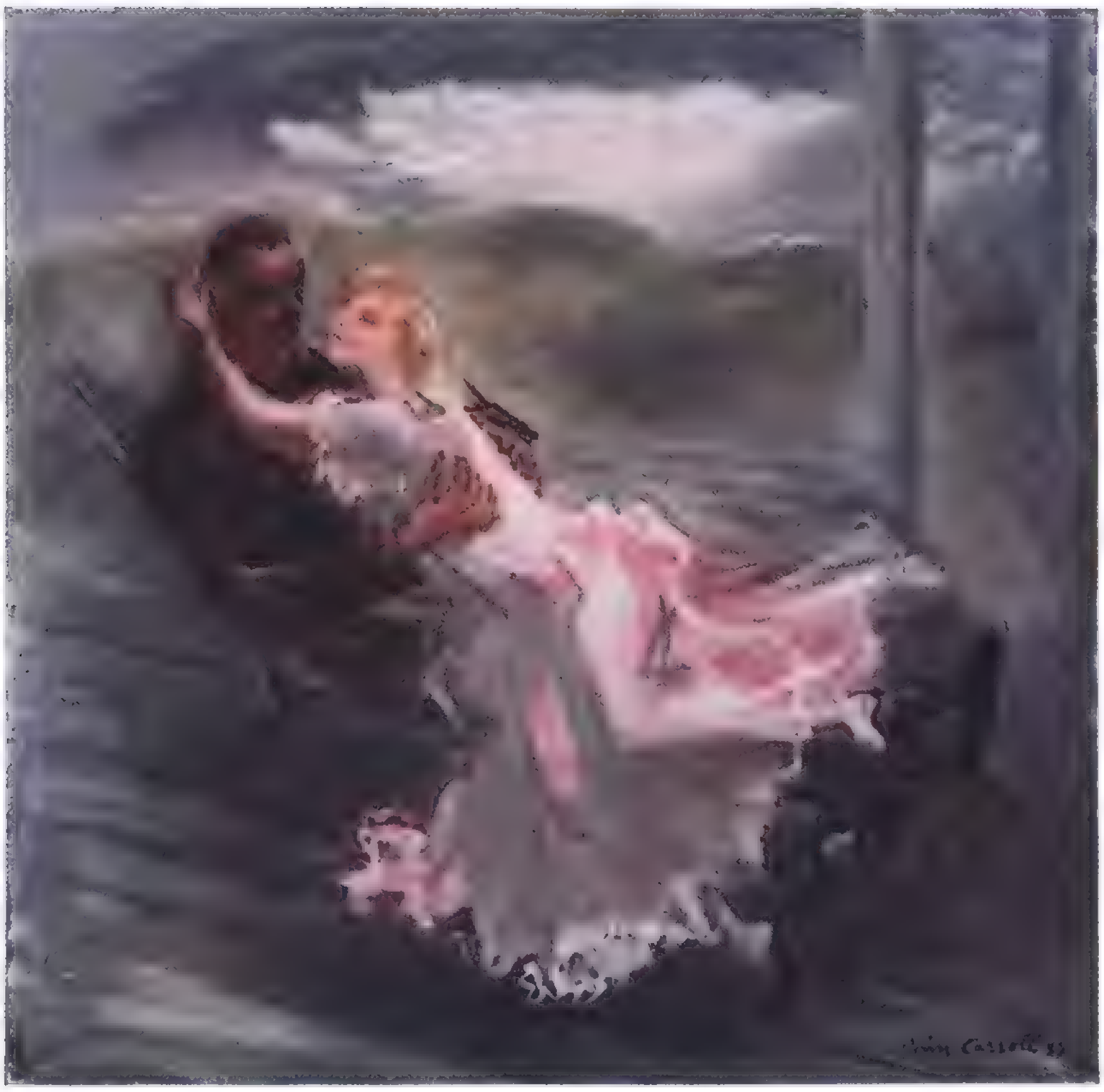
GEORGIA RESTING



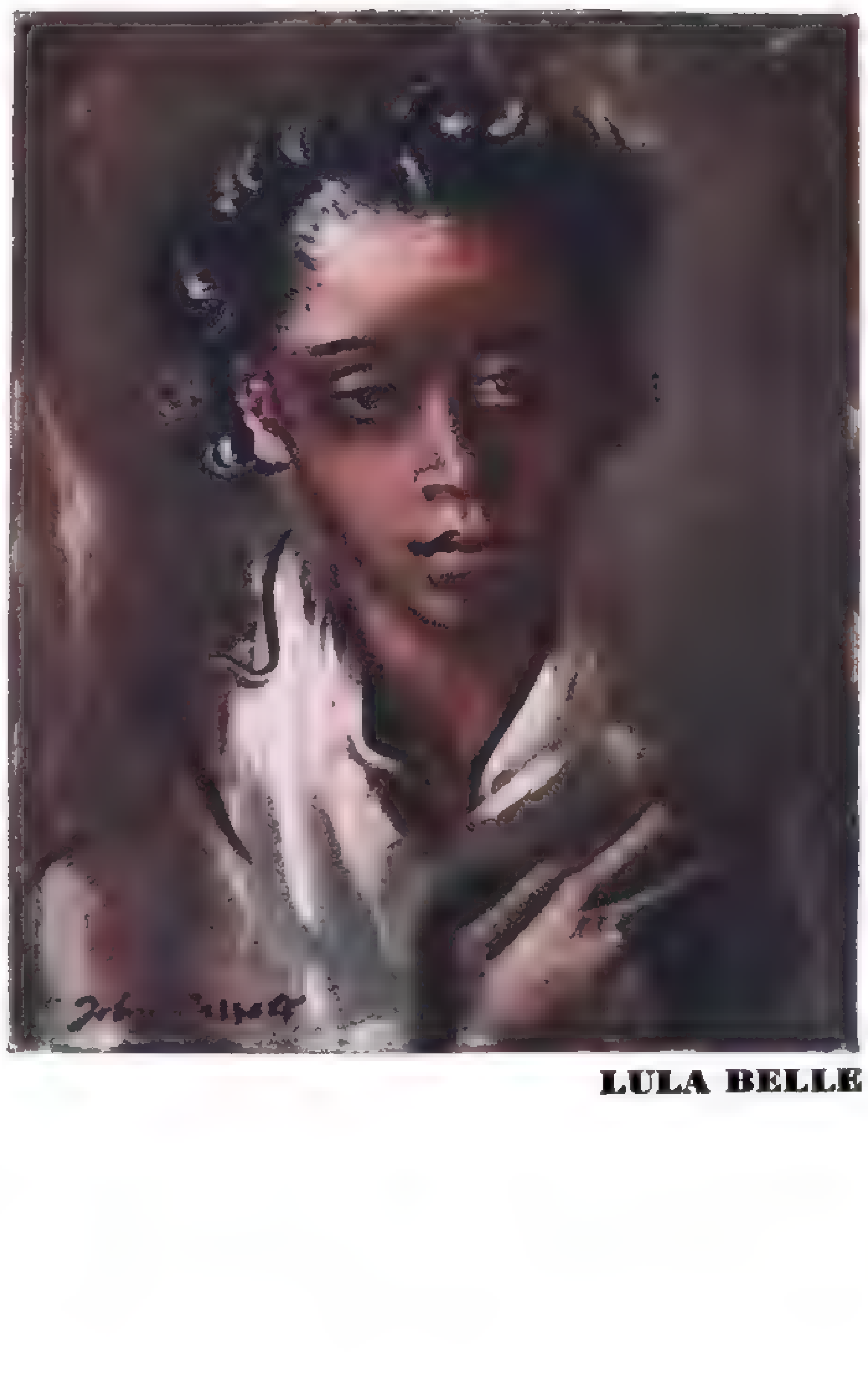
PORTRAIT OF ARTIST

A Collection of Paintings

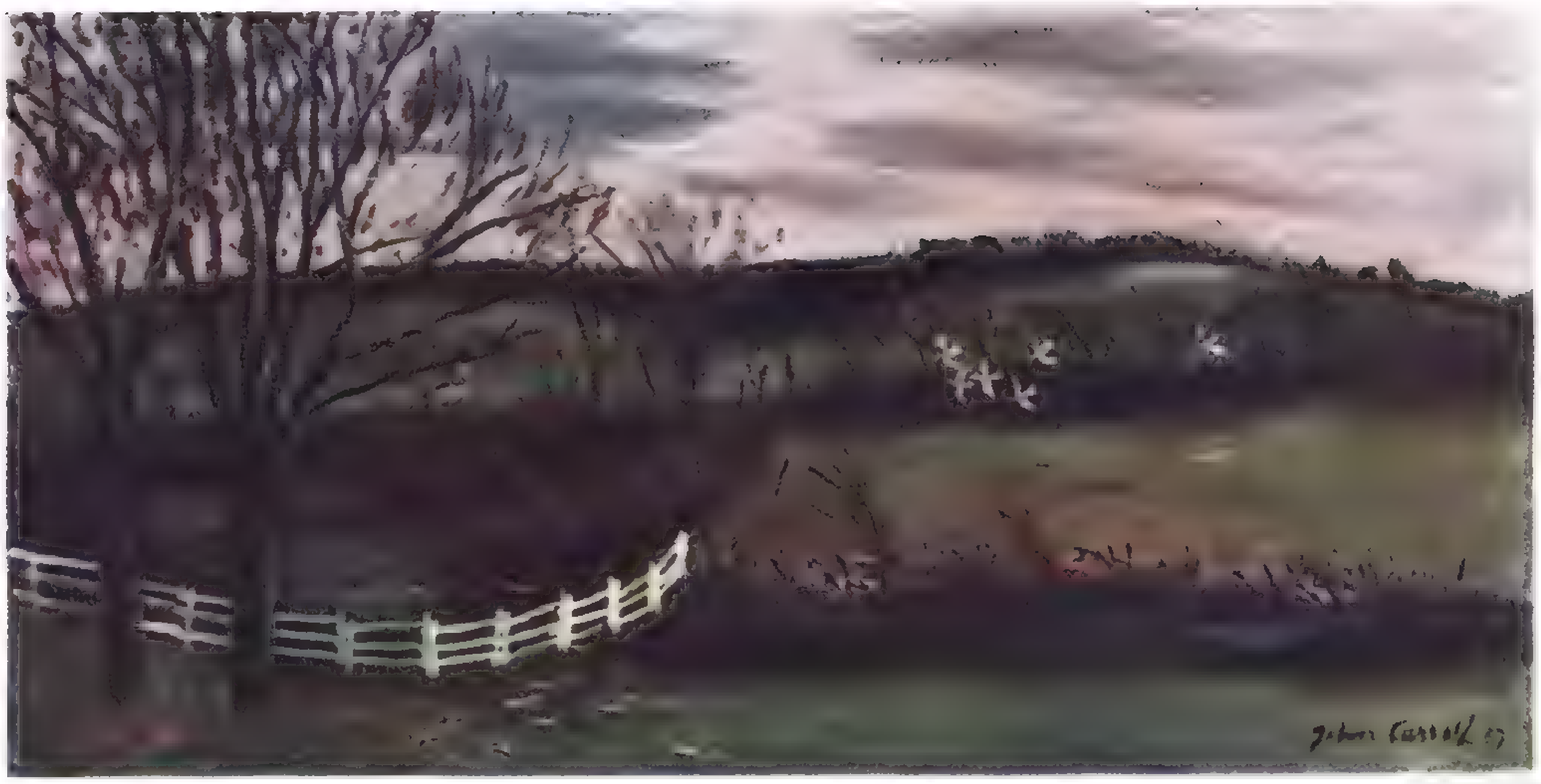
by JOHN CARROLL



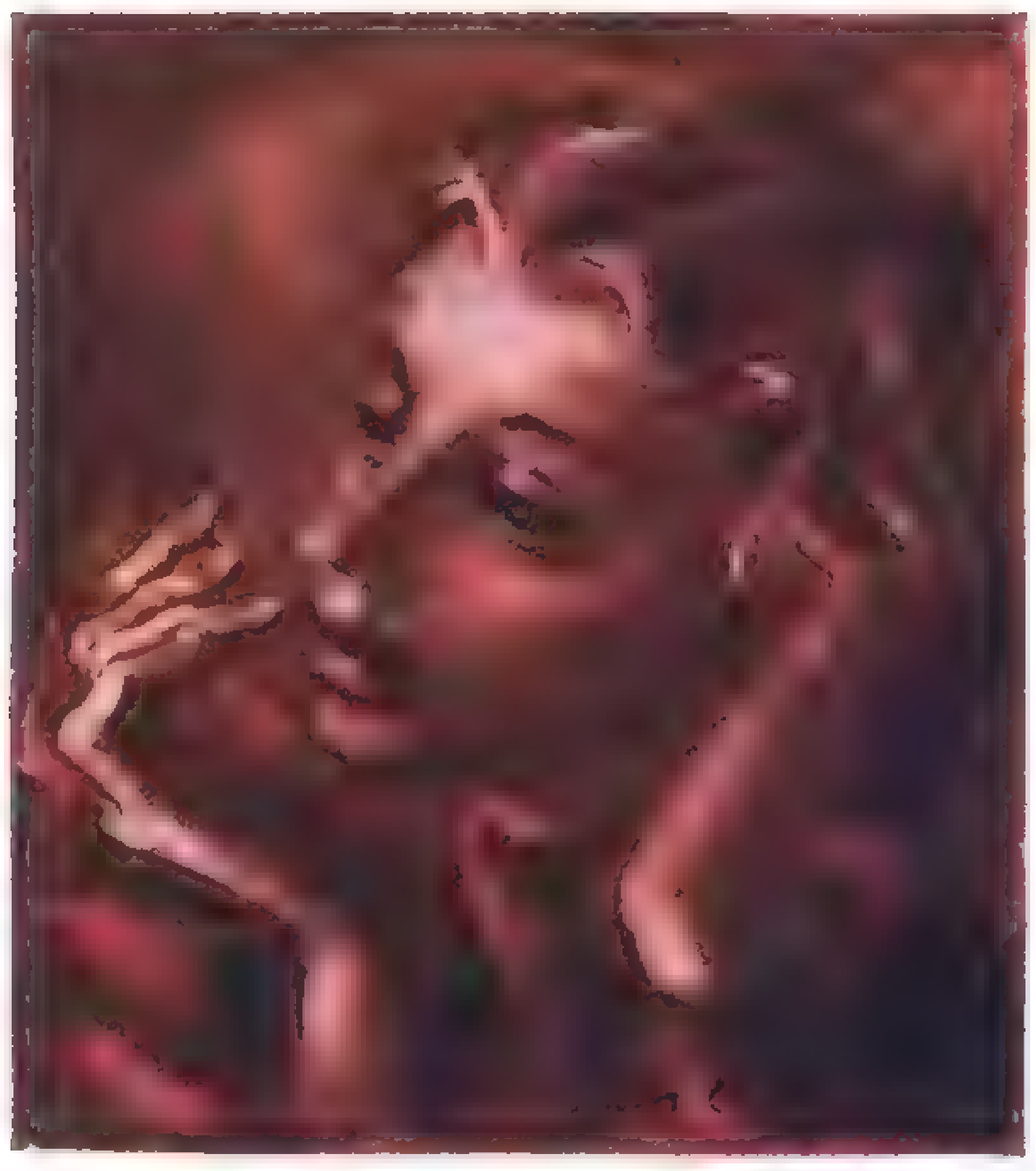
MOONLIGHT



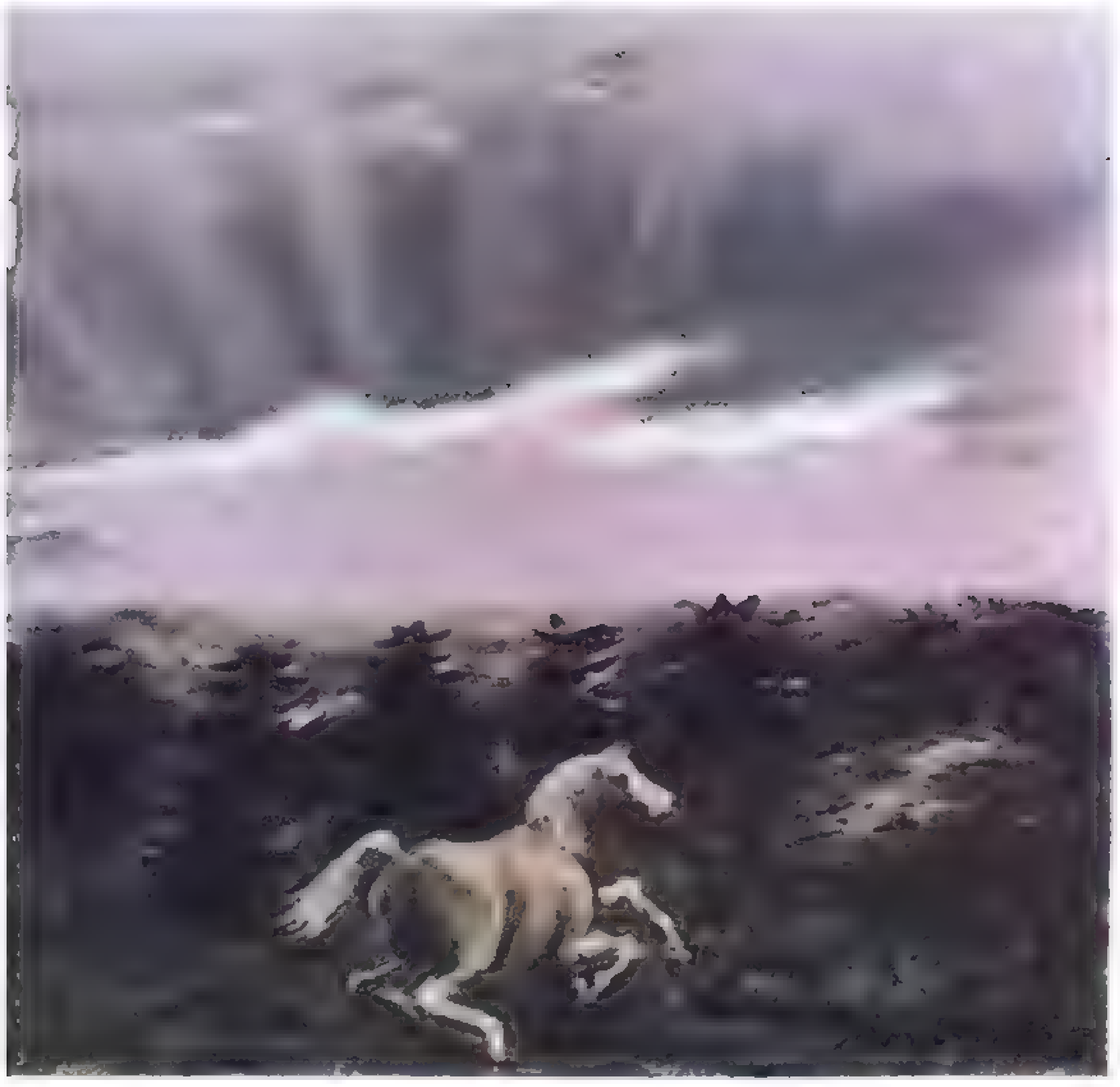
LULA BELLE



AUTUMN

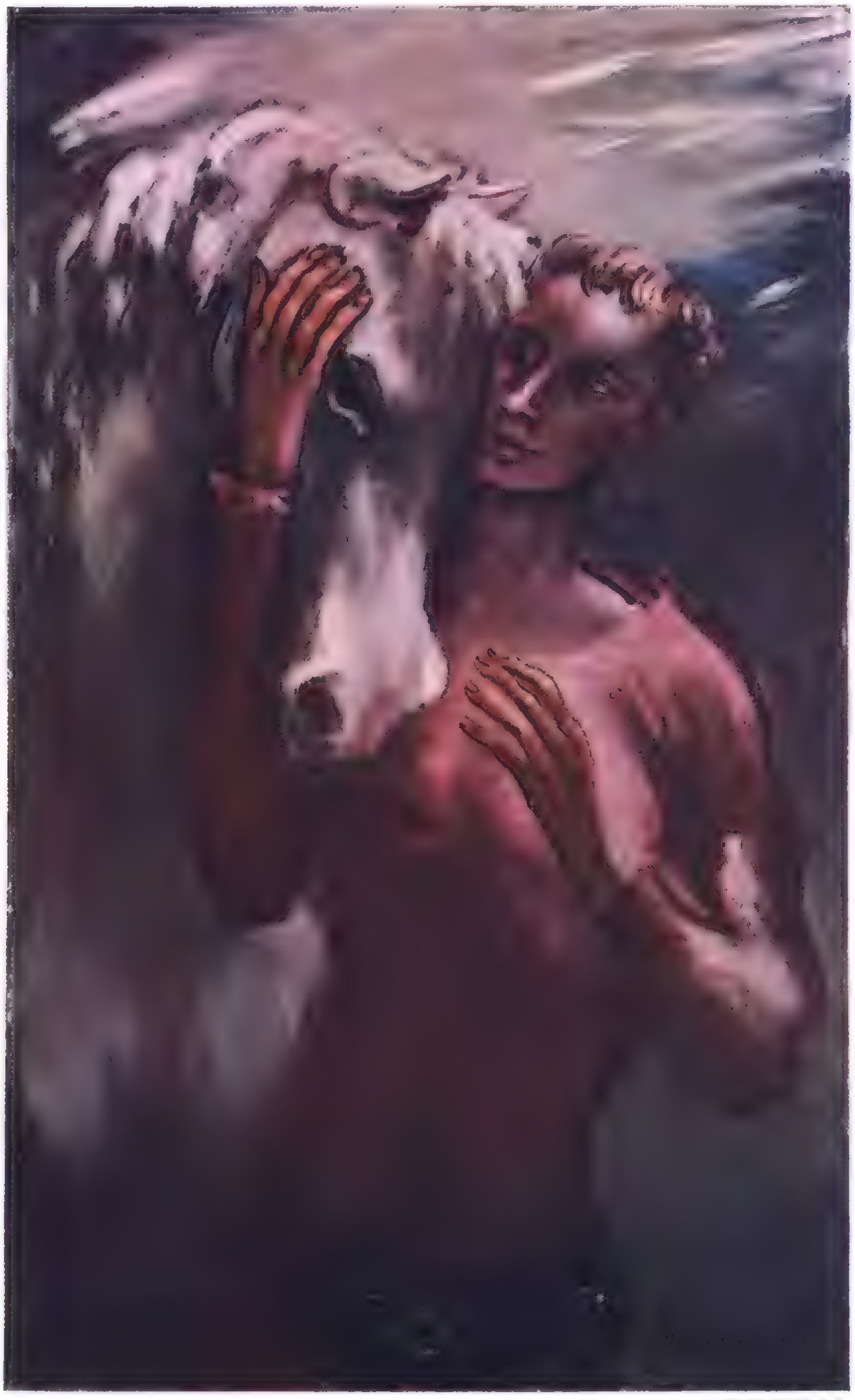


NARCISSA

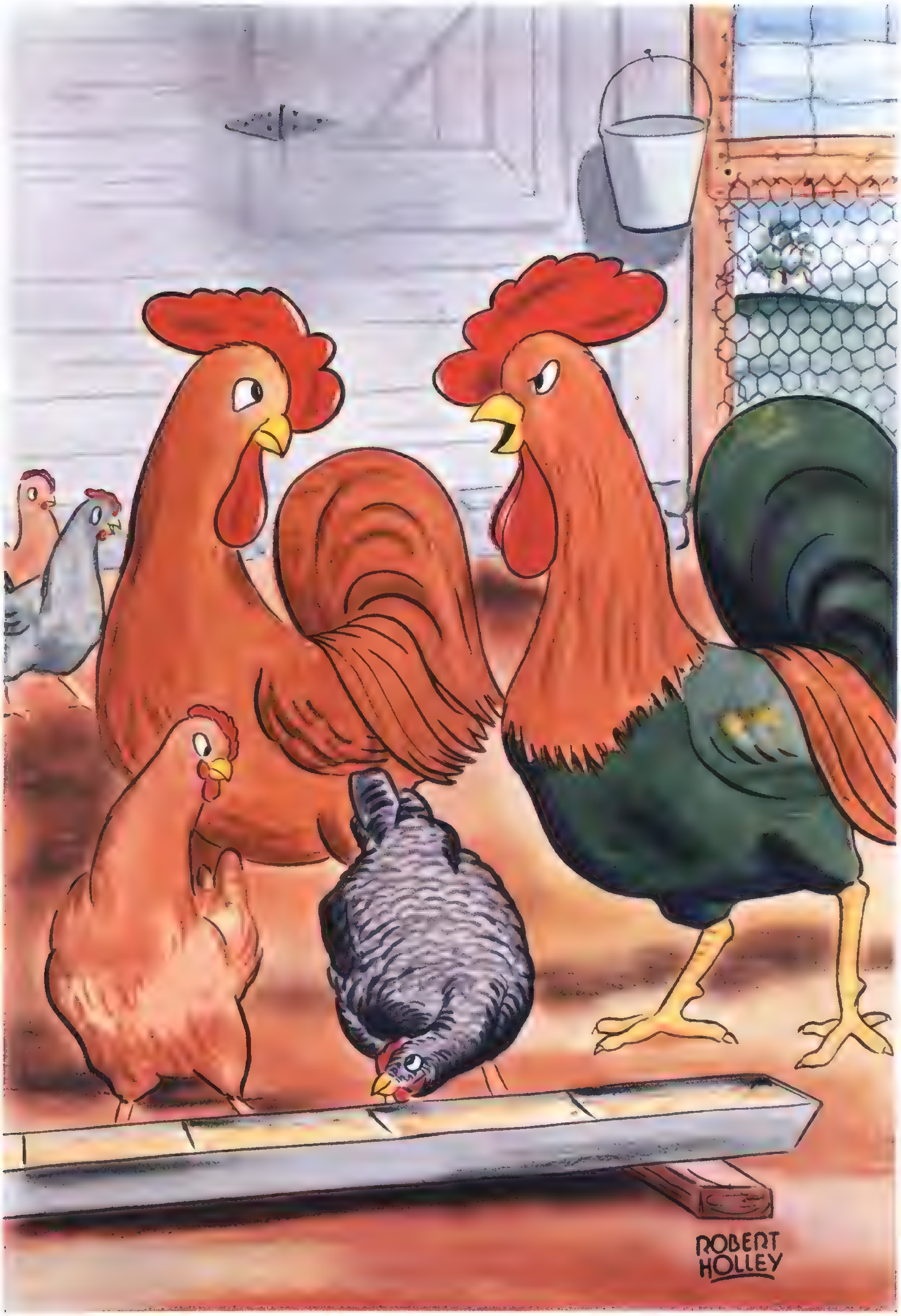


THE STALLION

Reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of Frank K. M. Rehn, Inc., 683 Fifth Avenue, New York



CIRCUS RIDER


ROBERT HOLLEY

"What's this I hear about you playing favorites again?"

The Alligator and the Building Blocks

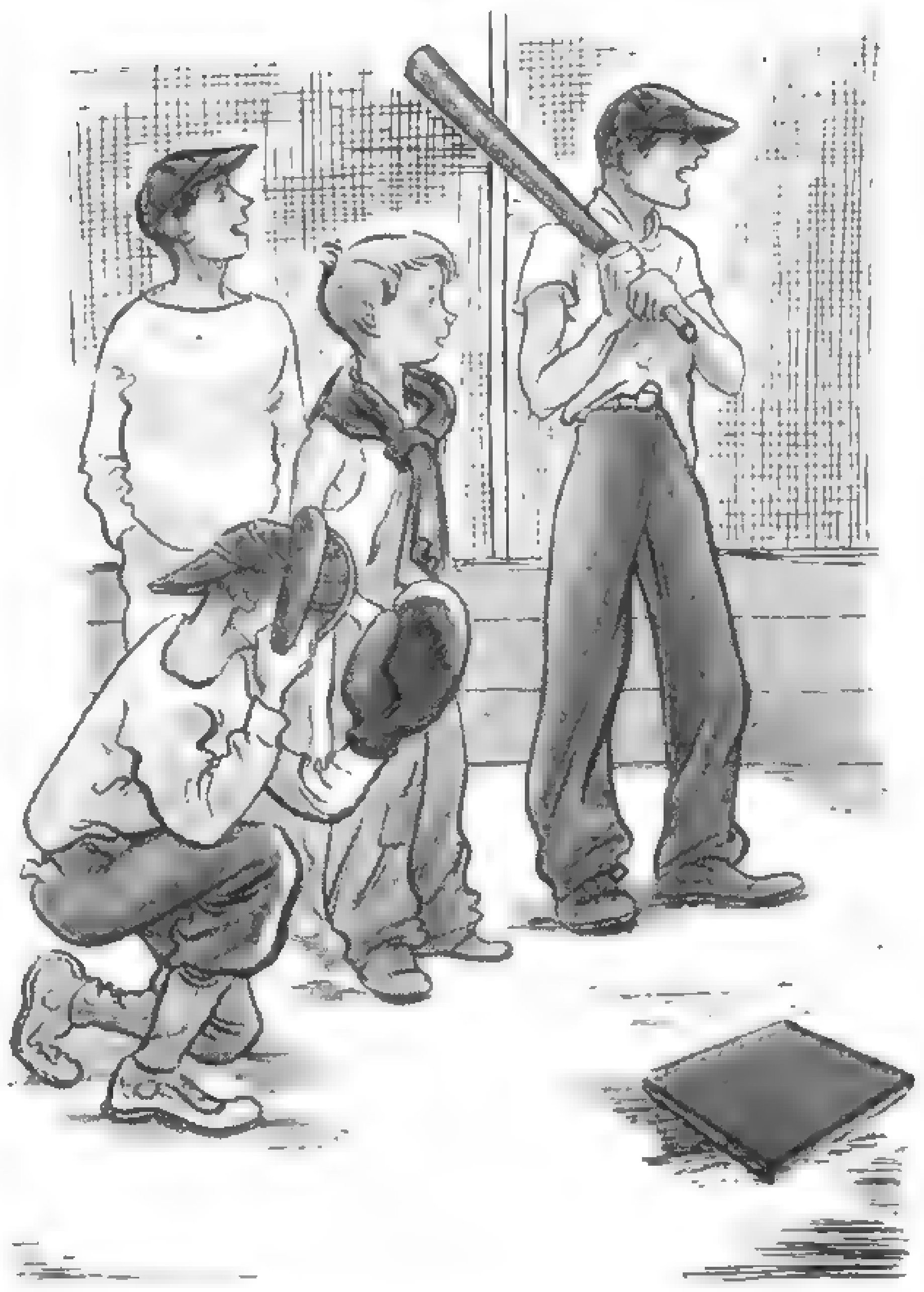
Right and wrong are distinct in a boy's mind, and his first contact with injustice is long remembered

by SHERRY MANGAN

• FICTION •

Barclay street, at half-past one on this Saturday afternoon in early June, was hotly still. Save for an occasional passing car, only the periodic whirr of the Williamson's lawn mower disturbed the somnolent silence. Unusually strong for the season, the sun, blazing down through the leaves, made the vividest of patterns over the street, sidewalks, and trim lawns.

In a small room in the rear of 49 Andrew Faber piped *Mee-a-Saama* as he treadled because he was happy and enjoying himself. Because for one thing his press wasn't a lousy handpress like some kids had but a real footpress (Jones-Gordon circa 1850) with a throw-off and everything, and for another thing the page he was running of the final issue of the Burrill Street Grammar School Grade VII *Monthly* (which they'd wanted to call *The Gazette* only he found the only cap Z in the biggest font he had—the 36-point Gothic Bold Condensed—was busted) was a page of his own story *The Last Inning*, and for another thing he was almost finished and so he might have time to run off the new series of Faberia stamps before he went to catch for the Samosets in their big game that afternoon for two fifty-cent balls against the Wheeler Street Wildcats at Riverside Playground. Father always made him run at least a page of the *Monthly* before printing anything else because he was afraid the paper would be late, as indeed it often had been; and Andrew was especially anxious to put the new issue of Faberia stamps into circulation because instead of being just drawn with pen-and-ink and then colored with crayons which didn't look very professional they were going to be really printed now that he'd solved the color question by getting a lot of different colors of gummed paper at the Negley Press on Diagonal Avenue so now each denomination would have a different color and yet be really printed without having to change the ink and wouldn't they look swell in the Faberia album and wouldn't it look nifty in the Faberia catalogue to use just italics for the colors because as everyone knows when there's no roman it means the ink is black. It was a nutsy idea, and Andrew was feeling swell, because he figured that if there was time after the game he could—



"Heck! And I was nearly done! Aw heck!"

He stopped the press, poured some benzine on a rag, and wiped the impression off the tympan, calculating the while that if the game were over in time and if the stamps were dry he could perforate them with the big needle on the sewing machine and then maybe his father would send him to the drugstore as usual for some ginger ale to drink while they sat out as usual on the front porch and then he could cancel the stamp he stuck on the bottle for the errand with a movable rubber-stamp-holder only with no rubber type in it so the wooden bars would make four black lines across the stamp so then he would have a canceled 2-cent *carmine* of the new issue. He anticipated also, as he fed the last sheet of the *Monthly* and stopped the press, that perhaps the next day his mother would have a longer errand between the 2- and 5-cent zone-circles he had drawn with compasses around 49 Barclay Street on the wall-map of Preston and then he'd have a genuine canceled 5-cent *ultramarine* too.

So overjoyed with all this anticipation that silence was no longer possible, Andrew burst ear-splittingly into *When the Foeman Bares His Steel—Tarantara! Tarantara!* as he lifted the form from the press to the stone, washed it, and unlocked the quoins. The form to which he transferred the chase was a small one, for he hadn't had the patience to set up the new stamp more than twice, and besides, since the stamp consisted mostly of the big figures in that same 36-point Gothic Bold Condensed (with 8-point FABERIA above and CENT OR CENTS below), there weren't enough figures to do more than two, and besides, if they were printed only in pairs he could put in small letters underneath in the Faberia catalogue:

a. Block of four $1000.00 $1000.00

—which would be nutsy and tricky. With little industrious face bent intently over the form, he was wondering if he could permit himself to let one ultramarine sheet slip in among the 2-cent carmine ones so he could also have:

b. *ultramarine* (error) $10.00 $10.00

—when his mother entered from the kitchen the small sunny room where he was working.

"Andy. I'm going out now to meet Father for the afternoon, and I have something important to tell you before I go."

"Yup."

"Before you go to play baseball, don't forget to fill Jacksonville's pan quite full of water. It's awfully hot, and the water evaporates fast. Don't forget: he's your responsibility, you know."

"Yup."

"And maybe you'd better move him into the shade under the grapevine where it's a little cooler."

"Yup."

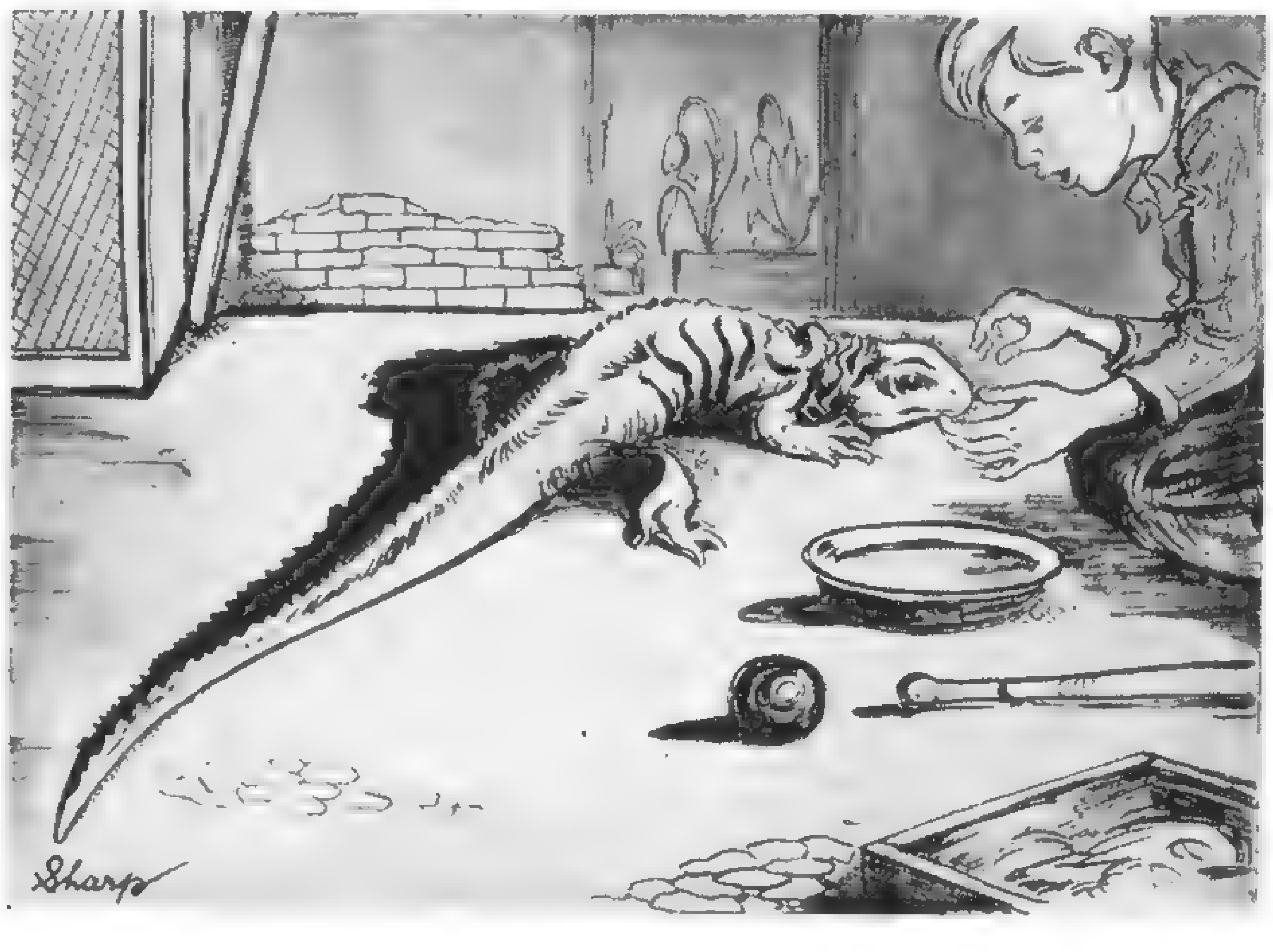
"Don't forget."

"Nope."

"Mind now."

"Yup."

On the one hand, Andy argued with himself, planing and locking up the new form, it was swell to have rarities, but on the other, it was the sign of a bad printer to make such a mistake. Besides, he was not only the printer but the postmaster as well, and he wouldn't be a good one if he didn't notice the error when he sold the stamp. It was a very complicated problem, and his eleven-year-old brow wrinkled in perplexity as he dropped the form into its bed.



The form being so much smaller than the last, it proofed with a terrible thump that stopped Andrew's breath for fear the letters were damaged. But they were not, and so wholly up to the nutsiest expectation was the proof that

Continued on page 160

The Mystery of the Heart

No one can explain the miracle of the heart which makes Abd-el-Khadek the most powerful sheik of Chebka

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

▪ ARTICLE ▪

SHEIK Abd-el-Khadek!

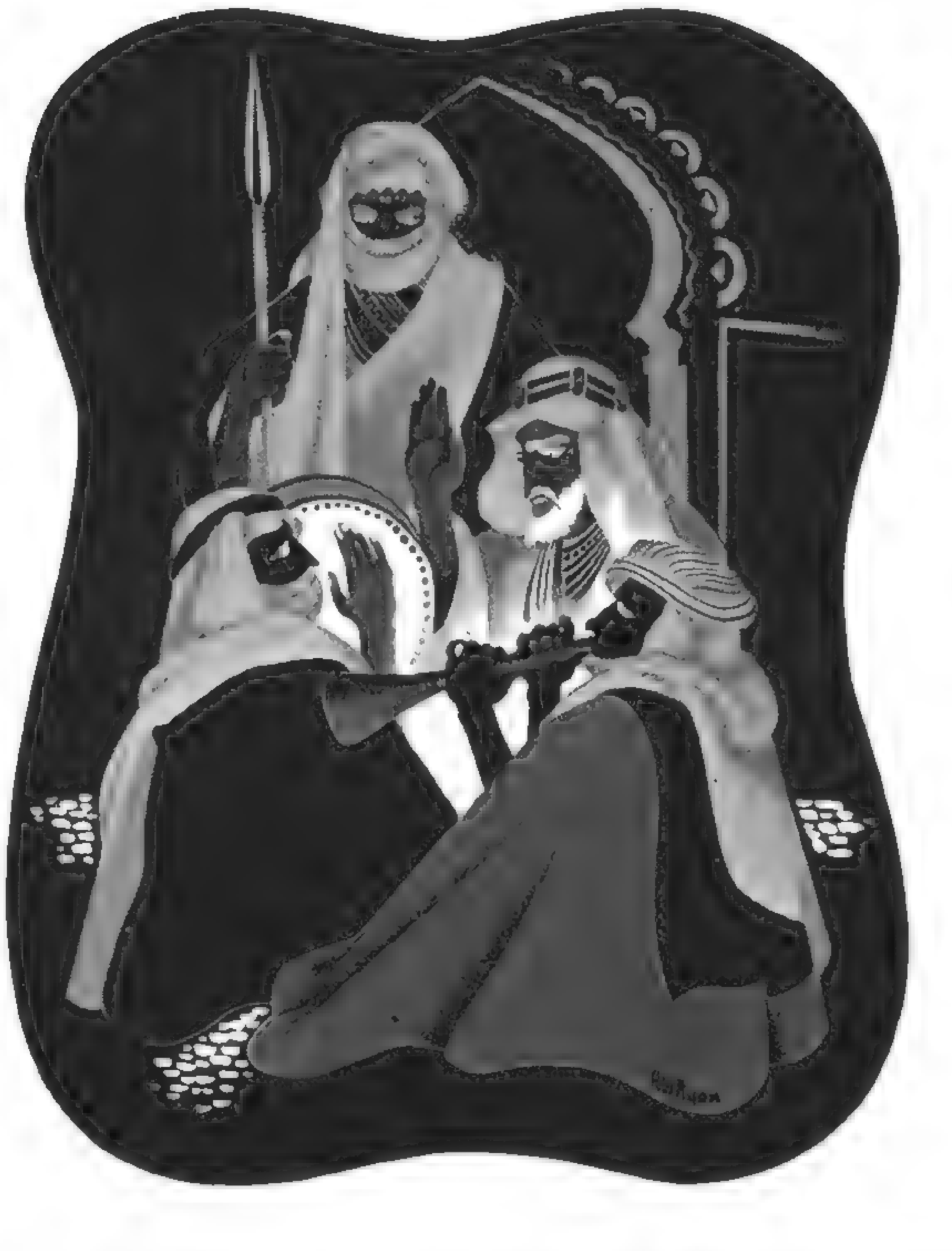
Even today from time to time, he returns to visit us, my three companions and I, just as Mohammed-bey-Mahmud warned us he would, a few years ago. So far as I am concerned, it matters not at all whether I am here in New York or in the heart of the equatorial forest—a thousand or two thousand miles from the Seven Towns of the M'Zab—When the moment comes, Sheik Abd-el-Khadek reaches me.

Each time it happens in exactly the same way. Suddenly, without any premonition, my eyes are bewildered by a dazzling whiteness shimmering under a tropical sun. And far away in the midst of that whiteness and that sun, two black points which hold me fascinated! Slowly they approach me, and a face takes shape around them; a narrow, ascetic face, framed in a black triangle by the straight line of the heavy brows and the sparse pointed beard. The two black points resolve themselves into eyes, passionate, grave eyes with nothing of cruelty or evil in their depths; with, on the contrary, an expression of somber sweetness, burning with the flame of wisdom centuries old and filled with mystery. That triangle of face seems to float in the air, so completely the white galabeah that covers the head and drapes the figure merges into the whiteness of the background.

Each time the Sheik approaches so near that his whole form is visible and I can imagine beneath the shrouded galabeah the contour of his sensitive body which seems all finely strung nerves and delicate, aristocratic bones. Then a small feminine hand clutches my arm painfully, just as I am raising it to wipe away the sweat from my brow. A cry, a piercing, pitiful cry, sounds in my ear, and abruptly I awaken.

I say "awaken" for want of a more exact term with which to say that the whiteness and the sun, the feminine hand and the cry suddenly vanish. But how can I affirm that it is a dream or a vision, or who knows what mysterious presence, when the triangular face continues for some minutes to float in the darkness of my room or my tent, alive, embodied flesh and bone, just as I saw it that day in the fantastic atmosphere of the market at Ghardaia?

My three friends and I have long since renounced any hope of classifying this phenomena as hypnotism, telepathy or transcendental communication. More especially so, since we twice, through an investigation, had the proof each time the thing happened, just as Mohammed-bey-Mahmud had foretold, Sheik Abd-el-Khadek had again accomplished the "miracle of the heart," that mysterious ceremony which has made him the holiest, the wisest and the most powerful sheik of the desolate Chebka.



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It is quite simple for me to tell of that ceremony today, for it is still living before me in every slightest detail. More difficult, perhaps impossible, is the task of attempting to reconstruct for the reader the atmosphere and the background of that barbaric market as it was and as it made of this scene one of the weirdest mysteries of my life.

Let us try to forget completely Algeria as the member of a cruise will see it: Algiers, Constantine, Orano, beautiful towns whose bright modern sections give picturesque contrast to the stony jewels of their Kasbah, the native quarters. Let us leave also that infinite variety of strange natural beauty encountered by the more enterprising tourists who want to see a little of the interior: the cork-oak forest of Yakouren; the fairy-like cliffs of Djidjelli; the snowy summits of the Djurjuras; the half-petrified cascade of Hamma-Meskoutine; Abiod, with its semi-subterranean oasis, and the M'chouneche's burnt gold gorges flaming under the sun.

These and a hundred other marvels are too well known to speak of in detail. I mention them only because they provide a sort of spiritual preparation. The most absurd contrasts, the most bizarre curiosities, follow each other so unexpectedly that one soon forgets where he is; feels thousands of miles from the Mediterranean and his normal world.

And when, having left Tuggurt, one suddenly faces the Sahara Desert, before that ocean of sand billows fantastically tinted in saffron, in rose, in azure and green, he feels he has wandered into an illogical, unreal world, remote from any preconceived idea, where nothing is so possible as the impossible.

This, at least, was the state of mind of myself and my three friends, Major Jaslini, Dr. Calderani and his pretty young wife, as we slowly followed Mohammed-bey-Mahmud up the labyrinth of passages and corridors of those unique towns, surmounted by one central minaret which crowns the conical, symmetrical top of one of the seven hills rising from the desolate stony Chebka, lost among the majestic dunes of the Sahara as an island among the waves of the sea. Until a few years ago, little was heard of the Seven Towns, the secret dominion of the puritans of Islam, and no one believed in their existence. Now, the white forms of heavily veiled women disappearing like phantoms at our approach, and the hard eyes of the few men seated in the shade staring at us without a gesture of salutation, reminded us that although we were but five hundred miles south of the Grand Hotels of Algiers, we were in a completely different world where European penetration has just begun to scratch the surface of the savage customs of the corsair and to smooth the most excessive Moslem fanaticism.

But Mohammed-bey-Mahmud, old friend of ours, preceded us and offset the hostile atmosphere with the feeling of protection and safety he gave us. Often some of those sinister figures would approach him, and we then had to stop for the unending exchange of salaams, beginning and ending with a kiss for the hand that had twice touched the Black Stone Ka'ba, near the place where the Prophet was born. Then the slow climbing began again between the white cubes of houses seemingly piled one on the top of the other, up toward the dazzling white silhouette of the minaret cut out boldly against the vivid blue of the sky.

When finally we emerged into the place of the market, just at the foot of the fortress-like mosque, we found it so filled with burnoose-clad figures with hard, stern faces that stared at us with ill-concealed hostility that little Mrs. Calderani grew pale.

"Let us go back," she begged, in an accent of fear that seemed to me out of all proportion.

The Doctor, a passionate as well as sceptical scientist, could never have been induced

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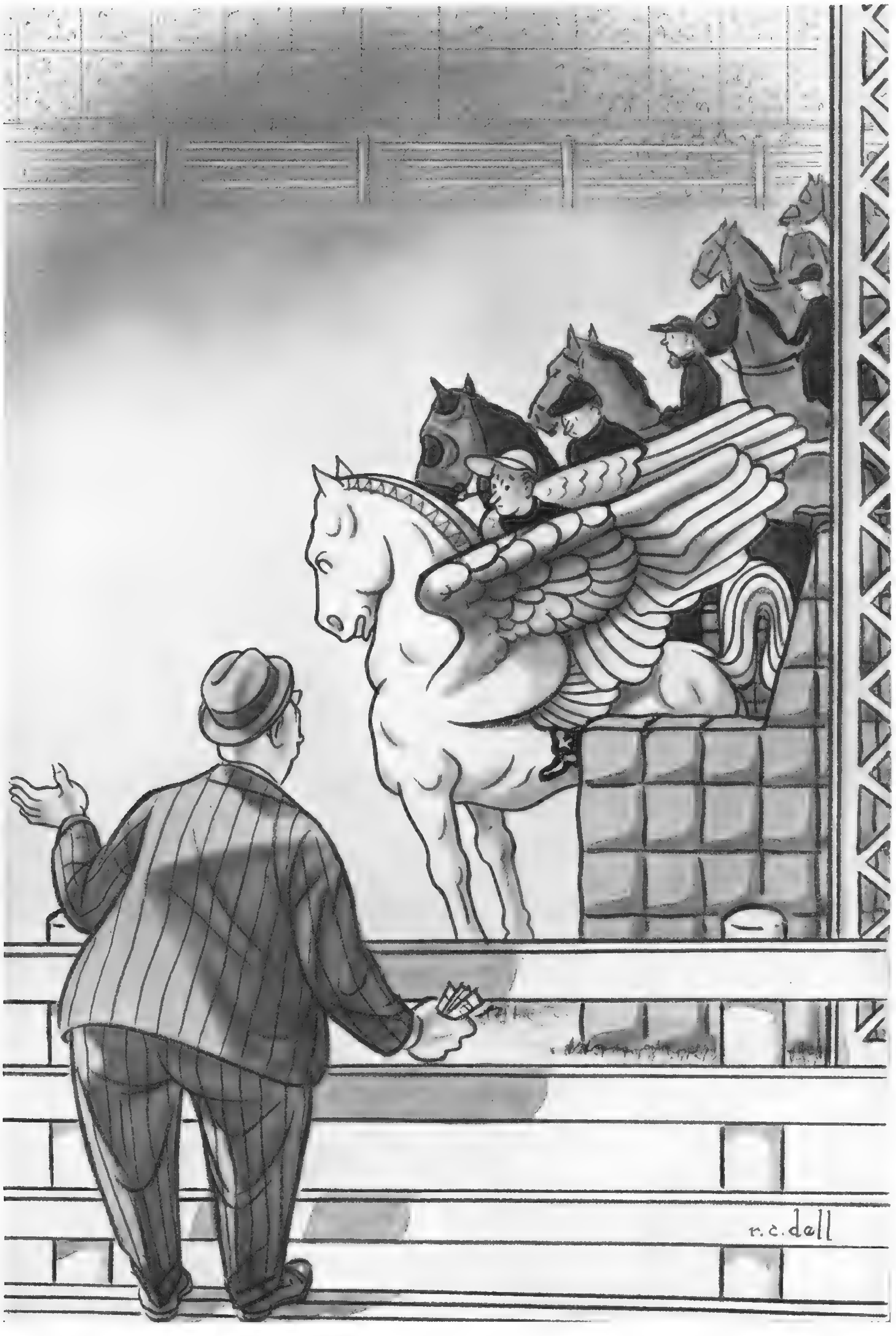

"Never mind where I got him—I'm telling you we can't lose!"

The Best Pictures of Last Tuesday

The sound effects were pretty crude a few years ago but those old-timers had good honest-to-God entertainment

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

The best pictures of last Tuesday were not the best pictures of last month or of this year. They were *Hell's Angels*, produced in 1930, and *Scarface*, of the crop of 1932. A whole generation of moviegoers has never heard their names; to others they are dim classics, like the works of Dickens or William Dean Howells; the bright, hard, shining star which shot across the sky in the first is dead; the star of the second has achieved an odd kind of immortality while he is conspicuously and happily among those present. A neighborhood movie house had the good idea of putting these two films on a double bill (with initialed silverware as the come-on) and drew moderate houses for the first of a two-day run. Checking over all the programs of current films in New York on that night, I found not one which came anywhere near these revivals in solid entertainment. To my dismay I also found out something about the movies which made me doubt all my judgments of the past year or so. Because I have praised a lot of movies in that time and have thought of the pictures as moving steadily and decently forward—and these two old-timers made monkeys out of all but a spare handful of pictures produced in the long years since they were put into the cans. Very slowly something has been played down in pictures, something has gradually diminished and weakened, until now—although you aren't aware of it—the thing is almost gone. And it is an essential thing. You might call it heart—or guts if you prefer. It's the tough-fibered and hard and living core from which a good movie gets its character and its life.

I walked into the middle of *Hell's Angels*, remembering about it only that it was an aviation picture, set in the time of the World War, and that Jean Harlow was in it. And the first scene I took in was a honey for the Boy Scouts: our side had captured a German plane and would two nice boys volunteer to take her up tomorrow and bomb the big German munitions depot (pronounced "deppo," if you please) because our brigade was going over the top and if the Boche had shells and things some forty miles in the background, our boys would be wiped out. And didn't our heroes smartly push their way through the ranks of assembled pilots (who weren't exactly hanging back, dear brave boys, but on the other hand weren't any too impulsive about raising their hands and saying, "Me! Me! Let me!")? Our heroes were brothers, too, and it was on the line that one would sacrifice himself for the other. You can write the scenario blindfolded—and that would be the best way to see it on the screen, too.

And what actually happens? The boys go off for a few final drinks and Big Brother finds his fiancée (Miss Jean Harlow, looking remarkably tough and playing pretty drunk) fondling an officer behind a drawn curtain, and it is clear to any novice at the pictures that the officer is really a spy and our little girl is getting secrets out of him. But this was a 1930 picture. The officer is actually a good guy who likes to rumple attractive girls' blouses and our heroine says, within the confines of speech allowed by the censors, but with gesture and expression which leave no doubt as to her meaning, that she is good and goddamned tired of Big Brother's stuffy love-making and of his devotion to duty and would he please leave her alone as she's expecting to have a pretty good time with the officer whose hands are unruly. So both the brothers take to drinking and by this time you feel pretty sure that Miss Harlow has been cast as a villainess and will get hers in the end—but you're wrong again because that's the last you see of her and your romantic mind can do what it likes. One brother gets so befuddled with liquor that he is halfway up the stairway with a little tart when the other intervenes—and then there must have been a cut in the print because the next thing you know, the brothers are taking off for their bombing and accomplish their errand and are attacked by Richthofen's circus and virtually annihilate the German flying corps and are brought down prisoners.

Here they are offered their lives if they will tell where the attack is to come and Little Brother is all for telling, so Big Brother manages to get hold of a revolver and shoots Little Brother dead and then goes out and faces the firing squad and if you think the Marines arrive for a last-minute rescue, you're crazy. Big Brother is dead and that's how the picture ends. So I sat through to see the beginning and there were the phoniest shots of gay life on the Continent and a scene of carousal at Oxford of which even the producers seemed to be ashamed because they threw in a caption saying that the boys were Americans and celebrated "in the American fashion" (a low canard). And the first time Miss Harlow appeared was when one showed the other a snapshot, chiefly of her protruding posterior. And Big Brother was a stuffed shirt and Little Brother was a sneak and a coward—and you took them or left them, but there wasn't a single sentimental trace of regeneration through sacrifice or any guff whatever.

The plot was silly; the language utterly preposterous. But when casual men and women embraced for a mere kiss they put the sexual passion on the screen. The unhappy heroes were not handsome, one being a little fat and the other a little foolish, but they had human traits. And when they came to killing a few people in the air, they filled the screen with horror of sight and sound, so that it wasn't pretty at all.

You may remember that *Hell's Angels* was begun and nearly finished in the silent days and then was hurriedly remade, so that it was not exactly a pioneer, but an early talking picture; it was the plaything of one Howard Hughes, millionaire oil man and aviator, who is credited with the direction, James Whale assisting on the dialogue. Marshall Neilan and Joseph Moncure March (of *The Wild Party*) wrote the story and the dialogue. Howard Estabrook and Harry Behn wrote the scenario. List their names for the book.

Scarface came after two years more of experimenting with talk and was one of the great trio of gangster pictures (*Public Enemy* with Cagney and *Little Caesar* with Robinson were the others). Its author was Ben Hecht, and W. R. Burnett worked on the scenario. Their names go into the book, too, although the plot and the dialogue, while not silly, aren't too bright. The director was Howard Hawks and with Paul Muni played Osgood Perkins (not the best thing he did, but what vitality he always projected!), George Raft, Boris Karloff, Tully Marshall, and Karen Morley and Ann Dvorak as two sirens, sacred and profane, in reverse order. The photography (by the excellent Lee Garmes) was miles ahead of that of *Hell's Angels* and the camera was not so stickily centered on whoever happened to be speaking at the moment; it was returning to the mobility of the silent days. The sound wasn't wonderful; in moments of hysteria you got piping and shrill voices which brought catcalls from the bad boys in the audience. There was a kind of looseness about the picture as a whole. Whenever the director got tired of a scene, he just picked up his things and went into another one; the holes in the plot were wide and handsome. The moment on which the climax turns is an example: Scarface not only deposes his

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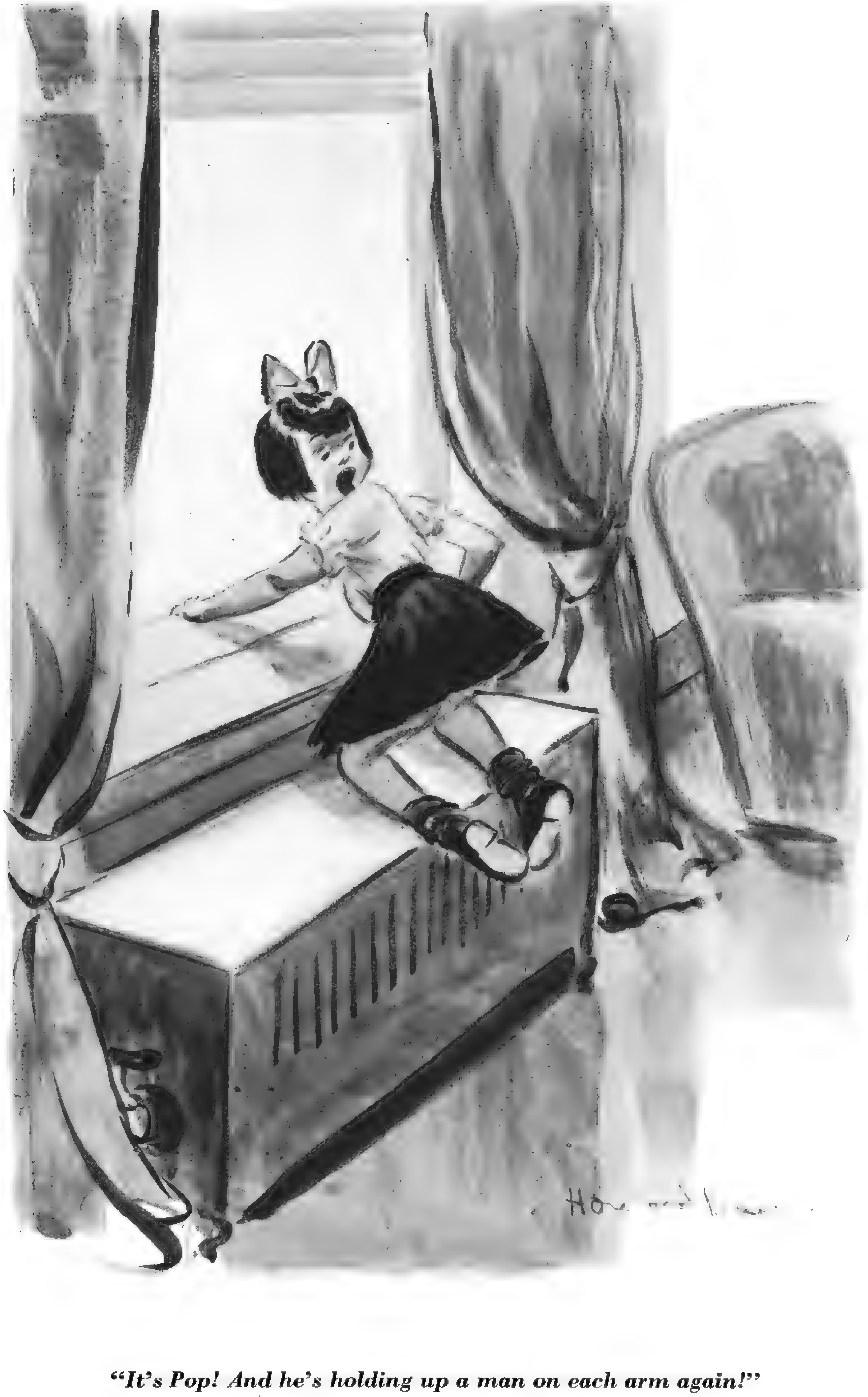


"It's Pop! And he's holding up a man on each arm again!"

New Faces, Quack Style

Throwing your money away isn't the worst of it—you may be disfigured so the best doctor can't help you

by JOSEPH URKOV, M. D.

▪ ARTICLE ▪

SHE was scared.

"Doctor, I want to know if *you* can do anything—"

She was twenty, I guessed, and something any man would have looked at twice.

The nurse removed the bandages from her breasts. Her bust had been a little large. "I can fix that," a quack had told her glibly. Believing him implicitly, she had let him plunge his knife into her.

As part of his "beautification" process he removed the nipples and planted them higher. Now skin-grafts, to succeed, must be done with great skill and knowledge, and the quack obviously had precious little of either. The nipples as moved received no blood supply. And when the girl went to the quack for her last visit, he looked at the rapidly blackening nipples, shrugged, and said coldly there was nothing he could do.

Nor could anybody help. The nipples had starved to death. Eventually they fell off.

This girl expected to marry and have children. Moreover, no one could be quite sure that the quack's careless knife had not caused a fat globule to enter her blood stream, an embolus that in some sudden future moment might act as fatally as a bullet.

The quack who did this job called himself a plastic surgeon. In recent years, more and more, you have been hearing things like this:

If you don't like your face (or figure), get a new one. Plastic surgery is the modern miracle. Make your eyes bigger. Give you Cupid's bow lips. Put the cutest little dimple in your cheek.

That's face racket talk. During the War, plastic surgeons remade many shot-off faces, and the racket fringe of practitioners has been on the make ever since.

Once, writhing inside because I could not interfere, I saw a "surgeon" cut a tattoo mark from a woman's forearm. Instead of removing the skin completely and replacing it with skin from some other part of her body, he covered the wound by stretching the surrounding skin.

Look at your own forearm and you will see how little loose skin there is, compared, say, with your stomach. The result was a scar which looked worse than the tattooing, and a permanent binding of the muscles so the woman could not use her fingers freely. Asked why he did it that way, the quack said bluntly: "She only had thirty dollars."

A case quite as horrible as the transplanted nipples was that of a young woman who wanted to become an artist's model. A quack told her he could make her bust smaller. When I saw the final result, one of her breasts was shrunken, the other enlarged.

Into my office one day slunk a man whose face was fearfully shrivelled. He looked as if he had been in an automobile accident. He had been: quacks had taken him for a ride.

"Do you know what's the matter with me?" he asked.

"I think I do," I said.

"Can you do anything for me?"

"It's too late."

He had suffered from a heavy beard. He read it could be fixed. Painlessly, of course. A quack seated this wretch in front of an imposing machine. Time after time he had him come back, and when the quack said he was through, the skin of the man's face was dead. X-rays wantonly used had burned the life out of it. The after-effects did not appear for nearly a year; the quacks had his fee and the patient had no recourse.

I estimate that there are at least one thousand quacks in the plastic surgery "game" in the United States today, as against probably not more than one hundred ethical plastic surgeons who can be relied on to tell the truth, refuse cases that should be refused, and give competent treatments when indicated.

Long is the trail of trouble that quacks leave. There was a magician who performed before dozens of crowned and millions of felt-hat heads. When comparatively young he decided to fix up his face. Unfortunately he believed another kind of magician.

"These hollows," said the patient.

"Easy!" said the quack.

And out came his magic syringe. Before the War it was common practice to pump paraffin prodigiously into people's faces. Without a syringe the quack would still be in a sorry fix. Paraffin is seldom used now; but the beeswax, vaseline, and animal fats, particularly wool fat or lanolin, that they do use, act in practically the same way.

The magician was loaded with paraffin. I did not see him immediately afterwards, but I imagine he looked better. For a while. But his sad days were coming.

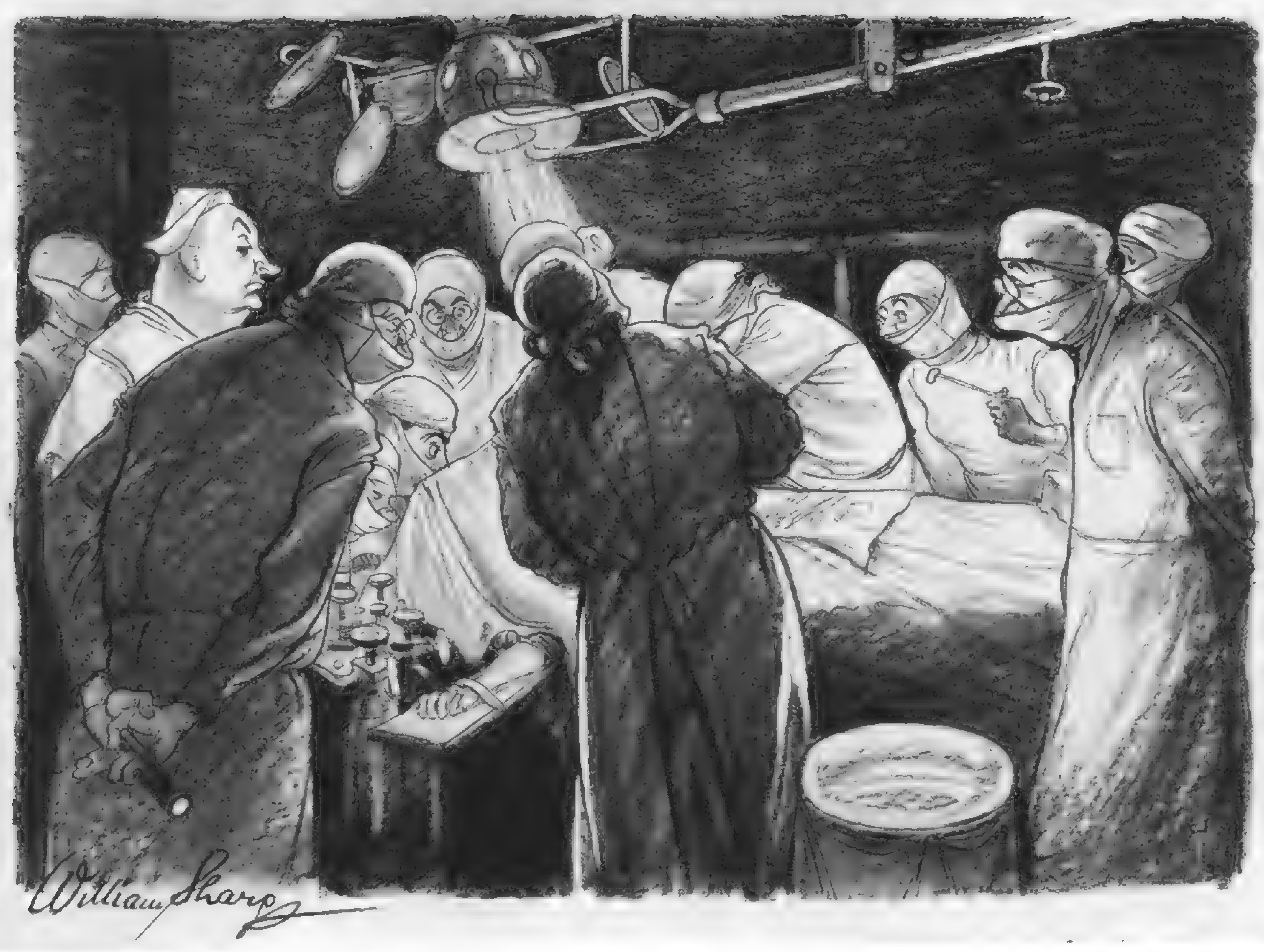
When I first saw him there were lumps around his jowls and he looked like a permanent case of the mumps. Nature, rebelling at the foreign stuff the quack had pumped in, walled it off; and finally, when it got too bothersome, she pushed it out of the way and it started to travel. *Paraffinomata* is the technical name for the irritated skin and allied troubles caused by paraffin injections; tissues tend to become inflamed and break down, and are generally in a poor state of nutrition. Since the paraffin (or other foreign substance) won't stay put, not only is the purpose of the injection defeated, but the patient looks worse than ever. The ethical surgeon never uses any foreign substance in a permanent job of corrective or rehabilitative surgery. He depends entirely on anatomical structures from the patient's or a donor's body.

Could anything be done for the magician? Fortunately, yes. But the relief was temporary.

The paraffin could not be removed. We would never have gotten it all; and there would have been the scars. The magician had to be satisfied with a face lift.

Face lifts are popularly thought to be the youth hunter's sure quick road to Utopia. Quacks encourage the notion and will do the job for anyone past forty with a wrinkle, a double chin, and ready cash. Ethical surgeons advise a face lift only under unquestionably justifying conditions. Perhaps everyone knows what the operation amounts to: you make a cut over the temple and in front of the ears (back of the ears too, if it's also a neck lift), free the skin from underlying tissues, cut off as much skin as necessary, draw the balance together. The deeper muscles are not cut. If they are, Lord help the patient!—he will finish his life wearing a fixed stare.

The immediate effect of a successful face lift is that coveted facial firmness. But several



LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

things can happen, some of them usually do. If the lift is tight the stitches may cut through. If the lift is moderate the face will sag again in a few months. This much is positive: no face lift gives a permanent effect.

I gave the magician a face lift to counteract the sagging caused by the migrations of the paraffin. As long as the skin structure was firmly molded to his face, his appearance was good. As soon as the skin relaxed, due to age and facial activity, it became necessary to operate again.

Some will say, why not massage? That's a subject which lies in the twilight zone between quackdom and hooey. "Facials," as the ladies call them, are easy to take and something to do. Mostly they are harmless. They can give the face an appearance of freshness for a matter of hours, due to the local stimulation of blood circulation. But they cannot iron out wrinkles nor make an old skin youthful. The skin is tragically like a pair of suspenders: we can stretch new suspenders and they snap back every time, but when they lose their elasticity nothing can restore it. Precisely so with the skin.

After the magician had emotionalized on the stage for some months, his skin would stretch and not snap back, and the peripatetic paraffin would cause it to sag in new places. I operated on him five times, at two-year intervals, to keep him looking in fairly good shape.

One definite medical justification for a face lift is a one-sided facial paralysis in which the affected side droops noticeably. There is borderline justification for a face lift when for professional reasons a person (actor, actress, duchess, etc.) must keep looking young. A good skin lift sometimes makes a woman look ten or fifteen years younger, but to continue the effect she must have the operation repeated every two or three years —and she must go to a hospital—and it is not painless—and it leaves scars that can never be erased entirely. Face lifting in short, is not an open sesame to lost youth, nor a minor bit of surgery to be undertaken lightly on a whim of vanity. I have seen serious consequences.

A woman who had been married and lived in luxury for years, found it necessary to earn her living. Taking a job as a demonstrator of cosmetics, she became face-conscious and thought she needed a face lift; a quack thought so too. He performed the operation; and soon she was approaching a complete mental breakdown.

"I feel water dripping in my face," she said. "I can't move my jaws freely" (actually, she could).

She talked forever about her operation. Her eyes had a queer drawn stare.

The real difficulty was that she had reached the change-of-life period, and natural disturbances of that period were seriously complicated when she had a face lift and expected a result she did not get. Restorative treatments included removal of the inflamed scar tissues left by the amateurish face lift, but principally they relied on the use of a glandular substance to tide her over the difficult period. In less than a year her mental symptoms disappeared. She looked younger because her real trouble had been treated. She might have been permanently deranged, by that face lift.

Many things that a quack undertakes are fine if done right, perfectly rotten if done wrong. The quack favors mass production. A hump nose out of all proportion with other facial features, can be a sufficient deformity to warrant an operation. Competent surgeons work through the nostrils, removing some of the bone and cartilage, and not breaking the surface skin at all. The quack, however, cares very little about anatomical proportions or the possibility of scars. The easiest way is to lay the skin open and chisel away at bone and cartilage, and that's what he does. All his hump-corrected noses advertise themselves with a scar.

A saddle nose (dished-in; a hump in reverse) is the quack's special delight. He gets out his syringe and pumps away. Paraffin, beeswax, wool fat. Anything to fill up the depression. He makes no examination to find out why the nose is like that: a fact that may have everything to do with the possibility of permanent improvement. Some saddle noses are syphilitic. The ethical surgeon makes a blood test, and if the test shows germs, he may insert in the patient's nose tentatively a piece of vegetable ivory in order to see what Nature has to say about it. If she does not push it out within a year, the surgeon knows he may expect a permanent result. He then borrows some cartilage from the patient's ear, if the defect is small, or from the fused sixth, seventh and eighth ribs if the defect is large, and transplants it to the nose. Nature receives her own tissues very kindly if moved from one place to another with knowledge.

Eyes are a rich field for the plastic quackster. A favorite stunt is to sell the patient the idea of having her eyes made larger. Then, how the men would fall for her!

Eyes, of course, can't be made larger. What

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Hints to those promotors who talk about an American Salzburg and a few passing raps at park concerts

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

It's significant that promoters from Santa Barbara to Westport are ranting about an "American Salzburg." Significant, not only because they are conscious at last of the need of a homemade rendezvous for musical pilgrims but also because it emphasizes the fame which Salzburg attained among music centers. Obviously, Salzburg cannot be transplanted here, yet to give the notion of an American music shrine, its name must be used.

Well, we might as well salvage the name out of it. Our citizens put it on the map and paid its bills. A few English were there, a half-dozen Italians and French, and one or two Germans, but seventy-five per cent of the cash spent was out of dollar accounts. It's annoying—when you think of it—that an American organization donated and collected money to rebuild the Salzburg *Festspielhaus*, and not a soul has the guts to start a place like it here. With all our organizing ability and our much-billed talent for ballyhoo, we haven't a single festival of international consequence.

It's not that we don't make music in summer as well as in winter. It is simply that thus far we have not gathered together in a suitable climate a half-dozen first-rate talents—Arturo Toscanini, Bruno Walter, Wilhelm Furtwaengler, Max Reinhardt, and Herbert Graf all worked in Salzburg last summer—and provided them with adequate material and exceptional resources. We have not concentrated on the production of notable, seldom-heard masterpieces.

The backers of our music festivals have not as yet displayed a conscience. They are still concerned with birth pains and paying the midwife. Without a pang of remorse, they encourage and cajole artists to commit unjustifiable abortions. They talk of big names without the slightest knowledge of the conditions under which big names must work. They support only festivals which can be put over without effort and, consequently, have no point. They do not understand that there may be perfection in the conditions surrounding a performance as well as in the performance itself.

They are nitwits without one-tenth the organizing ability of the much-belabored, sentimental Austrians. They fail to grasp the obvious fact that a superlative festival ballyhoos itself and, in the long run, not only is self-supporting but profitable to its entrepreneurs, to transportation and hotel companies, to business in general. They stand by while France and England get the jump on them. They seem incapable of realizing that if fanatics paid ten bucks (fifty to scalpers) and one grand to get to Salzburg to hear Toscanini conduct an opera, they will pay half as much to hear him in Valhalla, New York, or Walla Walla, Washington.

I was not one to claim extravagant things for Salzburg. Yet I cannot honestly say we have a comparable festival on this continent. Nor have we a shrine in the category of Bayreuth. In saying this, I am not comparing atmosphere, tradition, or those imponderables engendered by the ghost of Wagner and the cradle of Mozart. Fact is: We do not select an unusual repertoire, assemble an extraordinary cast of singers, bring together the best elements of several orchestras (or take one of our own intact, since most of them are good enough for any purpose), and rehearse the ensemble for a month under conditions which are not possible in winter. If we did, music lovers would have cause to be festive.

* * *

Every spring from force of habit well-intentioned citizens come together in gymnasiums at Evanston, Ann Arbor, White Plains, and a half-dozen other towns, and go through exercises which they are pleased to describe as music-festivals. The scraps of Glazounoff, Ponchielli, and Gounod heard on these occasions may at one time have seemed like the tonal art's most imposing manifestations. There can be no such excuse for them today. So-called festival programs contain everything from Gregorian chants to *Yankee Doodle*, with an overture here, a suite or an operatic air there, a ballad and an instrumental solo crowded in between. The composers on the final Evanston Festival concert last May were (in order performed): Wagner, Charpentier, Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Dohnányi, Verdi, Noelte, Gounod, Paganini, Gounod, Elgar. A musical picnic, but scarcely a festival!

The atmosphere, too, was that of a picnic. Miscellaneous programs featuring star soloists attract vast crowds with no musical taste . . . good-natured hordes who learn to distinguish between Richard Crooks and Giovanni Martinelli but not between a Bach chorale and a Rossini cavatina. Every piece of music is the same to them and they don't give a damn why it is performed . . . or how.

During the summer our orchestras busily perform their more popular repertoire. In Boston's Symphony Hall, the Berkshire's *Tanglewood*, New York's Lewisohn Stadium, Philadelphia's Robin Hood Dell, Washington's Water Gate, on the grounds of the Silver Mine Guild in Connecticut, Chicago's Ravinia Park, and Hollywood's Bowl, slightly reduced symphonies play from two to eight weeks under such conductors as can be persuaded to make the compromises. At these concerts a large and growing public, more democratic, more genuine and spontaneous than the snobs who frequent operas and concerts during the winter season, knocks down the gates. It is intolerable that these concerts therefore, are not up to winter quality.

Where, anyway, did the idea come from that the thermometer should be the arbiter of musical standards? Is mediocrity to be endured merely because the weather is warm? Are four rehearsals sufficient for seven programs a week in the Stadium when four are given to a single program in Carnegie Hall?

"Yes, but . . ." I can hear the committee ladies saying, "We must keep the concerts going. . . . Rehearsals cost money . . . and the men need the work we give them. . . ."

If summer orchestra concerts are merely to keep musicians off the bread line, then, for God's sake, let's give them the money outright. It's impossible to be humanitarian and artistic at the same time.

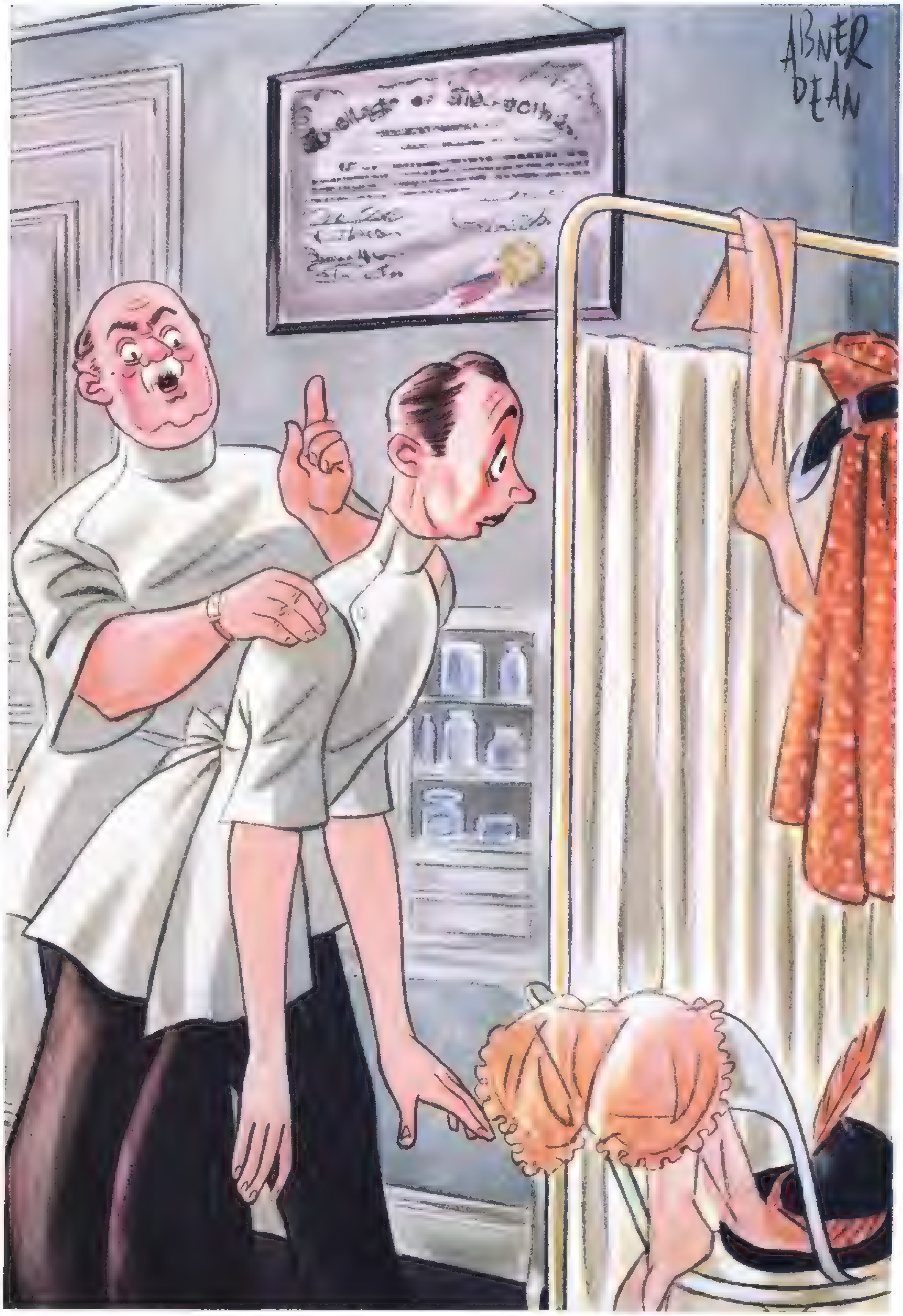
Those who chant *Something is better than nothing* irritate me. Perhaps, in our great-grandchildren's time, conditions will improve. In the meantime, must we continue kidding ourselves that there are two standards of performance, one for July, the other for December?

No question about it, the curse of summer music making is the screwy fallacy that in dog days people don't care what kind of performances they hear . . . that, because it is out-of-doors, a noise like the beating of dishpans and the rattling of bones and skulls will get by.

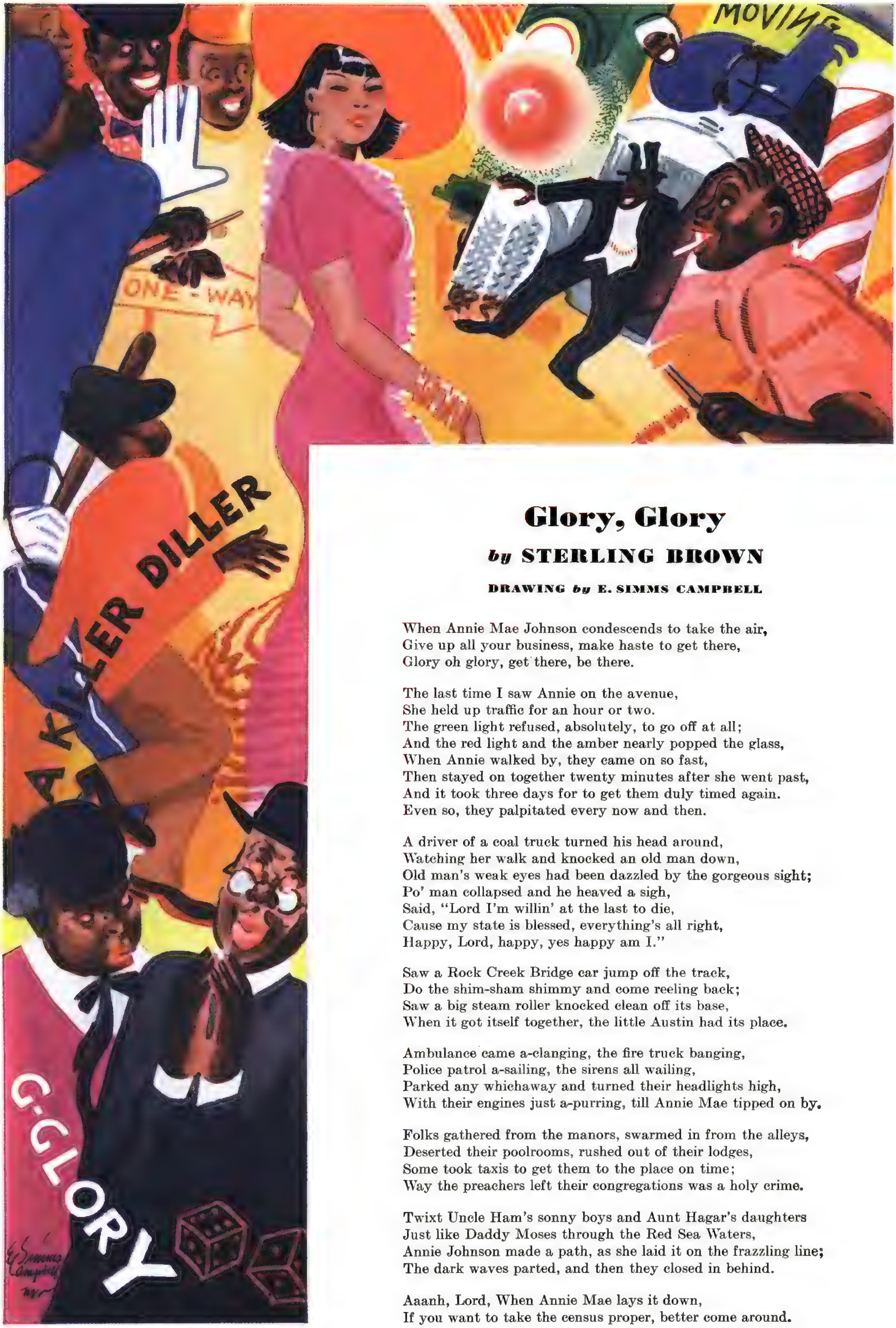
* * *

The big carnival-concerts, of course, make no pretense of being festivals. James C. Petrillo of the Chicago Federation of Musicians informs me that by Labor Day sixty-nine mammoth outdoor concerts will have been given in Grant Park with seventy-five players on hand for each concert and Edith Mason, Rosa Raisa, Gladys Swarthout, Tito Schipa, Walter Gieseking, Rubinoff and his Violin, Maurice Rosenthal, and Efrem Zimbalist among the soloists. In outlying parks thirty-three concerts will be played by fifty-

Continued in center of page 99



"Come! Come!—You must regard her simply as a machine that must be repaired"



Glory, Glory

by STERLING BROWN

DRAWING *by* E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

When Annie Mae Johnson condescends to take the air,
Give up all your business, make haste to get there,
Glory oh glory, get there, be there.

The last time I saw Annie on the avenue,
She held up traffic for an hour or two.
The green light refused, absolutely, to go off at all;
And the red light and the amber nearly popped the glass,
When Annie walked by, they came on so fast,
Then stayed on together twenty minutes after she went past,
And it took three days for to get them duly timed again.
Even so, they palpitated every now and then.

A driver of a coal truck turned his head around,
Watching her walk and knocked an old man down,
Old man's weak eyes had been dazzled by the gorgeous sight;
Po' man collapsed and he heaved a sigh,
Said, "Lord I'm willin' at the last to die,
Cause my state is blessed, everything's all right,
Happy, Lord, happy, yes happy am I."

Saw a Rock Creek Bridge car jump off the track,
Do the shim-sham shimmy and come reeling back;
Saw a big steam roller knocked clean off its base,
When it got itself together, the little Austin had its place.

Ambulance came a-clanging, the fire truck banging,
Police patrol a-sailing, the sirens all wailing,
Parked any whichaway and turned their headlights high,
With their engines just a-purring, till Annie Mae tipped on by.

Folks gathered from the manors, swarmed in from the alleys,
Deserted their poolrooms, rushed out of their lodges,
Some took taxis to get them to the place on time;
Way the preachers left their congregations was a holy crime.

Twixt Uncle Ham's sonny boys and Aunt Hagar's daughters
Just like Daddy Moses through the Red Sea Waters,
Annie Johnson made a path, as she laid it on the frazzling line;
The dark waves parted, and then they closed in behind.

Aaanh, Lord, When Annie Mae lays it down,
If you want to take the census proper, better come around.

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Suggesting good plays the Theatre Guild might have used, instead of the five banana peels now extant

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

HEREWITH, a critical calendar, or clinical diary, or chronological outline, of the theatrical season of 1937-38, recently concluded:

Virginia (*Stallings, Davis and Schwartz*)—The Rockefellers waste $200,000 trying to open the season with a musical history of early American Revolutionary days. A $150 Punch and Judy vaudeville act, incorporated into the Revolution, stole the show.

Blow, Ye Winds (*Davies*)—A female Ph.D., and a six-footer to boot, achieves a sexual yen for a young sailor, the audience being asked to accept it all as wistful romance.

George and Margaret (*Savory*)—Imported English comedy. The comedy went this way: "What's the new maid's name?" "It's—(*Laughing*) oh, I shall pass out in a minute. It's Beer!" (*All rock with laughter.*)

The Lady Has A Heart (*Bus-Fekete*)—The very beautiful young daughter of a rich and aristocratic family falls in love with the household butler who thereupon, like a damphool, begins talking a lot about the difference in social positions, etc.

On Location (*Wiley*)—An empyreumatic turkey about a movie director shooting scenes in the woods and a poor little wildflower in Madison Avenue riding breeches. Seven people were reported to have remained in their seats for the second act.

French Without Tears (*Rattigan*)—Imported English comedy. The comedy went this way: "Women are built that way. You've just got to take them or leave them. I'll take them." "I'll take vanilla." Usher, quick please, where's the washroom?

The Star-Wagon (*Anderson*)—A henpecked old man invents a Time Machine that carries him back thirty years and that also carries Maxwell Anderson back to the sugar-teat drama of the same period.

Katie Roche (*Deevy*)—Our beloved critical sidekick, Richard Watts, wrote of it that it was "an unsuccessful attempt to adopt the Chekhovian method of indirection to a subtle Irish character study and I found it utterly lacking in significance." But, Wattsie, old spitzbub, whatever the method of treatment, how can an Irish or any other character study, if it is, as you admit, subtle, be utterly lacking in significance?

In Clover (*Scott*)—A projected farce in which the actors ran around so much and shouted so loudly that they scared off the storehouse horses until the next night.

To Quito And Back (*Hecht*)—The author did his best to get rid of his Goldwynococcus infection but, for all his brave effort, proved that once the bug gets into your system it takes more than an ardent wish to write reputable drama to get it out. Theatre Guild banana peel No. 1.

Susan And God (*Crothers*)—"There's no woman playwright to compare with Miss Crothers," said John Golden, the producer, in an interview. "Rachel doesn't go into a room with Moss Hart or George Abbott and come out with a play. No, she goes into a room by herself and comes out with a play a year later." In this case it was damned lucky for her she met Gertrude Lawrence on the way out.

Wise Tomorrow (*Powys*)—A dreary little English number about Lesbianism that was hauled off almost immediately after it was put on.

Angel Island (*Angus*)—Somebody murdered a couple of people to the accompaniment of a lot of thunder, lightning and bad playwriting and around eleven o'clock they found out who did it, as if anybody cared.

The Far-off Hills (*Robinson*)—Our beloved critical sidekick, John Mason Brown, wrote: "As everything Lennox Robinson does is done only as entertainment for entertainment's sake, it would no doubt be ungrateful to complain," etc. Done only as entertainment for entertainment's sake? Come, come, Johann! What of his *The Lost Leader?* What of his *Patriots?* What of his *Portrait?* What of his *The Big House?*

Many Mansions (*Goodman père et fils*)—What's wrong with organized religion? asked Goodman *père et fils*. What's wrong with Goodman *père et fils?* retorted the critics.

As You Like It (*Shakespeare*)—The Bard's pastoral comedy directed and acted by an aspiring summer theatre repertory company as if it were the Big Apple.

Amphitryon 38 (*Giraudoux*)—The Lunts make a jolly job of an amusing French boulevard version of the old legend of Jupiter's concupiscence.

Golden Boy (*Odets*)—Odets can write scenes with the best of them but when it comes to a complete dramatic mosaic he still has things to learn. The Group Theatre, however, indicated increased producing prowess.

I'd Rather Be Right (*Kaufman and Hart*)—George M. Cohan grand in a gay travesty of the eminentos of the present national government.

Julius Caesar (*Shakespeare*)—The Mercury Theatre group emphasized the modern implications of the tragedy with Fascist uniforms for such critics and laymen as cannot also perceive them when the play is done in togas.

Young Mr. Disraeli (*Thane*)—An English actor, Derrick De Marney, evidently confused Disraeli with Emlyn Williams but, considering the play, it wouldn't have helped matters very much even if he had confused him with Ed Wynn.

Antony And Cleopatra (*Shakespeare*)—Tallulah simultaneously stung by the asp and the critics. "As Octavius Caesar," qualified our beloved critical sidekick, Brooks Atkinson, "John Emery has the stature of a statesman and warrior." What kind of criticism is that, Brooksie? So, for that matter, had Corse Payton.

Pins And Needles (*Rome, et al*)—The Left boys and girls self-critically laughed their way into the audience's affection. A fresh and original exhibit.

Places, Please! (*Rouverol*)—If you've seen other of Aurania R.'s plays, you know what it was like. Only this one was a little bit worse, if possible.

Too Many Heroes (*Schary*)—Lynching is deplorable, contended the author. So are plays about lynching like *Too Many Heroes*, contended the critics.

Madame Bovary (*Baty and Levy*)—Flaubert converted into a matinée caramel. Theatre Guild banana peel No. 2.

Father Malachy's Miracle (*Doherty*)—Wise and entertaining little satirical play about a Benedictine monk who turns out to be a Biblical Kellar and proves, to the confusion of theological conservatives, that there is a rabbit in every top hat.

Robin Landing (*Young*)—Unsuccessful attempt to maxwellandersonize Kentucky frontier days. Much of the acting was what Underwood puts in cans.

The Bough Breaks (*Millen*)—A three-character exhibit identifiable with the *pièce de résistance* of Thanksgiving Day.

Work Is For Horses (*Myers*)—Combination of the above-mentioned Thanksgiving Day and Underwood attributes.

The Ghost of Yankee Doodle (*Howard*)—Zukorococcus and Zanuckococcus showed their effect on the author. Theatre Guild banana peel No. 3.

Of Mice And Men (*Steinbeck*)—The season's best American play, as duly attested to

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Reading the Riddle of the Mind

Doctors are learning to treat insanity as precisely and directly as they would a sick stomach—with miraculous results

by MARTIN STEVERS

■ ARTICLE ■

TIME—*Anno Domini* 1960; place—the office of Augustus Angus Whitworth, M.D., LL.D., etc., a world-famous mental diagnostician and therapeutist. As the curtain rises, an assistant enters, lays a sheaf of laboratory notes before the specialist. The great man scans them rapidly, then bears down upon the electro-cephalograms.

"H'm, h'm—markedly neurotic about personal popularity; subnormal in logical reasoning for space and quantity relations. Marked diffusion of energy here in the third frontal—yes, that may be making the trouble. We'll run that down more thoroughly. Parker, take directions on this case, number A-1341—"

A fanciful notion, this, that mental specialists may be able to test brains and minds and run down personality troubles with laboratory tests, in place of using conversation, games with building blocks, and the tedious, inspired guesswork of psychoanalysis? If the little scene sketched above is taken as a forecast in detail, the answer is yes; the scene is imaginative moonshine. But if we take it as an illustration in principle only, of what may come from the amazing progress now being made in reading riddles of brain and mind, the scene is by no means overdrawn.

After being baffled for untold ages by the mystery of what makes thought work, present-day workers seem to be uncovering the needed clue at long last. They are commencing to pin down "force of thought" in the laboratory, and test, weigh and measure it. Ways are being found whereby personality quirks, and even the stubborn delusions and derangements of insanity can be dealt with by procedures as definite as those applied to an ailing stomach. And behind these successes stands the greatest achievement of all—winning our first definite glimpses of the *force* which ties brain and intelligence together, and enables physical processes in the body to shape thought in the mind.

This is fundamental—as fundamental as Pasteur's first discoveries which led to the germ theory of disease. Treatments and remedies for mental trouble we have had before; but they were developed by cut-and-try, by attempting this and giving a fling to that, just as our forefathers did when gathering yarbs for tonics in the springtime. Now, if we have really started to win a grip upon the very foundation of it all, science may well expect in time to attack troubles of the mind with as definite a program as medical men use in assailing a germ disease.

What of proof for all this? Well, let us look to proofs! We may start with one of the recent feats in this field. To see it, we visit a cheerful-looking but generally shunned institution out upon a lonely countryside; "State Hospital" is blazoned on the carefully-guarded gate.

A few moments of talking with staff doctors gives us a sense of something strange in their attitude about their work, something that differs markedly from the usual attitude of medical men. They seem awed somehow, yet thrilled, as though seeing a vision; the word "miracle" pops out more than once. One doctor remarks with a sheepish grin, "Not a very professional word, is it? But wait until you see—then give us a better word, if you can!"

So into the wards we go, for a glimpse of the miracle.

First our guide points to three forlorn ghosts, propped up in chairs in a recreation room, and oblivious to everything—mere wisps of men, dead now in their minds and waiting only for the release of physical death. "End products of praecox," our guide remarks tersely. "We tried the new treatment on them when we got it, but they were too far gone. And until the last year or two, *that's the way ninety per cent of them went*—remember that, for comparison with what you'll see next!"

We come now to a carefully-screened bed and a patient—a wasted youth of perhaps eighteen, who looks doubly pathetic because he is obviously of unsound mind. He is clad only in shorts, and has been carefully fastened down. Now the doctor jabs him with a hypodermic—a waiting nurse pops a pad between his teeth—and within a few moments he is shaking, straining, writhing, in terrible convulsions. To the lay observer, he seems to be suffering the tortures of the damned; we can hardly believe the doctor's calm comment, "he's amnesic"—which means that none of this will register upon his mind. Then the convulsions die down; the quiet of exhaustion ensues; and finally consciousness seems to return. "That's the metrazol treatment," our guide explains. "They get that for several weeks, and then—well, I said you wouldn't believe, until you saw. Come look at a fellow we got in here several weeks ago. He was rigid as a poker most of the time, and quite sure that he personally was guilty of all the sin in the world since the days of Adam. See what you think of him now!"

The man he points out is a well set up chap in his early twenties, and apparently fairly normal and cheerful. He seems a bit vague in his thinking when the doctor questions him, and keeps rubbing his brow as though in perplexity; but on one point he seems reasonably sure. "It's letting up, doctor—my brain's coming free. I think maybe I'll be able to think again, before long."

"Well, there you are," the doctor comments, after we have passed beyond earshot. "Three years ago he would have been a sure bet to go out the way those other three are going. Now in a few weeks, his brain is clearing up—and in a few months we can turn him loose, cured. And get this—

"Instead of losing ninety per cent, as we used to, now we can *cure* ninety per cent, if we get the cases within six months of the time the trouble starts! Do you wonder that we older fellows can't keep our tongues off the word 'miracle' when we think of that?"

So much for the new ability to deal with the dread disorder schizophrenia or dementia praecox. No doctor can explain how or why the metrazol treatment, or other variations such as heavy doses of insulin, do their work. These treatments were discovered in Budapest, almost by the cut-and-try method of trying anything that might help; but apparently through all the varieties, runs one common denominator. Each treatment produces an excess of oxygen in the brain—and oxygen is literally the fire of life, the element which supplies energy for all life processes by burning other elements. These praecox-ridden brains seem to be purged somehow by biological fire, fire which burns out the disorder, but does not harm the brain.

This thin guess at what happens may not seem much of an advance in knowledge—and if it had to stand by itself, it would not be. But when we add to it some other items of new knowledge, we begin to see why we can

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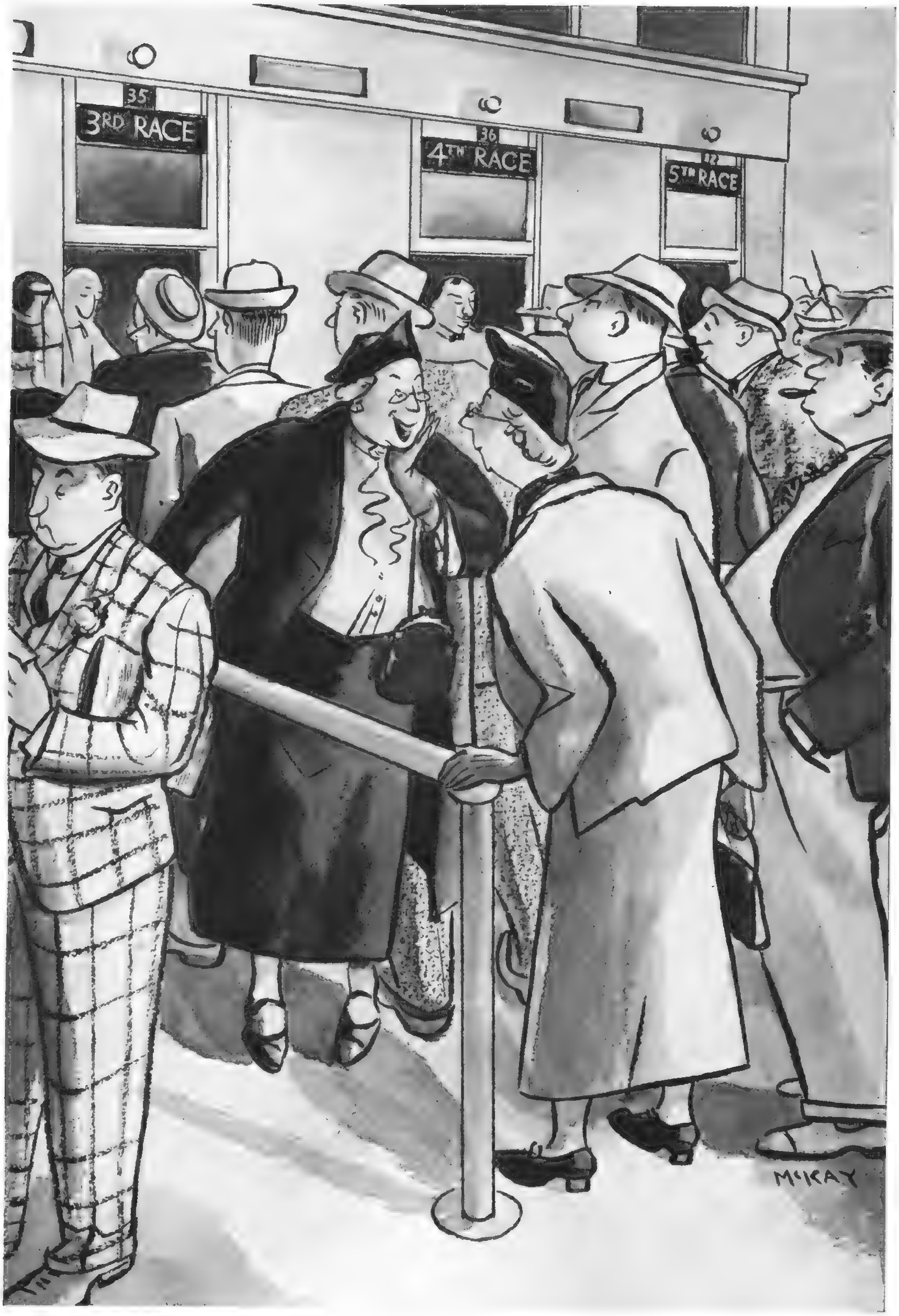

35
3RD RACE
36
4TH RACE
5TH RACE
McKAY

"Well, I done it, Bertha! We got a sawbuck on Bright Star's nose!"

The Candid Cameraman

Having stuffed the fans with double features, they're dishing up warmed-over pictures like *Son of the Sheik*

by **MEYER LEVIN**

• MOVIES •

A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Birth of a Baby: Just for the kick of the sequence in which the birth is actually photographed. The rest is an annoyingly wooden and sterilized nicey-nicey lecture on childbearing and childbirth. Good enough for its educational and social value, but the thing could have been given infinitely more impact, meaning, and a great deal of beauty if it had had a human instead of a school teacher treatment. As soon as the final close-up was over, enthusiastic exhibitors voiced their approval with "you can charge sixty-five for it on Saturdays and Sundays and still pack them in." "Sixtyfive Satdays? Man, you can get seventy-five weekdays with this!"

Robin Hood: Odd what makes a picture. The marquee glares with the names of Olivia De Havilland, Errol Flynn, Claude Rains, Basil Rathbone and nowhere will you find a two-inch credit for the color. This film would be dull, flat, and I'm sure unprofitable but for the work of one Carl Jules Weyle—if I've got the right man. He's listed as art director. For it is only the brilliant, amazingly versatile use of color that puts suspense and excitement into *Robin Hood.* One is led from scene to scene wondering what new splash of tint and texture will be revealed, instead of wondering whether Robin will be captured. Not since that first great splurge, *Becky Sharp*, has Technicolor been used to such effect. And this has twenty memorable color compositions, for every one in *Becky Sharp.*

To the Victor: That rarest of all things, a folk-picture perfectly done. English made, and their best. It's about an old Scot rascal and his wolfish sheepdog, who wins all the trophies but is suspected of killing sheep. The Scot becomes a classic film characterization in the body of Will Fyffe; the sheep-running contest in which the dogs compete tops all the horse-racing sequences I have ever seen for suspense.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Crime School: A good continuation for *Dead End.* The kids didn't move out of the slums. So they did wind up at the reformatory. And it was run the old way by a fat-bellied lash-using grafter. The picture reveals some of the stupidities and crimes common to reform schools; then things get very nice when a social worker takes over the administration. The kids that were in *Dead End* continuously jerk this one away from the edge of prison-picture banality.

Holiday: Bright and up-to-date is this seasons-old Phillip Barry opus, for Donald Ogden Stewart has brushed eight years off the hide by putting in a line about John L. Lewis. And it seems that even today young men with the possibilities of stuffed riches before them have longings to chuck it all and descend among the people, to find out, as films poetically put it, what strange new spirit is astir in the wurruld. Cary Grant is the self-made youth who handsprings his way out of the millionaire's home mausoleum, with the millionaire's second daughter on his back. The democratic daughter is played by none other than Katharine (poison-at-the-box-office) Hepburn, who, at least in this opus, is poison mighty tasty to swallow.

Vivacious Lady: Smirky and merry fizz-piece with the now-they're-married-will-they-ever-get-into-bed plot. Ginger Rogers doing fine without dancing.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

Cocoanut Grove: Fred MacMurray and his band cross the country in one trailer, finally get that contract.

Kentucky Moonshine: The Ritz brothers pretend to be hill-billies, finally get that contract.

Kidnapped: Daring Zanuck must have heard as how over there on the Warner lot they were producing a big, big picture about the evils of British tax collectors, and how they wrung the pennies out of their Saxon subjects with vile torture, and how a daring defender arose among the poor people, and led a daring band in raids against the tax-takers. All this, it might have been reported, was set forth in a classic of literature, copyright free, *Robinson Crusoe*, or some such opus. Every schoolkid knew it. So Mr. Zanuck's writers started reading; some thought the book meant was *Robin Hood;* some thought he must have meant Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, since there had to be a part for Freddie Bartholomew in the picture. Anyhow they came out of the huddle with a film called *Kidnapped*, embracing the best features of all. However, they left the colors off, so, though Warner Baxter is more believable a Robin than Flea-hop Flynn, *Kidnapped* remains an inferior attraction. Notable is the introduction of a toothsome lassie named Arleen Whelan, who is even less of an actress than June Lang, Daring's glamour discovery of a previous season. Notable also is the he-man pouting of Freddie-boy Bartholomew, for just like Robert Taylor, he is getting a he-man campaign. The scene where the lad bullies his big uncle into submission, now that's he-stuff. The tale, however, lags.

Sinners in Paradise: Marooned on a desert island, with class-conscious dialogue.

Three Comrades: Again, the films have foundered on Remarque. Because you can't make a crisp, bitter book-scene into a blurred love-dissolve and expect the punch to

Continued in center of page 90

SON OF THE SHEIK

A Warner brother, Daring Zanuck, and Mae West have all expressed themselves about the slump in pictures. The gist was that a star can always come back and when good pictures are made money will be made. To prove this, some enterprising gent along the New England coast rented a picture called *Son of the Sheik*, bringing back a star named Rudolph Valentino. The promoter acted with pardonable temerity, at first, showing the picture in the lesser cities, but he wound up taking the suckers on Broadway.

Perhaps theatre owners will have to go all the way back to Theda Bara to cover their naked screens; and maybe by then picture producers will have learned how to add. Four months ago, your servant spotted the fact that exhibitors had run out of pictures and were robbing the graves. About a year ago your servant wondered in public print how long it would take the public to grow movie-weary if they swallowed two at a dollop instead of one.

When folks finally got sick of the same old syrup, and started staying home, the exhibitors attacked the stars. Well, about two years ago, your servant revealed the fact that Mae West, in some pictures, was poison at the box office. And that Franchot Tone's wife was appearing in some pretty tiresome numbers. As one who has always wept the stars, it comes strange to me now to rise to the defense of some. I do so because every once in a while a name player gets a break and turns out to have been an actor all the while. This happened last season with Robert Montgomery, in *Night Must Fall.* It happened with Henry Fonda. Sometimes, it even happens with a woman.

And it usually proves this pattern: you have to be a star for a long while before you let it be known that you can act. Sometimes you can't let it be known that you can act until you have begun to descend as a star. Then, your acting brings you a comeback.

The reason is simple. A "new star arrives" when an outstanding personality hits the screen. This may be an actor or a non-actor. If it is a non-actor, like most pretty-girl stars or Gene Raymond, it stays on the screen a few seasons, depending upon the rapidity with which it is exploited. If the face-personality shows in ten pictures a year it probably will not last many years.

But suppose it happens to be an actor, who invented a personality for a certain picture. As Mae West invented her gal for *Diamond Lil.* Then the player is "typed," and must continue to render that personality just as the non-actor must continue to render his own personality on the screen.

Where the actor has it over the non-actor

Continued in center of page 90

WHITNEY BOURNE
Hurrell Photograph

SUZANNE RIDGWAY
Hurrell Photograph

"Dear Mr. Esquire: - - -"

An open letter to Constant Reader who has shown gratifying interest in the ethics of polite drinking

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

THE mail that comes into the basket of a writer of a department is fast, furious and sometimes funny. Constant readers want to know what new tricks to stage at a stag party; what to take after too much drinking in a college fraternity. Ninety-nine per cent of the inquiries are intelligent and seek amplification or explanation of some point that the writer may have assumed is understood by the general reader. Now and then there is a poser and your correspondent is sent scurrying to the etiquette guides. Sometimes the letters are humorous, never ill-natured. Which, to this writer, is an important index of the matter at hand—the drinking of wines and liquor, and the knowledge of it, seems to be a very pleasant subject all around.

This department would like to round up some of the letters, answered and unanswered, and present a sort of Gallup survey. If we made a chart, it would develop surprising curves and peaks. One peak is that men are better cooks than women, and usually more interested in good food.

Another fact established is that the American male is a great experimenter and longs to try something new. Witness the rush for Gin and Tonic, and information about the drink, which was mentioned after a cruise in the Caribbean. The hundreds of letters that came in on that! Then there are the folks who are beginning to return to the enjoyment of wine, but find themselves confused by the rituals and varying claims of different dispensers.

And for no particular reason, I treasure a letter from a Lieutenant in the Foreign Legion, in far-off Morocco. I had written, in an account of a dinner at The Mascotte, the way to make one of Bernard's (the proprietor) special desserts—zablione. It is spelled that way for a reason; I have found five ways of spelling it in different cook books, but the simple way gives the best phonetic idea.

The Lieutenant went on at great length about the tragic fate of the dish when he essayed to follow the recipe. Beat as he would, under the African sun, he could not get egg yolks to turn white. Finally he gave it up, deciding the whole thing was a mirage. Before doing that, though, he wanted to assure himself that the recipe was not a magazine hoax just to baffle readers.

I verified the recipe and saw the stuff made. Felix, in the Bat Restaurant, New York, makes one of the best zabliones in the world. But he uses Marsala instead of brandy and white wine as does Bernard. But I have never heard again from the Foreign Legionnaire, and will to the end of my days, be bothered with the vision of a guy in fancy red pants, and a hat to keep out the sun, trying to whip up a zablione from African eggs.

Whether you have written or not, there may be something you want to know in the answers.

Stepping from international complications, there is a more sober problem in the letter subjoined:

"Dear Sir: Could you be so kind as to inform me on the following questions: What are the best vintage years for champagne? Also, the best years for other wines? Also, is there any limit to the number of years champagne may be kept? Yours very truly,
Ocean Falls, B. C., R. Parades,"
Canada.

While there may be some divergence of opinion as to vintage years, the great majority of wine growers see eye to eye on the question.

I have had many distinguished French connoisseurs tell me that an easy rule is to remember that the even years have been good. But investigation proves this all too general, and false. There is no set rule, that is, no easy rote you can remember. The good years are determined by the number of sunny days in the growing season: a dry, hot summer makes a fine wine.

And conversely, a wet summer often makes a flabby, tasteless grape.

Of course, there are some good wines in small quantities in the bad years.

The best vintage chart we know of, is that prepared by the Wine and Food Society for guidance of its members; we are privileged to print it, in convenient form, so that you may paste it in your hat.

Or better yet, put it in your wallet and when the young lady is to be impressed, or when the waiter is not co-operative, consult your chart:

Year	*Port*	*Claret*	*Burgundy*	*Rhenish*	*Sauternes*	*Champagne*
1919	2	3	5	4	3	5
1920	6	6	3	7	2	7
1921	2	4	4	7	7	7
1922	5	3	0	2	2	0
1923	4	5	7	3	1	4
1924	6	7	4	2	5	1
1925	3	1	2	6	1	0
1926	3	4	6	3	3	7
1927	7	0	0	4	2	0
1928	2	7	5	1	4	7
1929	3	7	6	5	6	6
1930	2	0	1	4	0	0
1931	5	1	0	1	1	1
1932	0	0	1	3	0	3
1933	4	6	5	6	3	6
1934	5	7	5	7	4	6
1935	6	3	2	4	3	2
1936		4	1	3	4	0

0—no good 7—the best

Vintners tell me that the past year, 1937, was a fine vintage, but as it takes champagne several years (four to six) to mature, we have to wait to find out.

As to the other question, there is a limit to the age of champagne. It is generally recognized as approaching its demise at sixteen. True, now and then old champagne has been rebottled but with little success. The life story of the wine has run out at that time and the drink becomes flat. I was amused last summer at Egg Harbor to learn that all the flat champagne (both dated and among the live racks) were purchased by an old Philadelphia club. These ancient gentlemen follow a British tradition, (probably picked up by some of its members at the London Club that uses seventy-five-year-old brandy), that indicates flat champagne as the real connoisseur's drink. It has a pleasant taste, without the sparkle on the palate. A skeptic, going over the Renault plant at the time, remarked that the fact the price was just half, may have had something to do with the preference.

Here is a problem:

"Dear Sir: As one of your faithful readers of your potable pages in ESQUIRE, I am turning to you for a favor. I have several books by Estelle B. Hunter regarding this English language of ours and have quite a lot of faith in her pronunciation. I have heard several people who should know, say it *or-derv*, and one good radio announcer made it plural and said *or-dervs*. What do the people of your crowd say? I'll take your pronunciation as right because you are an authority in our

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Recommending some blood and bone adventure stories, not too brain-fatiguing for the hot summer days

by LAWRENCE MARTIN

BOOKS

Loafing nudely on the sun-roof of the club, where I do my reading and heavy thinking among the skinny lawyers and the paunchy brokers, I was wondering what naked old Primitive Man had that passed for "literature." Around the tribal fire would they call on the fellow with a gift of gab for a story?—"Once upon a time a boy met a girl, and was there trouble!"

Or was it that the medicine man, clicking the knuckle bones of his ancestors, would begin: "Now, gents, here are some of my choice ideas about the reorganization of this tribe, so that it can march towards its destiny with a minimum of yowls from the rank and file"?

Rolling over to get the rear done brown, I conclude it wasn't that way, but that the first "literature" came about somewhat like this: Old Screwball, the mighty hunter, missing for two days, staggers into the tribal clearing covered with mud and blood. The village drum is thumped, the bearskins gather around, and after a drink of vodka the hunter begins: "Men, I had one slam-bang time with a dozen wolves. I was up to Hatchet Corners, just looking around, when up comes . . ." etc. This goes on and becomes the Adventure Story of the Month, until Young Snubnose, the Coming Warrior, staggers home after a daring escape from captivity in a rival Bong-'Abong.

It must be that adventure stories, true ones with just enough imagination in them to give them sock, are the earliest progenitors of the book biz. The stuff is elemental, of the blood and bone. It persists, and this five-minute book orgy starts off with a flock of adventure stories.

Pahang (MacMillan, $2.50), "The Saga of a Rubber Planter in the Malay Jungle," is a book I read through, a rare thing for a reviewer. Willard Bush, who tells this yarn, takes over the management of a rubber plantation as a raw amateur. They call him Yank, and he has plenty of guts, like the Yank in the Robert Taylor picture, but also plenty of the old self-conceit, which sticks out all over the book—and makes it more readable. This Pahang pookah-wallah sahib is kept busy slapping down tigers, cobras, elephants, nasty natives, and a mean brother white, and effectively resists the dusky sex element. His home furnishings consisted mainly of an armory of eight guns. But in spite of the fact that you get irritated at this cocky chap who is telling you all through the book stories with the lessons "I'm brave," "I'm cool," "I'm daring and reckless," "I'm quick," and "I won't stand for any nonsense," and who breaks down only once, very temporarily, in the face of some pitiful, dying natives, and becomes human—in spite of this, it keeps you reading.

Personality counts in adventure narratives, and in this second offering *Journey to Manaos* (Reynal & Hitchcock, $3.00), you go along with a man of altogether different caliber, one Earl P. Hanson who went down into South America to make a survey of the earth's magnetism for the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The book does only part of the trip, the journey through Venezuela, up the Orinoco, and down the Rio Negro to Manaos, Brazil. Hanson is a man of culture and ideas, so that you get not only exciting experiences, but insight into the lives of the natives, both Indians and mestizos; you get politics, both Latin American and U. S.; you get a glimpse of the vast unsettled territory of Amazonas in southern Venezuela, which needs only cultivation to make it another Middle West. As these travel-adventure stories go, this is not only a How I Done It yarn, but carries a load of think-stuff that makes it significant and extra readable.

* * *

The bearskin Neanderthals that started it all didn't allow their women to have adventures, but things are different in the age of the two-pants suit. *Who Called that Lady a Skipper?* (Vanguard, $2.75), gives us a woman navigator, Marion Rice Hart, who voyaged from London to the East Indies in a ninety-foot ketch, firing one captain after another and finally skippering the boat herself from Port Said to Banda, which is somewhere east of Java. If you have ever cherished the dream, as I have, of cruising the seas in your own boat, this book will probably reconcile you to conducted tours on big liners. Besides this captain trouble there is engine trouble, sail trouble, crew trouble, and pilot trouble. The boat springs leaks and barnacles. There isn't a chance to sight-see.

Take off your hat to this man's woman who will remind you of Frank Norris' *Moran of the Lady Letty*. But you yearn to hear the story the fired captains have to tell. I should like to recommend to Captain Hart, poised on a tiny island off the coast of Dutch New Guinea for a takeoff across the Pacific, that Patent No. 2,111,442, entered at the end of March, is a gadget which tells by electricity when and how much a ship is off its course.

A Dane named Peter Tutein has written a fictionized adventure story of a seal hunt in the Polar waters *The Sealers* (Putnam, $2.50). These Scandinavians can write, and amateur sealer Tutein does characters, brawls, and seal hunts with amazing and unusual economical skill.

At last an exhaustive book has been done on *The Royal Canadian Mounted Police* (Carrick & Evans, $3.75). R. C. Featherstonaugh has written a "house" or semi-official history of this over-romanticized force, with maps and lots of photographs. It turns out that the Mounties have always been understaffed for so large a territory, that they use airplanes now, and that they not only suppress crime, smuggling, and the opium traffic, but wreck May Day parades and break up strikes. The book is the most complete and authoritative work to date on the subject, but does not make concessions enough to the ordinary reader.

Roughly in the adventure class is *Holy Old Mackinaw* (Macmillan, $3.00), by Stewart Holbrook, the natural history of the lumberjack—a much neglected, large scale figure in the vanished scene.

About three hundred years ago they began to cut the white pine of New England, but it wasn't until the 19th century that the tree-cutters had evolved into the heroically tough, lusty, yowling, brawling loggers, white-water men, and bull-whackers who cut the Big Clearing—a 3,000 mile swath in the northern timber from Maine to Oregon. Their Golden Age flourished around 1850, after they had let daylight into the New England swamp and moved en masse to the Lake states. Towns sprang up around sawmills, Timber Barons in plug hats raked up fortunes, and each spring the jacks would come hell-roaring from the woods to "blow her in," wearing red sashes for belts, caulks in their boots.

They thought it would last forever, but after fifty years the woods began to thin out. Saginaw and Bay City, they too passed away. So the loggers packed their turkeys and lit out, for there was always more timber just over the Hump. Finally, on the Pacific shore, their backs to the sea, civilization overtook the lumberjacks, wiping out the high wild color of their lives.

That high wide color is all here, in the book.

Another extremely readable adventure story by the author of *The Ascent of Nandi Devi*, telling of the life strenuous in Equatorial Africa, is *Snow on the Equator* by H. W. Tilman (Macmillan, $3.00).

* * *

After this tiger-slapping, this Amazon jungle malaria, this skinning of seals at forty below, this passion for mountain peaks, this braving the seas in a scow, you may be ready for the next book: *Middle Age Is What You Make It* (Greystone, $1.75), a sane volume about the adventures life really has for most

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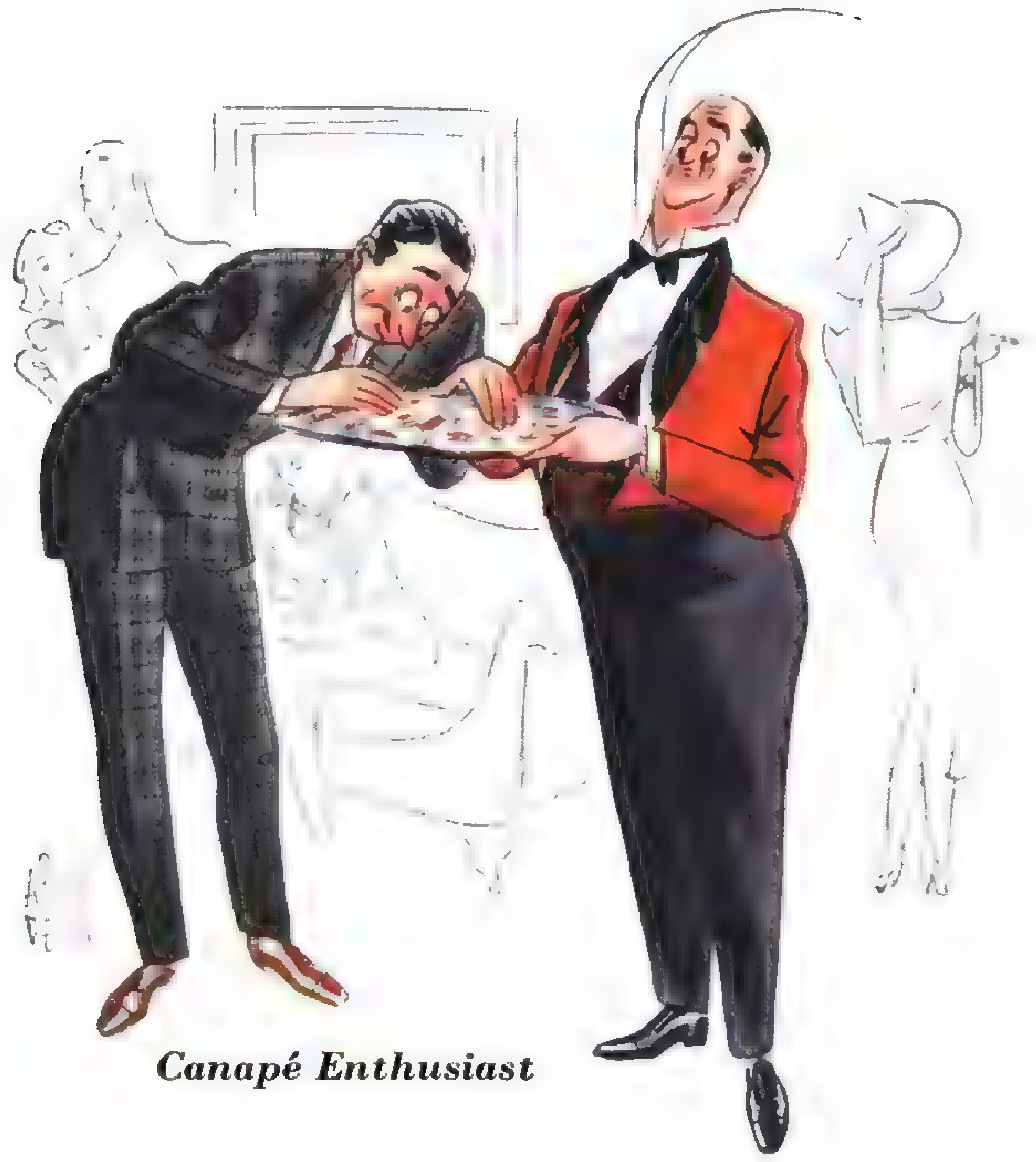
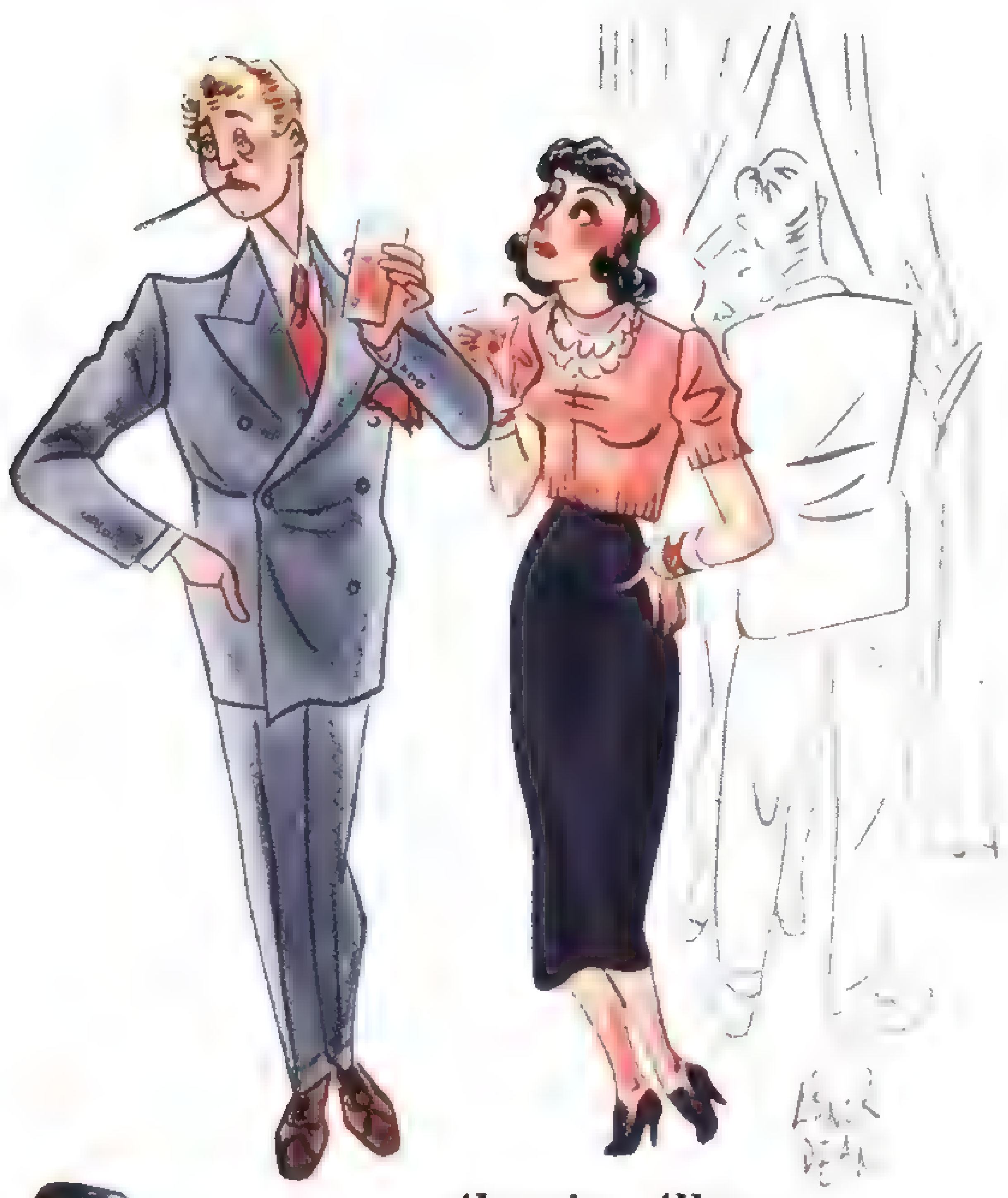
"Cocktails at Five"

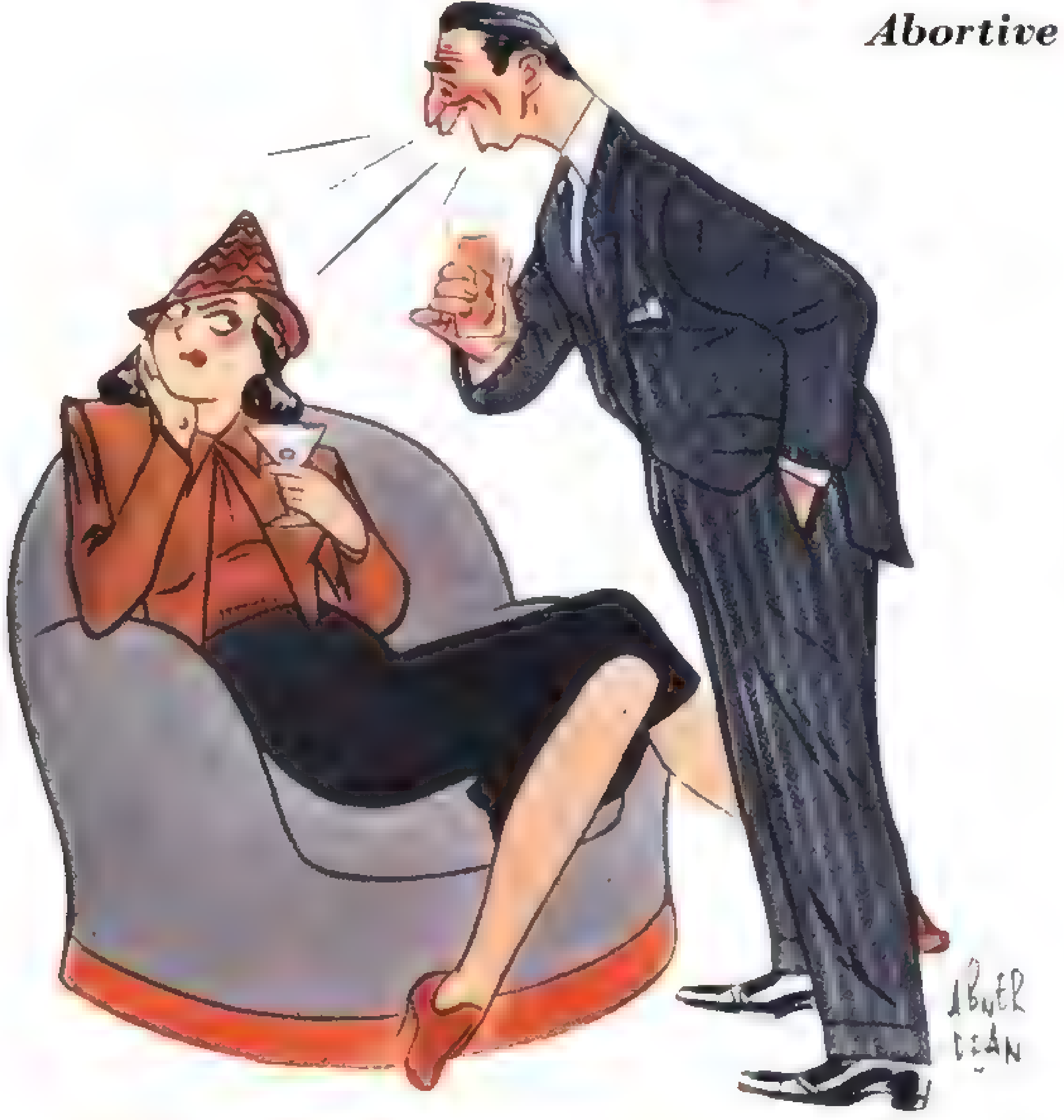
by ABNER DEAN



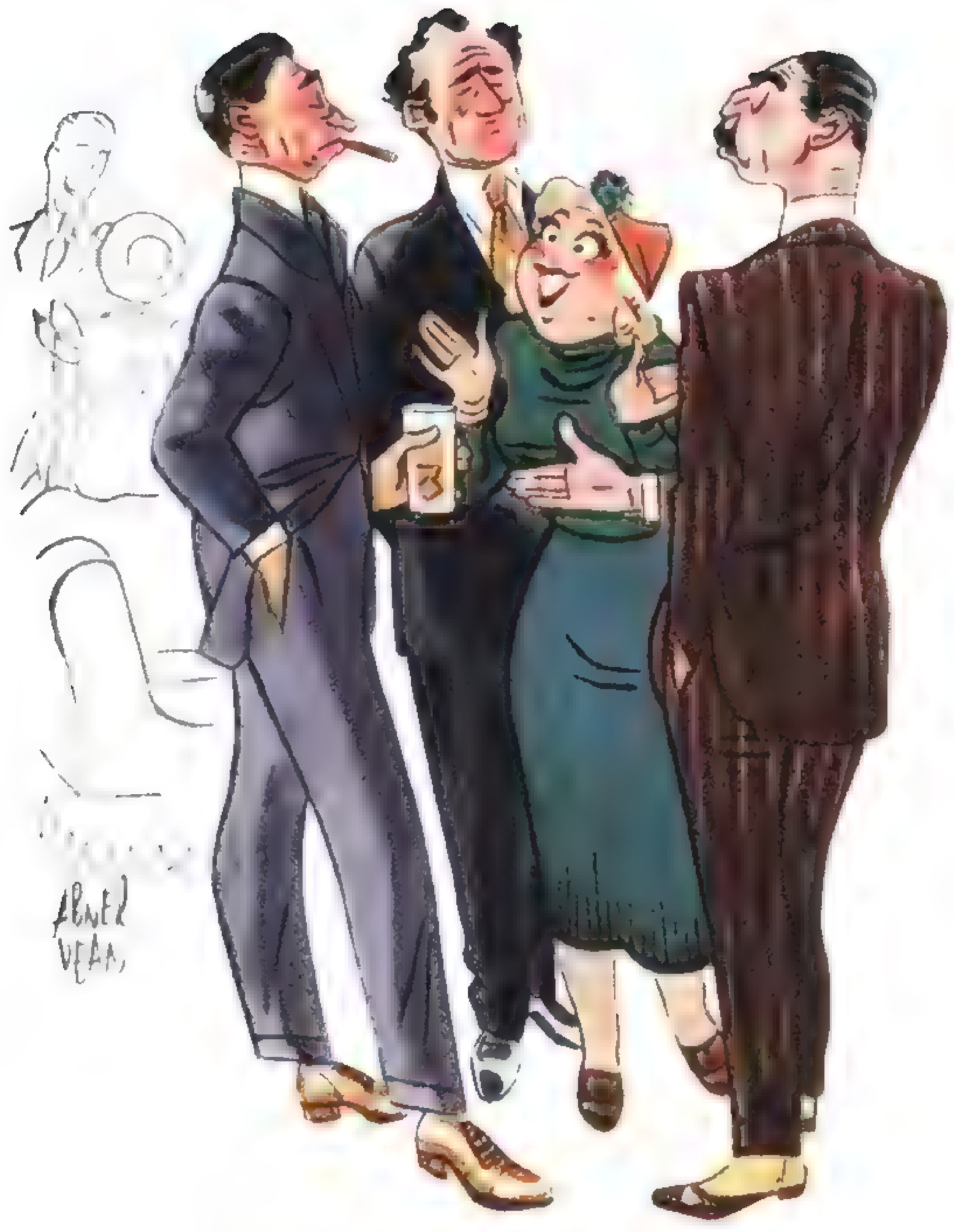
Canapé Enthusiast



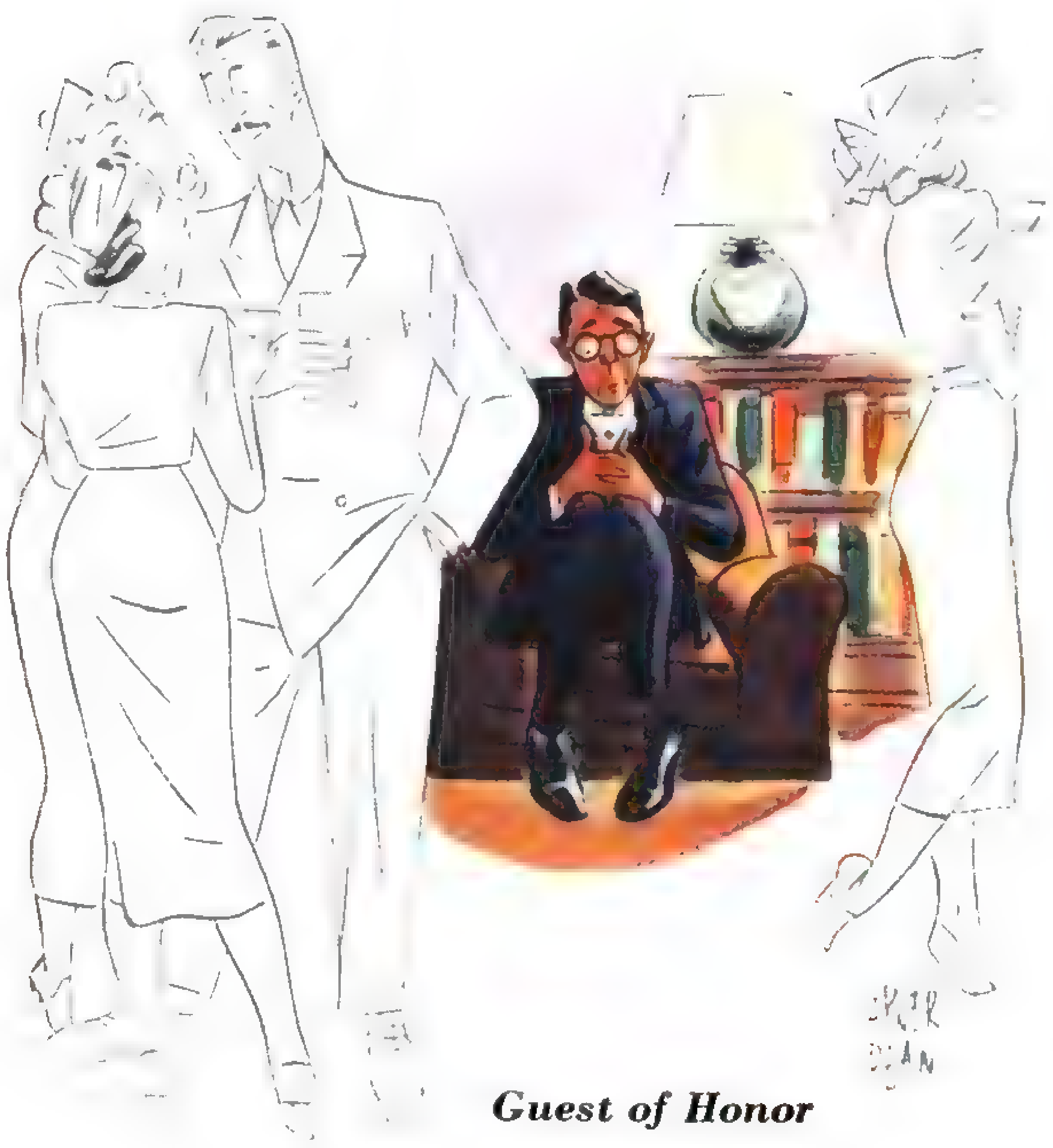
Abortive Allure



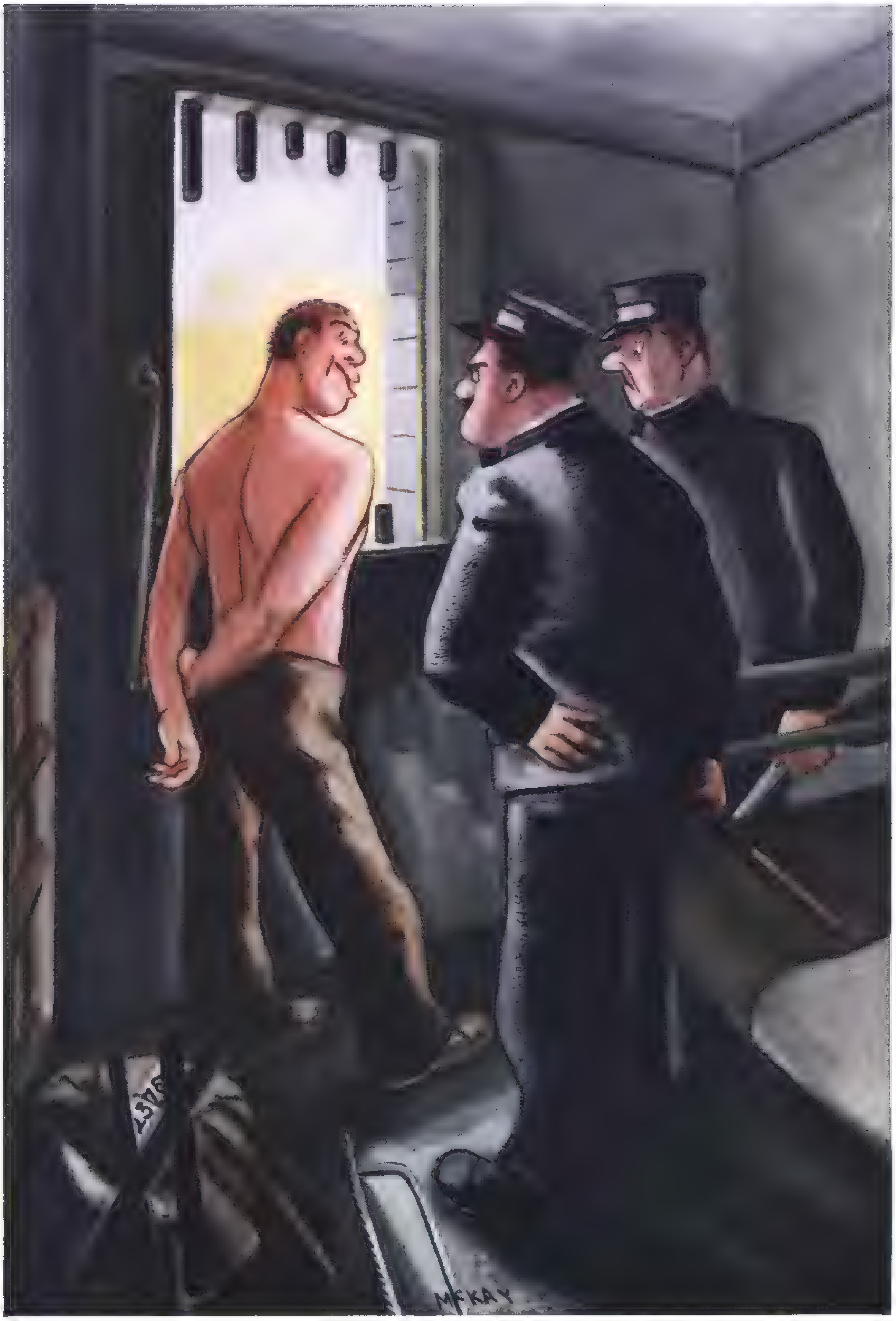
Sparkling Conversationalist



Celebrity Collector



Guest of Honor



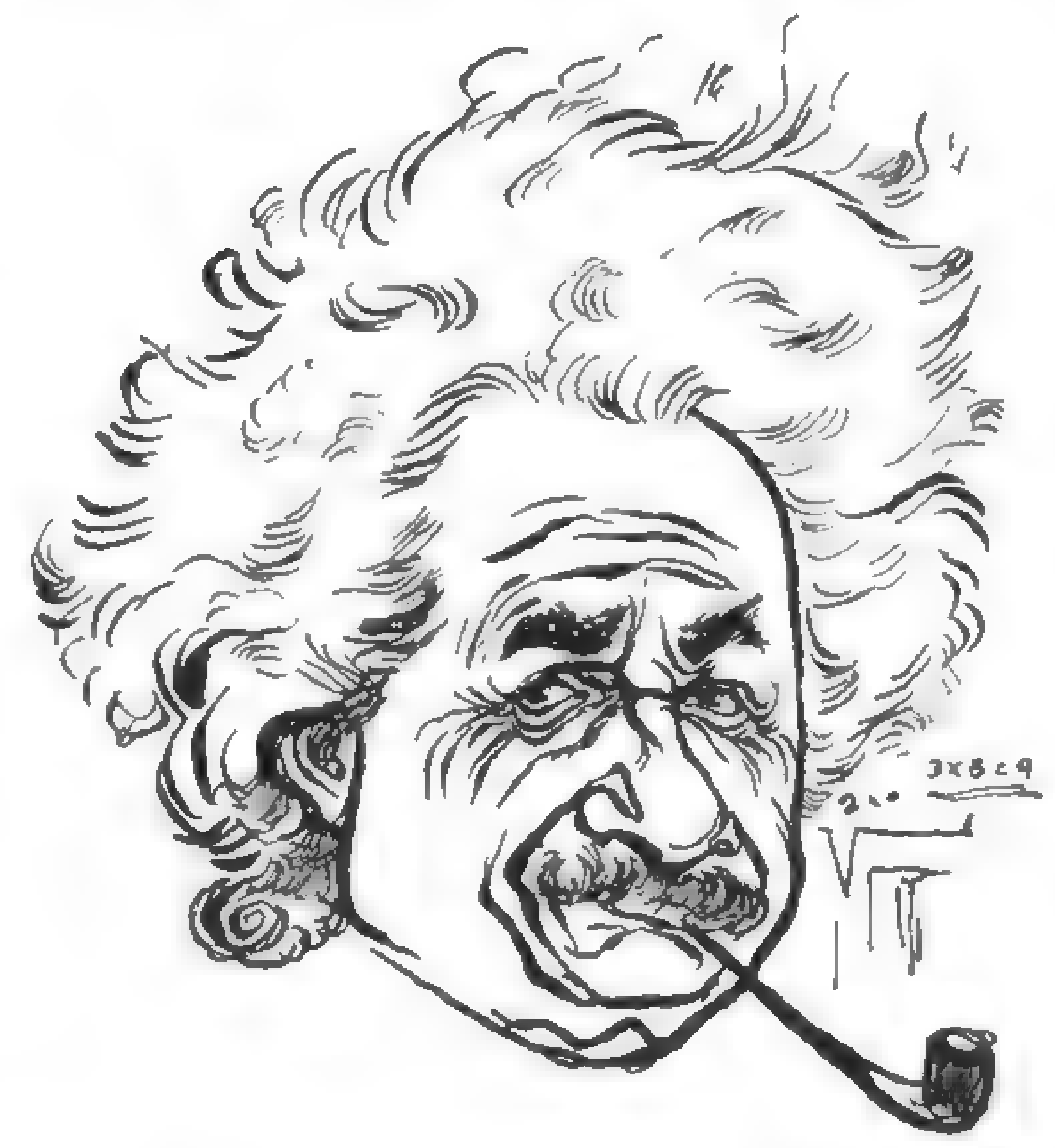
"I wanted to get an even tan"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 86

of us—microbes, acidity, nervous indigestion, and fatigue. Excellent advice is offered, not too hard to follow, on how to be middle-aged and like it.

That looks like the cue for bringing forth the science stuff. The No. 1 offering here is *The Evolution of Physics* by Einstein and Leopold Infeld (Simon & Schuster, $2.50), which has gone into the best-seller class almost as miraculously as Hogben's *Mathematics for the Millions.* It simplifies the new physics, but leaves this party still puzzled, and just about reconciled to live in his old-fashioned Newtonian universe.



Another simplifier is *Architects of Ideas* (Carrick & Evans, $3.75), wherein author Ernest R. Trattner tells the "story of the great theories of mankind." Others have done Darwin, Marx, Einstein, Freud, and Pasteur, but the author did them anyway. He does Malthus, and you wonder why. Anyway Dr. Trattner's accounts of the little-known contributions of the relatively unknown great men named Hutton, Huygens, Schwann, and Chamberlain are worth the price. And from the point of view of today's international hell, the chapters on Marx and Boas have news value.

In this field another good book is Dr. Joseph Jastrow's *The Betrayal of Intelligence* (Greenberg, $1.50), a kind of guidebook to the bunk that is everywhere in gab and print, and more necessary in a world of bilge and ballyhoo than Baedeker is on a European tour. A new Modern Library Giant at $1.25 is *The Basic Writings of Sigmund Freud.*

On the cockeyed side there is a nonsense reaction to the advice books in *Learn to Lose Your Mind* by one Dr. Chas. B. Psycho, "introduced by Robert Tyson." Some of it, I understand, ran in this magazine. It has a few laughs.

Speaking of Baedeker back there reminds me that Houghton Mifflin publishes *Europe in 1938*, three bucks, 1422 pages but compact and *So You're Going to Travel* ($2.25) by that godsend to the foggy-minded tourist, Clara Laughlin. It's her twelfth *So You're Going* book. These guides give you everything except the ticket and the high-sign from the Man in the Upholstered Office who gives and withholds the vacations.

And here are a couple of good anthologies—Christopher Morley's selection from his own writings, *Morley's Magnum* (Lippincott, $2.50), and *The Deck Chair Reader*, edited by Harford Powel and Brandt Aymar (Greenberg, $2.50), the latter accompanied by a deck chair basket woven in colors.

The world evidently stands in need of a hell of a lot of advice, judging from the literary crop. Besides the guides to great thinkers, to Europe, and to bunk, can I sell you on this "Handbook for Bewildered Husbands," *Brides Are Like New Shoes* (Dodd Mead, $1.50), by Anne Fisher, pix by O. Soglow? A groom who needs this is too dumb to marry, but many are.

Or can I interest you in *Listen Little Girl Before You Come to New York* (Stokes, $1.50) by Munro Leaf? If any little girls are listening in, they might go read it before invading that fantastic all-American slum. Mr. Leaf lists the opportunities for the beautiful, the brainy, and the nice. If you are none of these you had better stay with your aunt in Peoria.

Another for the gals is *Better than Beauty, A Guide to Charm* (Modern Age, $.50) by Helen Valentine and Alice Thompson, with nice pen and ink sketches, the sort of Baedeker to behavior that ought to be in the hands of every woman, and the only problem is, how can men see that it arrives at that destination? In a witty style the whole subject of the woman, outer and inner, manages to get covered. I can name some gals that would be better for concentration on this prose, but you can hardly give a woman a book like this, any more than you can present a man with a cake of Lifebuoy soap.

* * *

Turning to the fiction list a bit of interesting red froth for the bored reader is *The Cairo Garter Murders* by Van Wyck Mason (Doubleday Doran Crime Club, $2.00), thriller of old-fashioned type, string of gory murders, arms smuggling, beauteous gals engaged nefariously, handsome hero who manages to kiss two of them. Have a Scotch and soda when you finish.

If it is news that the movies in Hollywood are got out by a bunch of stuffed shirts, tin gods, yes men and assorted louses, then *I Lost My Girlish Laughter* by Jane Allen (Random House, $2.00) is a contribution. The stuff may be old, but this story is wholly diverting.

That old veteran, Samuel Hopkins Adams, has gone gaga with *The World Goes Smash* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00). His novels present two conflicts, one involving the characters, the other between the novelist and a superficial reformer. The reformer has the novelist groggy on page 2 of the present *opus* and at its close leaves him as blasted as New York after the naval and aerial bombardment that is the book's high point of melodrama. Mr. Adams sees fascism developing in America out of gangsterism and labor unions directed by "the men in control of the spiderweb of rackets." Liberty League romanticism written in the worst clichés of screen and pulp, his fantasy can best be characterized in its own terms by the obvious pun, *The World Goes Trash.*

Some reviewers have been going blurb over twenty-year-old Albert Guerard's first novel, *The Past Must Alter* (Holt, $2.50). It's a "work of genius," its author a "prodigy" and "one of the most brilliant and promising men of his generation." Maybe. Meanwhile the story is a charming and at the same time penetrating character study of a wartime newspaperman's family, revolving around the life of Jim Simmons, twelve-year-old son of Fritz and Diane Simmons. Fritz, rattling good city editor, gambles by day and loves his wife and son, abstractedly, in between. Finally, lured by the adventure of war and irked by his wife's possessive love, he goes to France. Son and wife, lost without him, follow. Fritz has been shot, but not in battle. He dies a gambler. Jim's mother tries to find happiness with a rich man whose wife is dying of cancer. Jim can't bear the thought of his mother marrying anyone else. In the end he sees things differently, and a happy ending is indicated. If you like introspection in your stories, this is for you.

I will give a thumping testimonial to a first book that shows a real gift—*Uncle Tom's Children*, by Richard Wright (Harper, $2.50). It consists of four long stories of the life of the American Negro that carry a wallop. Some years ago Wright, asking me if I would recommend him for a certain publisher's writing fellowship, left an armful of manuscripts so that I could make up my mind about his worth. Now, I prefer non-fiction for my reading diet, and I emphatically do not like to read lynch stories, no matter how well done. But I sat in bed for two hours, reading Dick Wright's first manuscript, a lynch story, unable to put it down till the end. That manuscript is the first story in this collection—*Big Boy Leaves Home.* It beat the hardest kind of sales resistance, and beat it by sheer writing power.

With this book we have a new Negro talent out in the open. I look for Richard Wright to go places.

Love of the funnies mustn't blind Esquire fans to the fact that their mag is Literature. Proof—six stories culled from its pages help make up the 1938 volume of O'Brien's *Best Short Stories* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). Only *Story* magazine is as well represented in the collection.

It's a great book. Read it, and you'll find yourself going around with pieces of other people's lives crowding your own. Power and depth characterize these stories. Are story writers becoming more intelligent? They are not only seeing more things, but they are seeing the meanings. Most of the yarns brood on social problems—what it is to be without a job, and what it is to be with one after having been without; the injustice of death through want, the injustice of death through someone's stupidity. Pietro di Donato's *Christ in Concrete* (Esquire) is so stark that it hurts. Vladimir Cherkasski's *What Hurts is that I was in a Hurry*, George Rayner's *A Real American Fellow*, and Elick Moll's *To Those Who Wait* are the kind of stuff that makes you forget your appointment with the dentist or leave your car in the parking lot while you take the street car home.

The atmospheric pieces have beauty and subtlety. *The Girl* by Meridel Le Sueur and Steinbeck's *The Chrysanthemums* are especially good.

There are representatives, too, of the strange new type of realistic whimsy—among the most worthwhile of that vast body of wishful thinking literature that begins with the fairy tale and climbs through the adventure yarn and mystery story. *Mr. Sycamore*, by Robert Ayre, is the tale of a postman who decides he's tired of walking around with mailbags and so he's going to be a tree. So he plants himself in his back yard and wills (he's learned willing by correspondence lessons). And it's all very real—how the neighbors come around and what they say, how the postman gets a cold and what he thinks about, and so on, until—and the joke's on you—his wife wakes up one morning and finds a handsome sycamore tree where her husband had been planted. A little longwinded, this one, but funny and thoughtful at the same time.

And there's the nutty story about *Mr. Mergenthwirker's Lobblies*, by Nelson S. Bond. The lobblies are invisible. Their names are Henry and Japheth and they tell Mr. Mergenthwirker things that will happen before they happen. He had to cure them first of certain lobbly habits, like "pwidgeting and rikking trilks," (cute, but I'm a sucker for that sort of nonsense), and after that they behaved nicely until Mr. M. was killed and ended the story. No depths to this one; just fantasy.

I give up. The book is a Roman holiday. It has thirty stories and they're all good reading. Let others carp about the good or better stories Mr. O'Brien left out. I'm satisfied with this crop. ⧺

The Best Pictures of Last Tuesday

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leader, but takes away a mistress with long silky legs—killing the leader is only an incident in this bloody film. Yet Scarface won't let his own sister so much as dance in public with his lieutenant, Mr. Raft. Discovering sister and Raft in an apartment together, the bad man takes his own time before he shoots—and no one dreams of telling him, in that long interval, that a marriage has taken place, making everything lovely. A few moments later Scarface is alone in his fortified apartment and his sister, widowed, is helping him shoot it out with the police. Never ask why.

Yet this picture had the quality which the late Edward Dean Sullivan got into *Rattling the Cup* which was probably the best book about Chicago racketeering. Not because the subject matter was so brutal and criminal and murderous, but because the people were confused and lecherous and sore and simple and mean and worried—because they had life. The boys in the balcony whistled when men and women clutched one another—just as they would whistle if they passed a couple of lovers in the park, and for the same reason, that the passion seemed real. The screen delivered, almost impersonally, tirades about the folly of glorifying gangsters and about the folly of pretending that gangsters weren't important, but the real strength lay in its unromantic way of showing gangsters killing as normally, and almost as frequently, as they ate.

I think that every scene in *Scarface* could be done more skillfully today—and that the whole picture made today would be soft and smart and ineffective. Certainly all the dogfight scenes of *Hell's Angels* would be made today as masterpieces of the stunter's skill and the cameraman's art—and yet I am afraid that the total result wouldn't be so good. In one of the most involved moments of the battle in the air, two characters, in separate planes, carry on a bantering conversation, and almost all the way through the fight, one of the heroes acts as a sort of guide to the tactics of aerial warfare, standing up exposed in his cockpit and telling what is happening. (They still didn't know much about sound then.) It is preposterous—but it isn't slick. And when the important moments come, everything is genuine.

When I came away from these two pictures I knew it would take me some time to get perspective on the current crop. Here was war and here was the great era of American crime—the subjects themselves had so much more pull to them than anything we attempt today. How can our screwball comedies and light banter about sex be as impressive and as moving?

Well, part of the answer is that a really first-class bit of fluff can be just as satisfactory, even if it operates on a different level. I have made no complaint about *Nothing Sacred* which is absolutely topnotch in its style; nor about *Mad About Music* which (like these old pictures I have been discussing)—is silly in plot and speech, but is essentially right and beautifully done. Yet it is to be noted that the best the movies have done in the way of using anything vital to the human race even as background has been pretty timid. There were a few tries at the outrages of vigilantes, when these were purely criminal; *They Won't Forget* attacked mob rule and *Zola* was a fine piece of work appealing to our sense of justice. But neither the heroism of human beings in the past nine years, when their daily work was taken from them and their future was blacked out, nor the hell of tyranny elsewhere in the world, has inspired the films to any effort. Think back to what I have put down of the love story in *Hell's Angels* and compare it with the way love story overrides China or Spain in any film you may have seen recently; think back even to the elaborate phonies using the Russian Revolution as background, as concocted in the past eighteen months. The love story is the important thing, making world events utterly trivial; and yet, by a nice irony, the love story is never absorbing or honest or real.

The movies have become smart and I have wondered before whether they haven't outsmarted themselves. I used to think that wit and whimsy were the enemies of passion, and that Hollywood had merely slipped into using them because they were the mode. But after seeing these two pictures, I have my doubts. It seems to me that the producers of films have deliberately removed themselves from anything that's real, from the sound of a real voice, from the accent of a real passion, even if that passion is trifling. Everything is beautifully done and the pictures are a pleasure to the eye and the pasting-up job is faultless; but these graying and rather jiggly pictures, with their jumpy transitions and their unexplained motives, seem to have been based on a simple conviction that even in the most violent of circumstances, human beings *live*. There's very little proof that that conviction still persists. ⧺

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 82

is in the chance for the comeback. For when the non-actor has tired his audience he is through and can't come back. But the actor has a chance of an accident. Some director may give him or her a break in a slightly different type of role. And bingo, the actor has a new personality and is tops for another cycle.

Now, Mae West, Joan Crawford, Hepburn, and a flock of other stars were tapped by the box-office men and told to get off the screen because they were poison over the coffers.

Of these, I think Hepburn is likely to have the biggest laugh. Mae West must be admitted an actress in the sense that she built up a character image and played it. But hers is the case of having done the job so utterly well that she could never surmount it. I doubt her creative capacity, beyond this one invention.

Crawford is a person of tremendous vitality who may force her way back for a few spells, if she gets good story material, but who, I believe, won't be able to produce anything in the way of characterization; and when her zest (some call it glamour) really diminishes, she'll be out.

Hepburn has already proven that she can break from the hoopskirts. Her newest picture, *Holiday*, should prove an antidote for some of the poison she has been obliged to sugar-coat in the past. Given a brisk, modern story, it turns out that the Hepburn personality is still fresh and in demand. And when she's worn that out, I believe the woman can turn on some acting.

The hullaballoo raised by the exhibitors served one purpose. It woke the producers up to the fact that the slump in the movie business was more than "recession." It was the change from long weariness to resentment, on the part of movie fans.

As they had always been taught to identify the good in films with the stars, they now identified the bad with same. The producers, knowing how they peddle the dope, were wise enough to discount much of the howling against the stars. They know well enough that quantity production has ironed down quality.

So what must they do? Back to the fundamentals. Action is what they'll make. Put Cagney and even Muni into super-westerns. And what was that picture where the hero backed his way up a flight of stairs, fencing, single-handed, against a whole band of cut-throat villains, where he threw a bench in their faces, knocking seven of them tumbling upon each other, ran his sword through the eighth while he kicked the ninth in the teeth, leaped a railing, and confronted the arch-villain himself, whom he engaged in a real duel? And then he broke in a door and rescued the heroine.

Son of the Shiek? Sure, it's good on Broadway today. *Marco Polo*, *Robin Hood*, *Kidnapped*, sure, they're good on Broadway today. But *Kidnapped* will make less money than *Robin Hood*, and again the Daring Zanucks will begin to wonder. Can it be that Freddie Bartholomew is slipping? Or that stalwart standby Warner Baxter?

There is no solution at all for the picture-maker's dilemma, beyond honesty and diversity. It is true that the swordsman-on-the-stairs will periodically make money, the action film is good for a run of repetition, just as the star-face is good for a run of reptition. And then folks get tired of it all. There just aren't four hundred good, new picture ideas a year.

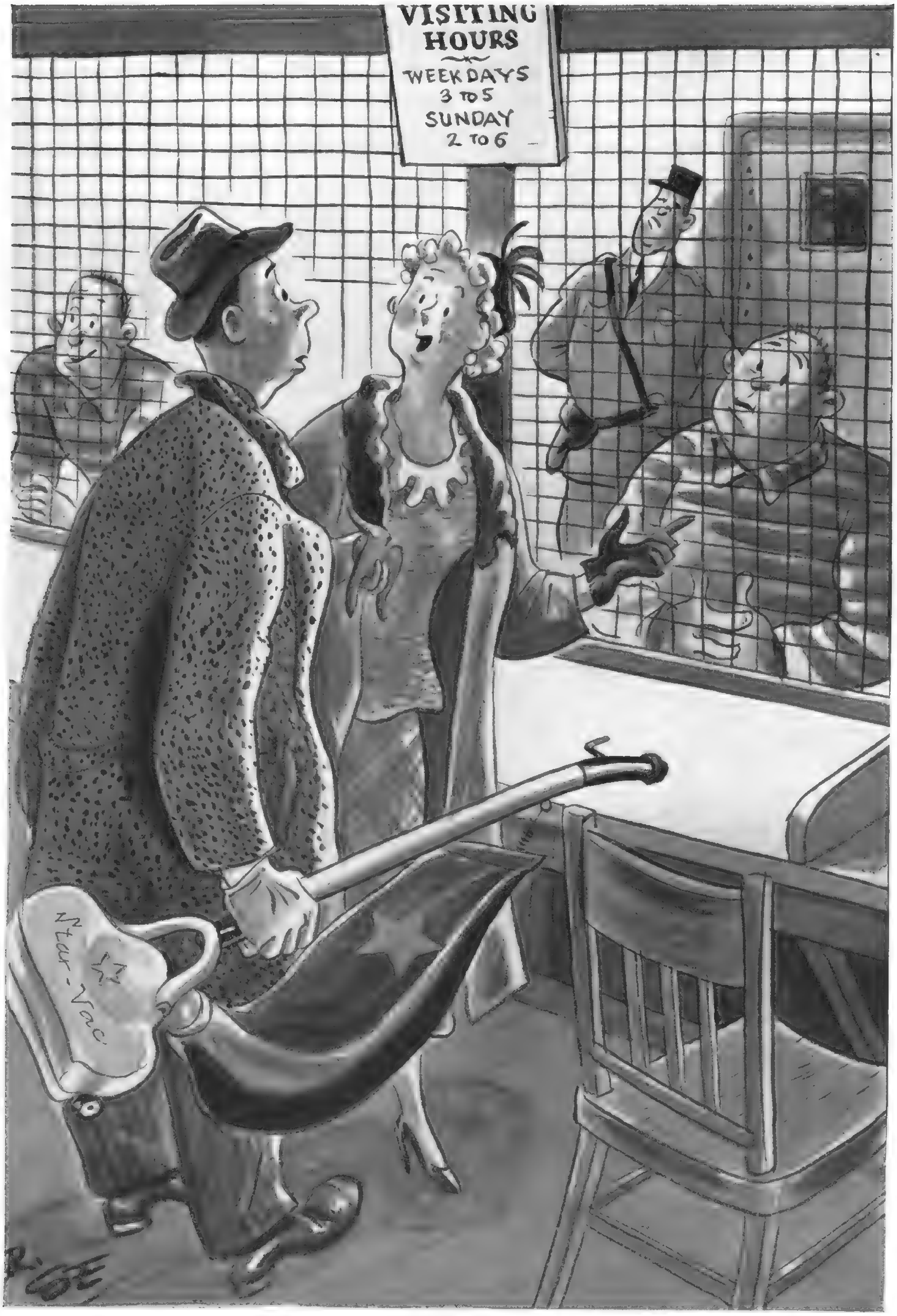
Double features have over-stimulated the film appetite. People will go to see double features for months, and then suddenly grow hypersensitive to the diet, demand something new every session, or fast for six months before they can try the stuff again. It would be much better for all concerned, chiefly the people who work in the industry, if the stuff were dished out in single portions. ⧺

MOVIE GUIDE (*Continued*) somehow remain. Director Frank Borzage, who never spares the trembling tears, uses several dropper-fulls to put across the sad, sad story of Robert (he-man) Taylor's love for tubercular Margaret Sullavan. Somewhere amongst the debris is the tale of the three war-comrades who were beaten by the war after the war. The tubercular love-story, symbolic in Remarque's book, of course becomes the whole story in the film, becomes a-typical, wrenches the whole play out of proportion. Political implications are muted, almost blotted out. Still, the strongest scenes in the film are those in which Robert Young struggles against his conscience, to keep himself helping his buddies instead of helping the revolution, and again the street-riot scenes, culminating in the sequence in which he is shot in the back by obvious (but unnamed in the film) Nazi hoodlums. Franchot Tone, tracking down the murderer, retrieves some of the character power of his earlier screen efforts.

WASTE

Hold That Kiss: The boy pretends he's rich, and the girl pretends she's ritzy, till they both find out they're working people, and can marry. Mickey Rooney is wasted.

Swiss Miss: Laurel and Hardy slipping again. ⧺


VISITING HOURS
WEEKDAYS 3 TO 5
SUNDAY 2 TO 6
Star-Vac

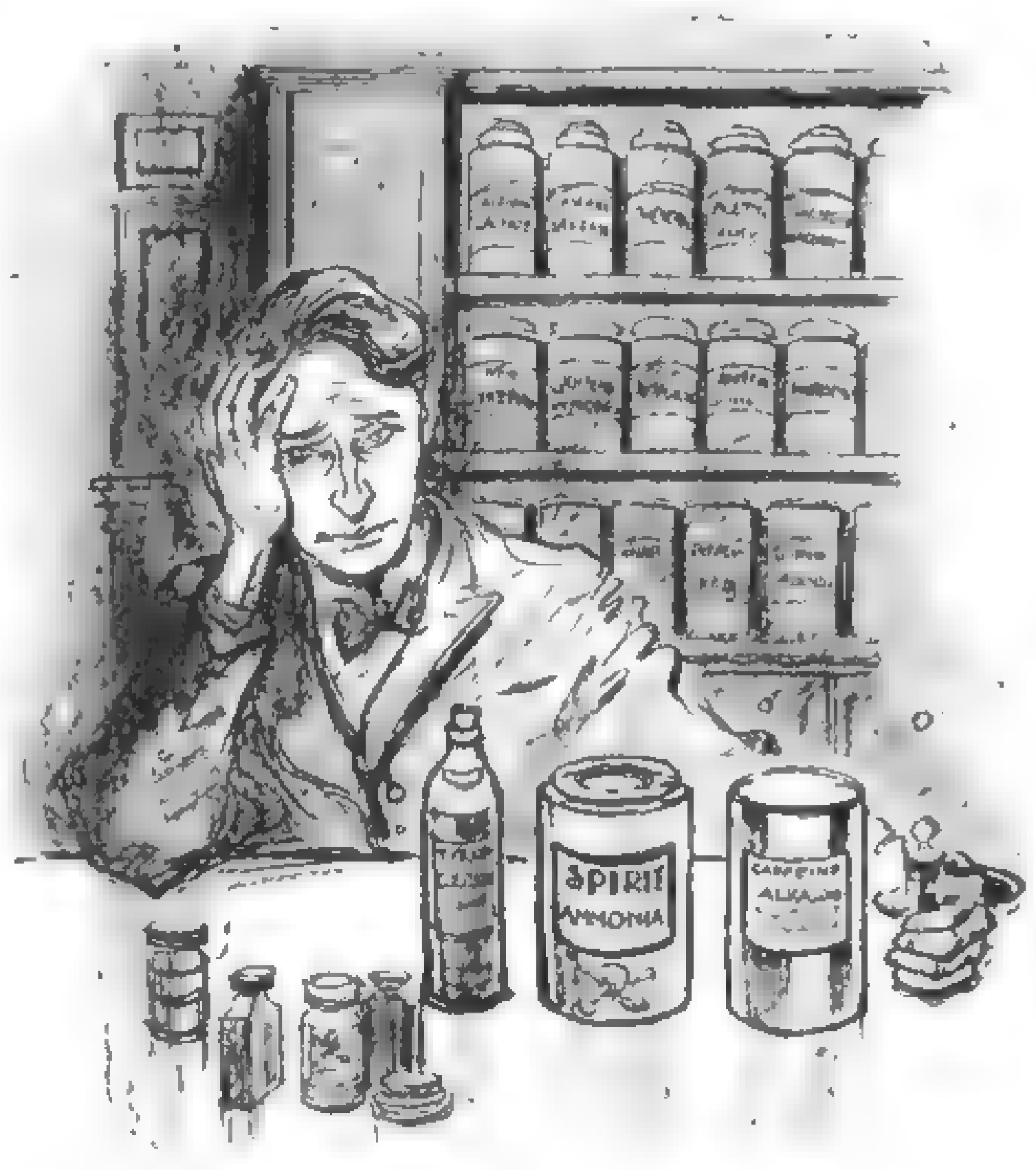
"Now tell my husband all about your liberal trade-in allowance!"

Pluto, the Hound of Heaven

Even the chambermaids in the town knew Jenö would have married Katica, if it weren't for Ida, the engineer's wife

by SÁNDOR HUNYADY

▪ FICTION ▪



Jenö was a very nice young man. He was twenty-eight, medium-built, and had light brown hair. In his smiling mouth a pedantic platinum tooth was shining. He could dance, skate, and play tennis. For summer wear he had six pairs of white flannels, one burberry —and one gabardine—suit; for the winter season he was well supplied with tails, a dinner jacket, and a beaver-lined coat which he had inherited from his father. This father had been an apothecary, who succeeded in accumulating two apartment buildings and a twenty-five-acre vineyard while he lived. After his death Jenö assumed charge of the pharmacy, but the estate went to his mother. He lived at home, in the family house on Count Széchenyi Street, but he had an entirely separate suite of his own, to the door of which a special path led through the garden planted with rose trees.

"You are a grown-up man now: you can arrange your life any way you like. It's nobody's business when you come home, when you go out, or who comes to see you. I'm going to give you the two rooms in the garden!" So said his mother on his twenty-fifth birthday.

This was theory. In practice, however, his emancipation remained hypothetical. The gate was equipped with a shrill-sounding bell which would ring automatically when someone entered or left the garden. The possible visitors to the "separate suite" would have had to pass under the windows of the main wing of the building. And Jenö's mother was a passionate peeker, just like his Aunt Margit, the widow of a vice-burgomaster, who also lived in the family house. The cook and the chambermaid were gossipy and congenitally curious, not to mention the man-servant who had his headquarters directly under Jenö's rooms in the basement.

This arrangement could hardly have been described as "storm-free" for the purposes of a tactful young man with any respect for his family. But his was no exception. Every male and female inhabitant of the town, which had a population of about thirty thousand, lived in such a conscientiously and carefully supervised house.

Thus, it often happened, in the winter after a ball, in the summer after garden suppers, that the young man, aroused by wine and dancing, came home with pent-up emotions, went to bed, took the coverlet between his knees, bored his head into the pillow, and gave vent to his feelings in an angry sigh:

"Damn this town, anyway! I'd give half of the pharmacy if I could spend just two months in Budapest every year!"

He shut his eyes, and thought of Ida, the wife of Engineer Balzsam, with whom he was mortally in love. Ida was a dark, sharp-nosed, thin, novel-reading, poetically dressed, perfume-exuding, thirty-year-old woman, who, according to the opinion of the older intelligentsia of the town, bore, with her dark-circled eyes, a striking resemblance to Asta Nielsen, the Danish film star. The woman returned Jenö's love, likewise mortally. Passion in both of them was striving for a very realistic solution of their problem. But they could not even get as far as a kiss, because of the murderously curious, all-penetrating, sarcastic glances of the inquisitive townspeople.

They were compelled to remain in the terrain of heavenly love. To be satisfied with secret glances, sentences of hidden meaning, and inverted hand-kisses. At times they would meet "accidentally" while promenading. They would join each other. But these walks could not last longer than a quarter of an hour. Longer periods of reverie would certainly have been "discussed" by their acquaintances. Once, during such a walk, Jenö made the proposition:

"Look here, Ida! We could go across the bridge to the preserve. . . . Only two minutes! And there's never anybody there!"—and his eyes thirstily sought the woman's neck, the little shadow behind her ear, where he would have liked to kiss her above all.

"Are you crazy?" the woman whispered. "My husband would strangle me if he found out!"

But then resistance melted away in her, like butter in a hot pan. They turned toward the little forest, where, according to Jenö, "There was never anybody." True, there was no milling multitude, only the physics professor of the local Gymnasium, a hunchback, who was studying English aloud, walking up and down in the *allé*. The professor saw them at once, and greeted them uproariously:

"I kiss your hand! *Servus*, Jenö!"

He pocketed his dictionary and notebooks.

"I hope I am not intruding?" he asked pleasantly as he joined them.

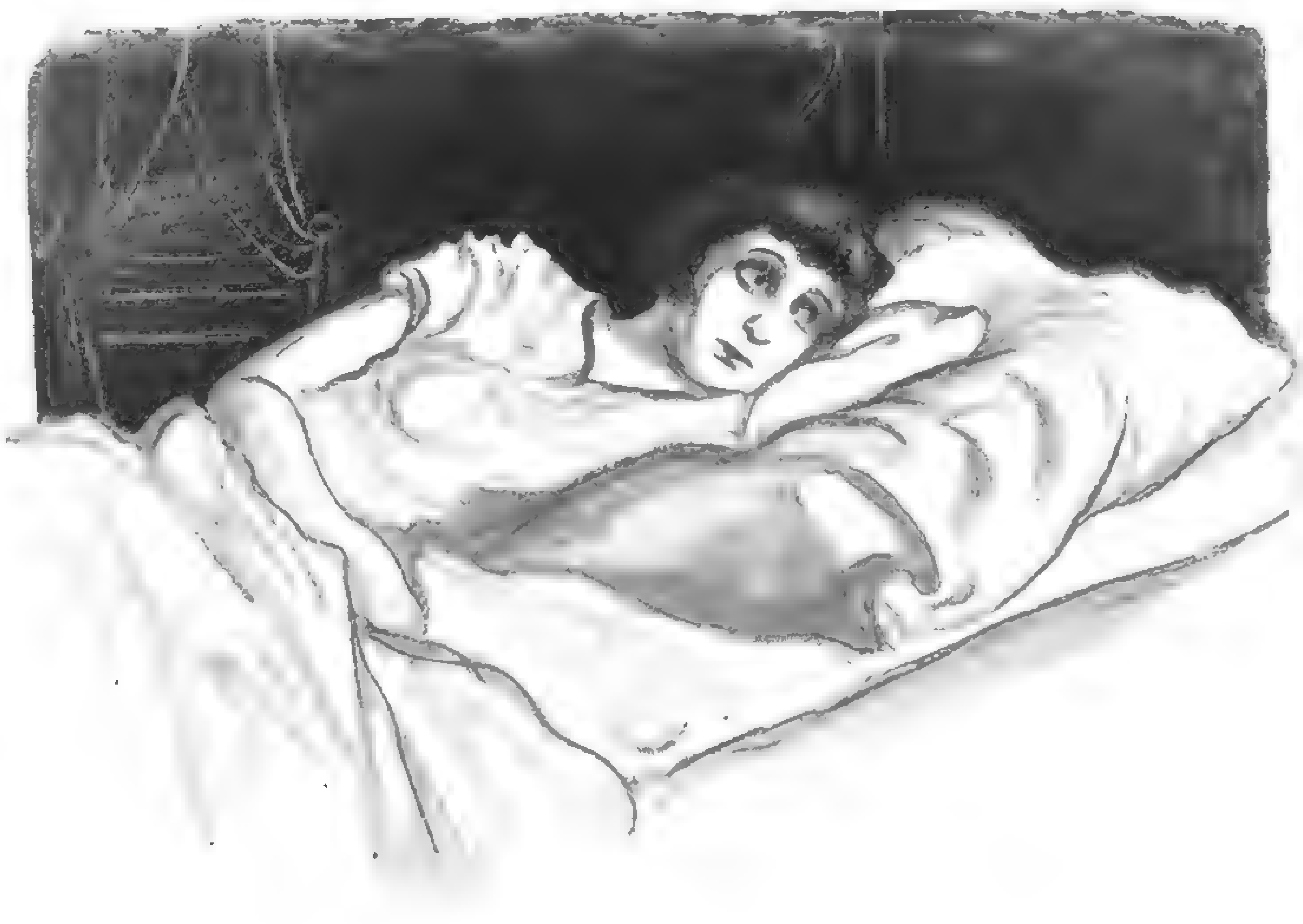
"If they had only drowned you on the day of your birth!" thought Jenö, and looked at the woman, around whose astanielsenesque eyes the circles became even darker. Apparently, she, too, had an individual, inner wish for the hunchback.

When Jenö thought of this scene he made such an angry turn in the bed that he hit his head against the bedpost. He sat up, unbuttoned the collar of his nightgown, turned on the light on his night table, and read two pages at random out of an old pharmaceutical catalogue.

Then he turned off the light, and, somewhat calmed, completed the train of thoughts pertaining to Ida. Only that he might, upon entering the deeper and purer register of the pre-somnolent state, fall into a reverie centered about his other great love.

The object of this other great love was Katica, the daughter of Hintz the dentist. It was only natural that in contrast to Ida's dark, poisonous, morphinesque beauty, Katica was a blonde. That certain sweet, platinum-blonde type, whose skin becomes darker than her hair when she gets tanned on the beach in the summer. Jenö almost went crazy over this color-combination, he found it so alluring.

As for that, there was nothing to prevent him from kissing Katica. But then, in accordance with the unwritten law of the



provincial small town, he would have had to marry her immediately. The dentist's family was already awaiting the great event, joyous and trembling. Katica herself had been given permission by her mamma to allow the young pharmacist certain liberties. The families were more than willing, and there was nothing wrong with the financial aspects of the affair, either.

But still, the skies of the pre-engagement period remained overcast, because Jenö's initiative was definitely hindered by the realization of the fact that then everything would be over with Ida.

It was very characteristic that this situation, which was an organic outgrowth of the innermost feelings of a man and two women, was seen and analyzed with marvelous precision by the "society" of the little town. This in spite of the fact that Jenö was very discreet, and that Ida had perfect mastery of her conduct. But it is quite probable that the citizenry of towns with less than fifty thousand inhabitants have a keener insight into mental problems than Proust himself. Thus, even the chambermaids knew that "the pharmacist would have married the dentist's daughter long ago if it hadn't been for the engineer's wife with those astanielsen eyes!"

The situation was ripening. Jenö longed more and more intensely to dissolve in that blue-eyed, perfumed glycerine which was Katica; and parallel with this he was yearning more and more passionately to be burnt in that sinful flame which was quivering above Ida's glowing, sinuous personality like an *ignis fatuus*.

He was constantly in such a tense and intoxicated condition as Romeo's. It was a divine miracle that he could fill the prescriptions.

One June morning Ida came into the pharmacy to purchase ten grams of Californian Poppy. This was her favorite perfume, which was stocked in the inner recesses of the pharmacy in a gigantic, three-liter, glass-stoppered flacon.

Jenö waited on his most precious customer, and then accompanied her to the street just as he was, bareheaded.

"I'll be back at once!" he said to the two clerks, whose faces remained frozen, although they were both smiling warmly at the bottoms of their stomachs.

This time the woman was dry, sober, and concise, as women usually are when they have arrived at an important decision.

"My husband left town this morning and won't be back until day after tomorrow. He's gone to Budapest to attend his quarter-century class reunion. The maid got the mumps, and we had to take her to the hospital. My little girl and the nurse are already at Lake Balaton with Grandmother. Only the gardener and his wife are in the house, but they sleep so soundly that it's impossible to awake them. Do you want to come up to see me tonight, after midnight? We could spend an hour or two together—alone!"

Jenö almost fainted away. His knees began to tremble.

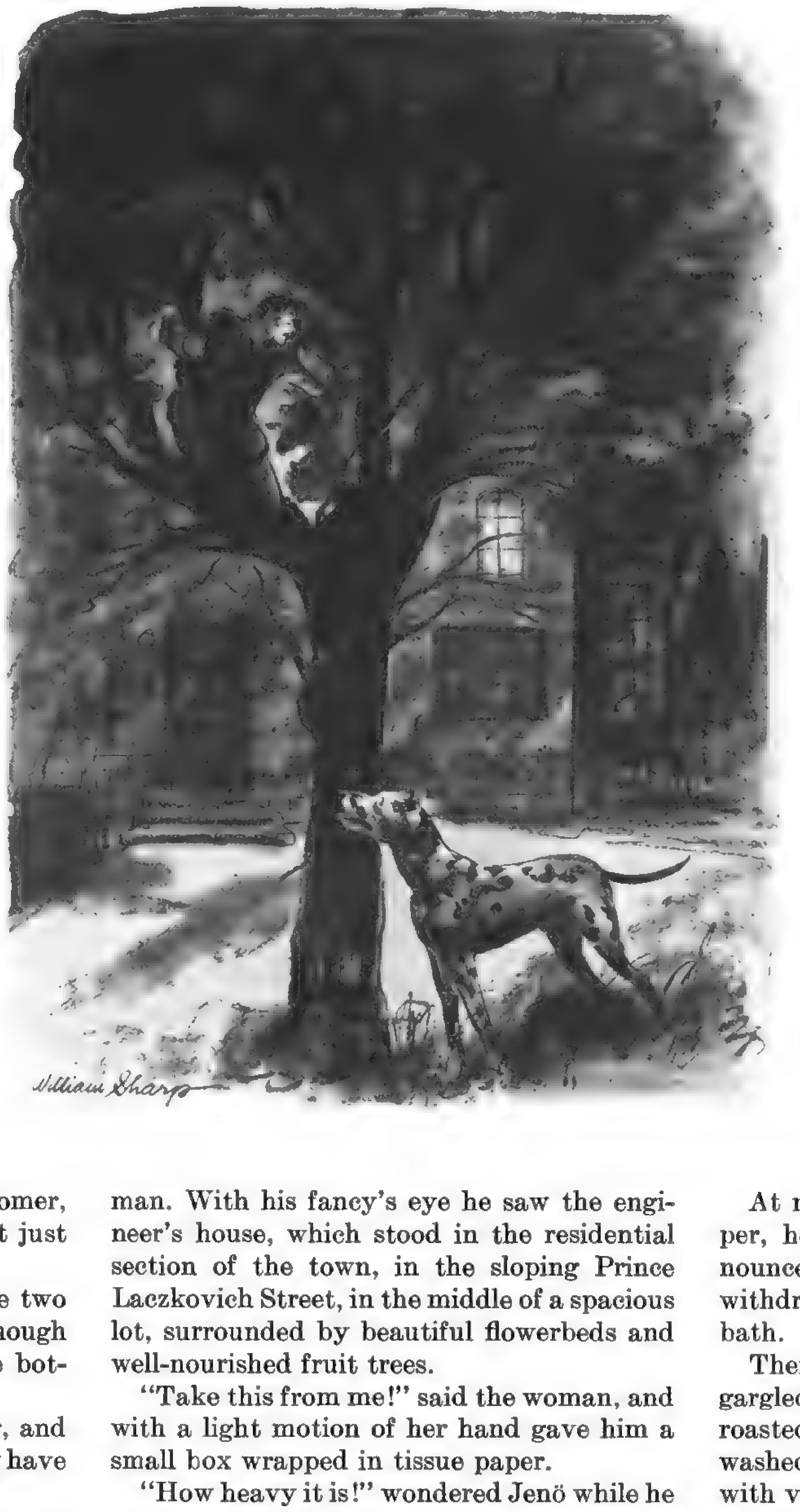
"Get that look off your face!" the woman admonished him sternly. "Someone may be watching us and guess that we are talking about something important!"

"Sorry, I couldn't control myself!" the young man apologized.

"That's very bad," the engineer's wife chastised him. "Because this business needs a great deal of caution. You know what a risk I am taking! This is more serious than death!"

This wasn't quite true. The procedure had been planned so carefully that there was no more risk involved in it than there is in a Budapest-Vienna plane trip. But even so, it is quite brave of a provincial burgher-woman to get on the Vienna plane.

"And how do I get in?" asked the young man. With his fancy's eye he saw the engineer's house, which stood in the residential section of the town, in the sloping Prince Laczkovich Street, in the middle of a spacious lot, surrounded by beautiful flowerbeds and well-nourished fruit trees.



"Take this from me!" said the woman, and with a light motion of her hand gave him a small box wrapped in tissue paper.

"How heavy it is!" wondered Jenö while he weighed the box in his palm.

"Don't play with it! Put it in your pocket!" the engineer's wife warned him. "The keys are in it! The brass is the key to the garden gate. It turns from left to right. The iron is the key to the house door. Be careful: it has to be pushed into the keyhole all the way to the feather! The nickel key opens the door of the hall. I'm going to leave it open, to be sure, but the gardener might lock it. I'm giving it to you just to be on the safe side."

"Ida!" the boy whispered hoarsely.

The woman continued with objective coolness:

"You have been to our house. You know its arrangement. The light switch is on the wall to the left of the hall door. Still, don't turn on the light if you can avoid it. The lamp will be burning in my bedroom, and it will light the salon through the glass door. But be careful when you come to the steps! Do you know where the steps are?" . . . and she explained to him everything in the most minute detail.

She sounded like a Ruthenian spy during the World War, reporting to an officer of the Russian General Staff on the Austro-Hungarian lines to be attacked in the morning.

If Jenö had been a man of a little more sophistication, he might have become suspicious of Ida, who spoke with such poise about letting somebody come to see her in the middle of the night.

He might have suspected that Ida had for a long time been leading a life of debauchery. But this would not have been exactly true.

The truth was that during the eleven years of her marriage the engineer's wife had had altogether but four similar escapades with two different men. Jenö would be the fifth escapade and the third man.

This was comparatively considerable inexperience. But that's the way women are. When once they go berserk and set their minds on going through with something, they can pass the gate of even the cheapest transient hotel like a third-year law student.

Jenö, however, was not suspicious. He was even more inexperienced than the engineer's wife. Not from the standpoint of general innocence. Because he had had a fair number of escapades. But this was the first truly great case in his life.

A lady of social standing, who was beautiful and whom he had loved long with a burning desire!

In the afternoon he tried to sleep to be fresh during the night. But he couldn't. He had to go to the café to play a couple of games of billiards.

At nine o'clock in the evening, after supper, he kissed his mother's hand, and announced that he was going to bed early. He withdrew to his separate suite. He took a bath.

Then he pedicured and manicured. He gargled with Hyperole, after which he chewed roasted coffee beans to freshen his breath. He washed his hair first with Pyxavone, and then with violet shampoo.

Finally, carefully cleansed outside and inside, like a medicine bottle in the pharmacy, at half past twelve, to avoid interfering with the bell on the gate, he climbed over the fence of his own garden.

It was a gorgeous night. In the sky a full white moon. Deep silence. Dark windows. In small towns like his after eleven o'clock Gossip herself goes to bed.

Jenö did not meet a created soul all the way to the iron-mesh gate of the villa in Prince Laczkovich Street. He pushed the brass key into the lock. He turned it. It clicked easily. The gate was open.

Before him was the silver and black garden,

Continued on page 111

The White Stallion

Continued from page 43

He uttered a few words, but they seemed to satisfy the curiosity of the old man. He gazed upon the foreigners with a grave interest, as if their lives, their thoughts and their emotions were already as plain to him as the characters of the Koran. The man and the woman stood in embarrassment before the little shop, aware of the dark, crowded, narrow street at their backs, its furtive movements, its padding slippered feet, its soundless gliding donkeys, and even more aware of the dark unfathomable eyes of the old Arab. They smiled at him nervously.

"Ask him," said Donald suddenly, "what he thinks of the Spaniards."

Mohammed Ali translated eagerly. The old man looked at them in silence, and Donald regretted his question. Then the Arab pulled his brown djellabhi over his shoulders. He was big-framed and stout, and the robe seemed too small for him. He replied at last, unemotionally and briefly.

"He says," interpreted the son in a manner half-cynical, half-admiring, "he has no opinion of the Spaniards. They are foreigners. He says all men who do not pray in the mosque are foreigners. You are foreigners. I am also a foreigner, for I like Spanish customs and do not pray in the mosque. He is a very nice old man, my father, but very obstinate."

They smiled at him to show they bore no resentment, and Elsa offered him her hand. He withdrew his right hand from the folds of his djellabhi and shook hands with the foreign man and woman. The forefinger of his left hand remained on the open page of the Koran. As they turned to go he stopped them with a gesture. Then with both hands he dipped into a box at his elbow, and filled their own with almonds.

"I take you now," said Mohammed Ali calmly, "to see my house. I have a very nice house. I live there with my friend."

"Thank you," said Donald hastily, "but the Señora is tired. I think we should return to the inn."

"Please!" entreated Mohammed Ali. There was a note of disappointment in his warm, rich voice.

"Let us go with him, darling," said Elsa in English. "We have never seen any Moorish house that wasn't a sultan's palace full of postcard vendors."

Mohammed Ali was already guiding her, eagerly but gently, over the uneven pavement of the street. They stumbled for five minutes through dark passages, fitfully lighted by the small flames of the lamps burning in the shops of the merchants. Sometimes the street ran near the sheer face of the mountain, and they could see in a wide curve behind them the terraced slopes of the town, white in the moonlight, and over the valley the great black mountain wall in which the marabouts lived. Sometimes a marabout passed them, leaping silently from step to step down the narrow street, a veiled man in an immense plaited straw hat like a cone, with slits in the veil for the eyes. "Those are very holy men!" explained Mohammed Ali with an unfamiliar note of awe in his cynical, irreverent, disillusioned voice. "Very holy, very mysterious." But he refused to explain wherein their mystery lay.

They were walking now between a row of little houses and a high whitewashed wall, the wall of the city. They had passed the last of the mosques, and through the opened door they had caught a swift, breathless and intimidating vision of many cloaked figures intoning prayers, now kneeling, now prostrate in an attitude of ecstasy, in a great bare, half-lit place of shadows.

They had stopped before three stone steps in a rough wall. The lowest step was broken, and Mohammed Ali lifted Elsa over it. At the top of the steps was an unpainted rough wooden door, and a young Arab stood inside it, looking down at them curiously, his lithe and boyish figure outlined sharply against the yellow light of a tiny kerosene lamp. He held the door open for them and they entered.

The house of Mohammed Ali was a single chamber about ten feet long and five feet wide. When they all stood upright in it there was no room to move. If the house had been furnished in anything save Moorish fashion there would have been no room to enter. But the only furniture in it was a pile of rugs on the floor against one wall, and on it the visitors were urged by Mohammed Ali to sit. The lamp stood on the floor at the end of the narrow room, and near it Mohammed Ali squatted. His friend sat on the floor with his back to the wall, facing the guests. Once seated, Elsa reflected, the room seemed to her suddenly large. Was it, she wondered, that Arabs needed less space than foreigners, or that she and Donald had suddenly shrunk to the dimensions of a Moor.

Mohammed Ali's friend was a handsome youth of fifteen or sixteen. He was lighter in hue than Mohammed Ali. His skin was honey-colored, and his eyes were blue. He was probably a Berber and therefore remotely Caucasian in origin. He spoke better Spanish than Mohammed Ali, for all the latter's service in the Spanish Foreign Legion. He wore no djellabhi, but a thin cotton tunic open at the throat, and short khaki-colored breeches of some woolen material. His thin brown legs were bare.

Mohammed Ali heated water over a charcoal stove and gave them mint tea in tiny cups. The room was warm but the air did not seem fetid. The cold pure breath of the mountain outside came into the room under the old and ill-fitting door. The perfume of the aromatic mint rose from the steaming cups on the floor at their elbow. Elsa felt strangely happy. There was an intimacy between her and these three companions, two of whom she had never seen before this night, and would never, probably, see again. The Berber boy was named Ibrahim. He sat gracefully against the wall and smiled at her. His Spanish was fluent and musical, his eyes were candid, his face chiseled like a cameo. There was a complete and trusting confidence in his manner, as of a child cradled in happiness. He had not yet acquired the roguish, cynical irreverence of Mohammed Ali. He had been born without hatred and without fear.

They talked in their unequal and alien tongues of many things: the old city, the watermills, the marabouts, the Spanish army, Mohammed Ali's rich and pious father, the irreligiousness of the young. Finally, Mohammed Ali returned to his familiar obsession.

"You wish to see Moorish ladies?" he insinuated in his warm, liquid voice. "Beautiful Moorish dancers?"

"No! No ladies for me, thank you!" Donald said shortly, beginning to think he had been a fool in letting Elsa come to this place.

"I have many Moorish lady friends, all beautiful dancers," pursued Mohammed Ali eagerly. "Do you want me to ask them to come here?"

Elsa laughed. "Where would they dance?" she asked.

"Here!" said Mohammed delightedly. "In my house." He made a gesture with his hands, and the whitewashed walls suddenly seemed to dissolve, and the narrow cell to be transformed into a hall with columns.

"I don't think so," said Donald amiably. He smiled again in his relief. He had feared the usual experience of tourists in a strange country. He suddenly realized that Mohammed Ali was more poet than pander, more magician than mercenary. The very ingenuousness of the Arab reassured him. He saw that the adventure was now without perils.

Elsa would have liked to see the dancers, but feared the intrusion of another female upon this charming intimacy. Moreover, she was beginning to feel drowsy. The warm air of the room after the fatiguing walk up and down the steep streets, the aroma of the mint leaves, the sense of friendly companionship and security, had made her only desirous of sleep. She put out a hand to the boy Ibrahim, and he, moving upright in one silent gliding movement, assisted her to her feet.

"I am tired. Let us go, darling," she said to her husband.

Donald got up with alacrity. He held out his hand to Mohammed Ali and the Arab took it smilingly. But past Donald he looked at Elsa. "You must not go yet!" he objected. "You have not seen the horse."

"The horse?" exclaimed Donald in wonder.

"My friend, it is his horse," said Mohammed Ali proudly and excitedly.

They all stared at Ibrahim, who stood gazing at them with a faint smile in which modesty struggled with pride. "Come!" he said at last. "I will show you my horse." He took the little kerosene lamp from the floor and opened the door. They followed him down the broken stone steps, and in the narrow passage between Mohammed Ali's house and the wall of the city the moonlight made patches of silver in a shadow blacker than ink. The moonlight fell on a great door in the house wall which they had not seen before, stone and wood and flesh and water having the same unsubstantial and unearthly hue in this light. The yellow flame of Ibrahim's lamp was less luminous than Ibrahim's white tunic as he stood fumbling with the bar which closed the door. Then the door opened and a great square of darkness made a new patch of inky shadow on the moonlight, and the yellow flame piercing it at last, they saw before them, standing silently like a god in an abandoned temple, Ibrahim's horse.

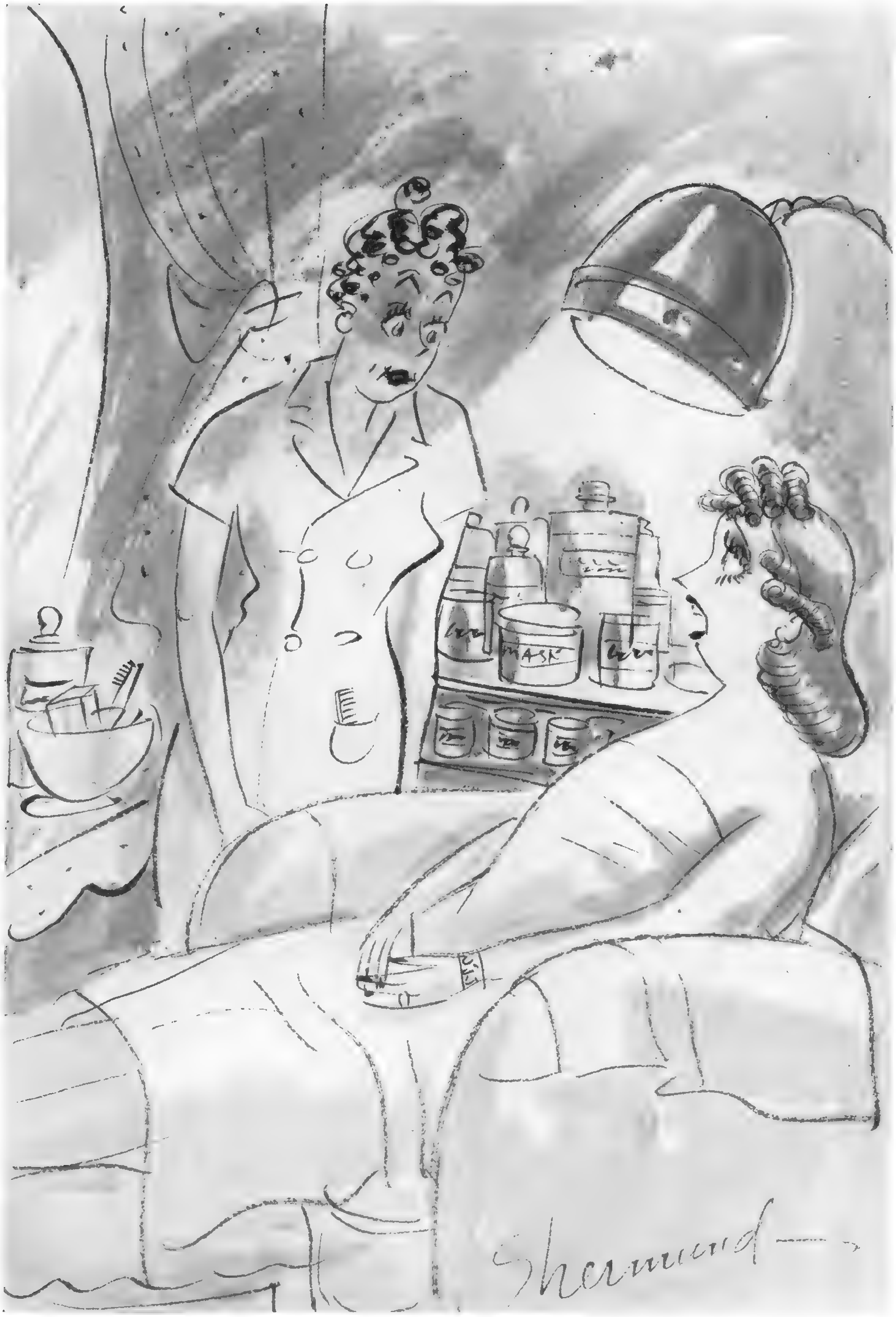
He was an Arab stallion, pure white save for a brown patch on the forehead. He stood there, unhaltered, in the middle of a large, windowless stable. The stable, calculated Donald, was about six times as large as Mohammed Ali's house. The horse stood motionless, but he whinnied with pleasure when the boy Ibrahim approached him. They crowded around him, and Elsa placed a cool hand on the stallion's warm head. His eyes, large, brown and liquid, gazed at her unwinkingly in the yellow light of the lamp. Outside, the moonlight lay in white flakes on the city walls, but no whiter than the stallion.

"How old is the horse?" asked Donald.

"He is twelve years old," said Ibrahim with pride.

They walked reluctantly out into the moonlight, and closed the door upon the stallion, leaving him alone in the large, dark, windowless room, in a night blacker than ink.

The two Arabs accompanied them to the door of the inn, dark in the shadow of the Portuguese fort, and there left them with promises to meet again on the morrow. The little bedroom on the patio had dried out during the evening, and the air in it was warm. Donald forced the window wider open, and the mountain air came in soft and cold. Elsa slept dreamlessly, undisturbed by sickness. In the morning, they awoke late, to find the valley flooded with sunshine and the mountain wreathed with mist. #


MASK
Sherwood

"You'll have to do me over like I was before—I can't convince my husband it's me!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 79

by the Critics' Circle. Steinbeck is the likeliest new native dramatist to have come into the theatre in some time.

Merely Murder (*Thomas*)—A little honey that found most of the first-night customers in the bar across the street from 9:30 p.m. on. Including me.

Barchester Towers (*Job*)—Dull and abortive derivation from Trollope. Maybe one of the reasons, if rumor was correct, was that Ina Claire, the star, insisted upon having some of the other characters' best comedy lines reassigned to her. Bad girl, Ina!

Hooray For What! (*Lindsay and Crouse*)—The season's biggest laugh show with Edwin Leopold (alias Ed Wynn) in magnificent form. Al Gordon's dogs (the Critics' Circle's honored histrionic guests) added to the evening's cultural eminence.

Brown Sugar (*Angus*)—Tin-pot Negro melodrama. The show, or rather lack of it, was stolen by a young colored girl named Butterfly McQueen, whose notices from all the Northern critics made those two Southern irreconcilables, Colonels Brown and Anderson, as indignant as hell.

Love In My Fashion (*George*)—Comedy au gratin. Replaced in the rattrap the next day.

Siege (*Shaw*)—Spanish Revolution stuff. The author (Irwin not Bernard) was hailed by most of the critics as an uncommon genius after his *Bury The Dead*. This succeeding exhibit caused the biggest reneging since S. W. Straus and Co.

Something For Nothing (*Essex and Schwartz*)—A malicious report had it that the author said he liked his play, whatever the critics and sparse audiences thought.

Love Of Women (*Stuart*)—Another British Lesbian morsel with the Lesbian motif timidly played pianissimo. But no one was fooled except the Shuberts, who put up the money.

The Cradle Will Rock (*Blitzstein*)—The Left critics, who believe that any show in which an actor in overalls, representing Labor, spits in the face of an actor in a cutaway coat, representing Capital, is an artistic gem, were enthusiastic about it. It seemed so inartistically feeble to me, however, that I wouldn't have thought it worth any more even if the actor in the cutaway had spit in the face of the one in overalls.

Tell Me Pretty Maiden (*Wendell*)—A glamor actress brags of her noble lineage. A flashback shows she was born a slum mick. Further comment superfluous.

Between The Devil (*Dietz and Schwartz*)—This was the musical exhibit with that line about marrying two women being bigamy and marrying three being trigonometry. (It's wonderful to be a critic and to get into all the shows for nothing.)

Three Waltzes (*Knepler et al*)—Give me Strauss music and I wouldn't mind even if the trigonometry joke were included in the book.

A Doll's House (*Ibsen*)—Our beloved critical sidekick, Burns Mantle, in an attempt politely to get out of calling Ruth Gordon's Nora names, wrote: "There will always be as many Noras as there will be Candidas and none of them, I could wager convincingly, knowing I could never be proved wrong, would be accepted by either Ibsen or Shaw as approaching his creation." You lose your wager and you are easily proved wrong, Burnsie. Ibsen and Shaw are on record as having wholeheartedly accepted certain actresses in the roles in question.

Western Waters (*Carlson*)—Paul Bunyan on an Ohio river boat in frontier days. If noise were the mark of dramatic talent, the author would make O'Neill look like a two-spot.

One Thing After Another (*Noble*)—Tripe.

Yr Obedient Husband (*Jackson*)—Fredric March, the movie actor, tries to come back to his first love, the theatre, but the theatre sadly shakes its head.

Straw Hat (*Unkelbach*)—And was this a stinker!

The Shoemakers' Holiday (*Dekker*)—Excellent production of the old bawdy comedy which undoubtedly did the good trade it did because a lot of people will enthusiastically pay out money to hear actors speak four-letter words perfectly familiar to them since childhood.

Time And The Conways (*Priestley*)—The author got very sore and denounced American taste *in toto* because a few hundred New Yorkers didn't like his play and it failed. If he were logical, he might similarly denounce British taste *in toto* because a few hundred Londoners didn't like his *People At Sea* and it failed.

Right This Way (*Waters and Greene*)—At the finale of Act I, the hero madly grabbed the heroine and swung her into a passionate waltz, thereafter telling her he was through with her. My guest, Ivor Brown, critic for the *London Observer*, and I thereupon were through with both of them.

The Greatest Show On Earth (*Duffy and Alexander*)—The authors, apparently never having heard of Aristophanes, imagined they had hit upon a great novelty in writing a play about animals in terms of humans.

Tortilla Flat (*Kirkland*)—Steinbeck's book dirtied up by the boy who made money with *Tobacco Road*. He was so indignant over the reviews that he took a sock at one of the reviewers. The Critics' Circle is arranging a grand plaque bout, in Madison Square Garden on September 5 next, between Kirkland and Priestley for the world's grouse championship.

Stop-Over (*M. and S. Taylor*)—Deserted-house melodrama, with philosophical overtones. Sample philosophical overtone: "If a man kills a man, that's murder. Why isn't it also murder if a man in uniform kills a man? War is murder!" Pfui.

One-Third Of A Nation (*Arent*)—Installment 2 of the Living Newspaper. The Federal Theatre Project's only contribution to the drama.

If I Were You (*Fox and Levy*)—Twenty-odd years ago Wilhelm Von Scholz's *Exchanged Souls*, adapted by Avery Hopwood, was put on at the Garrick Theatre. This was simply a cheap, dirty paraphrase offered as a bright, original idea.

All That Glitters (*Baragwanath and Simpson*)—"Having been victimized by his last two excursions into dramaturgy," wrote our beloved critical sidekick, Brooks Atkinson, "George Abbott has now returned to comedy." Since when, Atkie, is comedy also not dramaturgy? Exactness, my boy, exactness at all costs! Well, anyway, pretty poor comedy, dramaturgy or whatever you want to call it.

Bachelor Born (*Hay*)—Almost everybody but your sweetheart of Sigma Chi liked it. He prefers his studies of English boys' schools to be either somewhat rather less like *The Liberty Belles* or a lot more so.

Shadow And Substance (*Carroll*)—The season's best imported play, as duly attested to by the Critics' Circle. An intelligent emotional study of conflicting faiths, beautifully acted. The author's next play, concerned with the Catholic Church and its attitude toward love and marriage, is awaited with keen interest.

Journeyman (*Caldwell*)—Unsuccessful attempt to pop the boob box office with a load of sex and smut. Such stuff seems so very old-fashioned these days.

Sunup To Sundown (*Faragoh*)—What started out to be a study of child labor gradually became a conventional to-do about a girl in a family way who was deserted by her lover.

On Borrowed Time (*Osborn*)—Amusing comedy about Death and an improvement over the Watkin novel from which it was derived. A kid named Peter Holden atoned for all the child actors who have driven us crazy in past years.

Our Town (*Wilder*)—Overly sentimentalized chronicle of birth, love, life and death in a small native community. Played on a bare stage with Frank Craven serving as a verbal scene-painter. It got the Pulitzer prix.

How To Get Tough About It (*Ardrey*)—The author had evidently seen O'Neill's *Anna Christie* wisely but not too well. Commonplace stuff.

Roosty (*Berkeley*)—The old Boy-Meets-Papa variation of the old Mama-Meets-Boy *Madame X* hooey. Papa and Mama are, you recall, always criminals of one sort or another and come upon Sonny after all these years. At the finish, tearful, self-sacrificing farewell.

Once Is Enough (*Lonsdale*)—Nimbly confected rococo shindig involving the peccadilloes of Lords and Ladies, with Gilbert Miller seeing to it that their manners, clothes and tea service were *dernier cri*.

Casey Jones (*Ardrey*)—My beloved critical sidekicks still writing that the author, after several flops, is "promising." I hope so, but if that's the way of logic so is J. O. Kesselring.

Wine Of Choice (*Behrman*)—My beloved critical sidekick, John Anderson, extenuates the Theatre Guild's banana peels Nos. 1, 2, 3 and now 4 by wondering where the Guild might have found worthier plays. Might it not have found at least one or two, if it had had the intelligence, foresight and enterprise, from among the following: *Of Mice And Men*, *Father Malachy's Miracle*, *Shadow And Substance*, *Murder In The Cathedral*, *On Borrowed Time*, a dramatization by Steinbeck of his own *In Dubious Battle*, a non-monkeyed-with script of *King Of The Mountain*, which it had in its possession, a revival of O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape*, with Max Baer as the lead, a revival of O'Neill's little known *The Straw*, which he has expressed a willingness to re-edit, a cut-down version of Ramon Romero's peddled-about script, *Mrs. Lincoln* . . .

Censored (*Seiler and Marcin*)—An odoriferous emanation from the Hollywood sewer. Terrible.

Save Me The Waltz (*Dayton*)—The Graustark fable minus tunes, which is the comedy equivalent of the *Yes, We Have No Bananas* tune minus words.

Who's Who (*Sillman et al*)—Several funny sketches but surrounded by too much amateurishness.

There's Always A Breeze (*Caulfield*)—The one about the timid little man who has a yen to be a hero. Three timid little men on a horse wouldn't have helped this particular playwright to be very amusing.

I Am My Youth (*Pascal and Blum*)—Godwin and Shelley came out of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* at the behest of a couple of Hollywood movie writers and were put right back by the critics and audiences.

Empress Of Destiny (*Lee and Walsh*)—Elissa Landi as Catherine the Great. George Jean Nathan as Old One-Act Scooter.

The Hill Between (*Vollmer*)—City folk versus hill folk. George Jean Nathan gives another performance of his celebrated role.

Prologue To Glory (*Conkle*)—A newcomer, Stephen Courtleigh, looks a lot like Abraham Lincoln in a play that looks a lot unlike John Drinkwater.

Spring Thaw (*Kummer*)—I don't remember exactly, thank God, but the whimsical dialogue throughout ran something like this:

He: It's raining outside.

She: Strange. I thought it usually rained inside.

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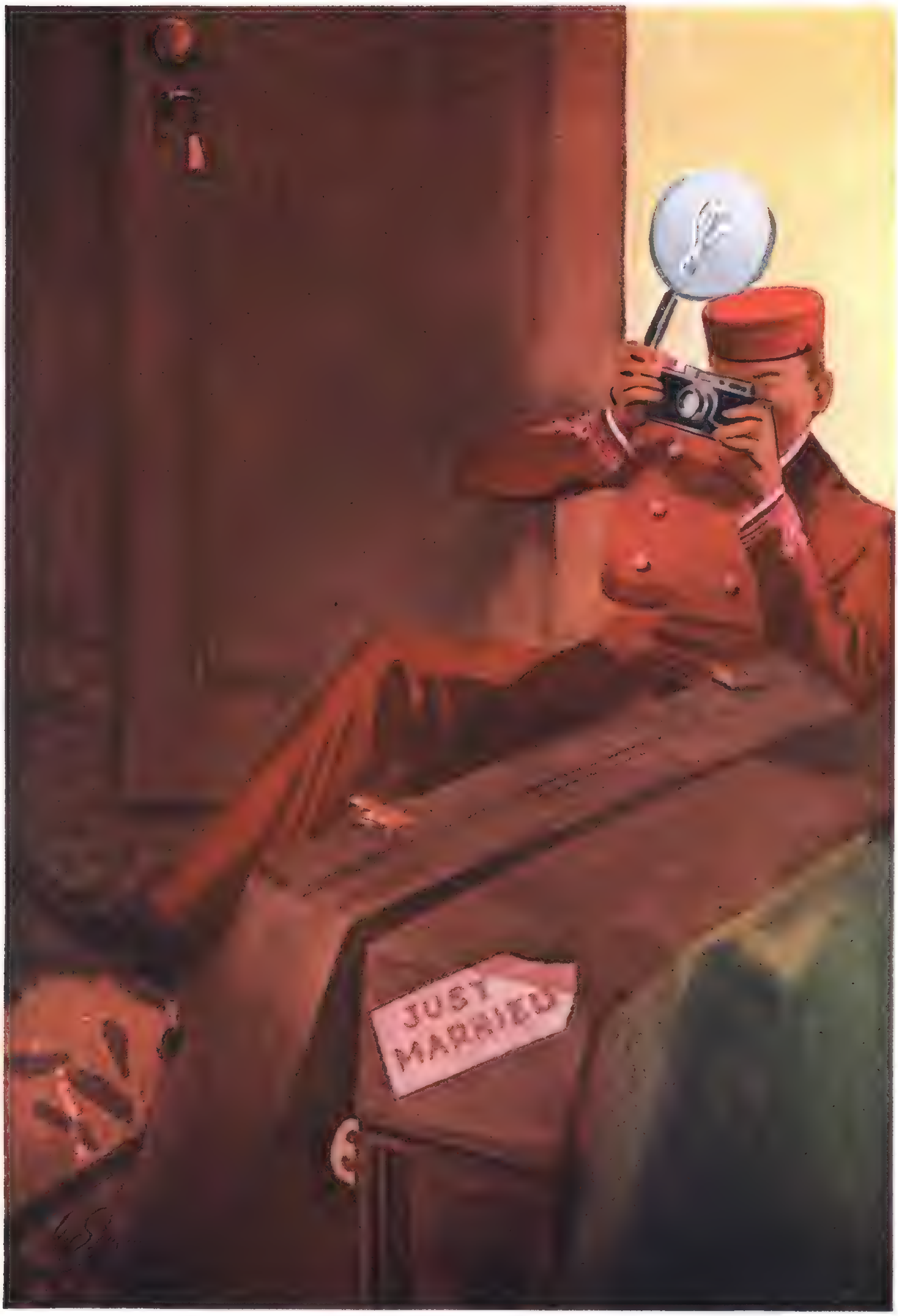
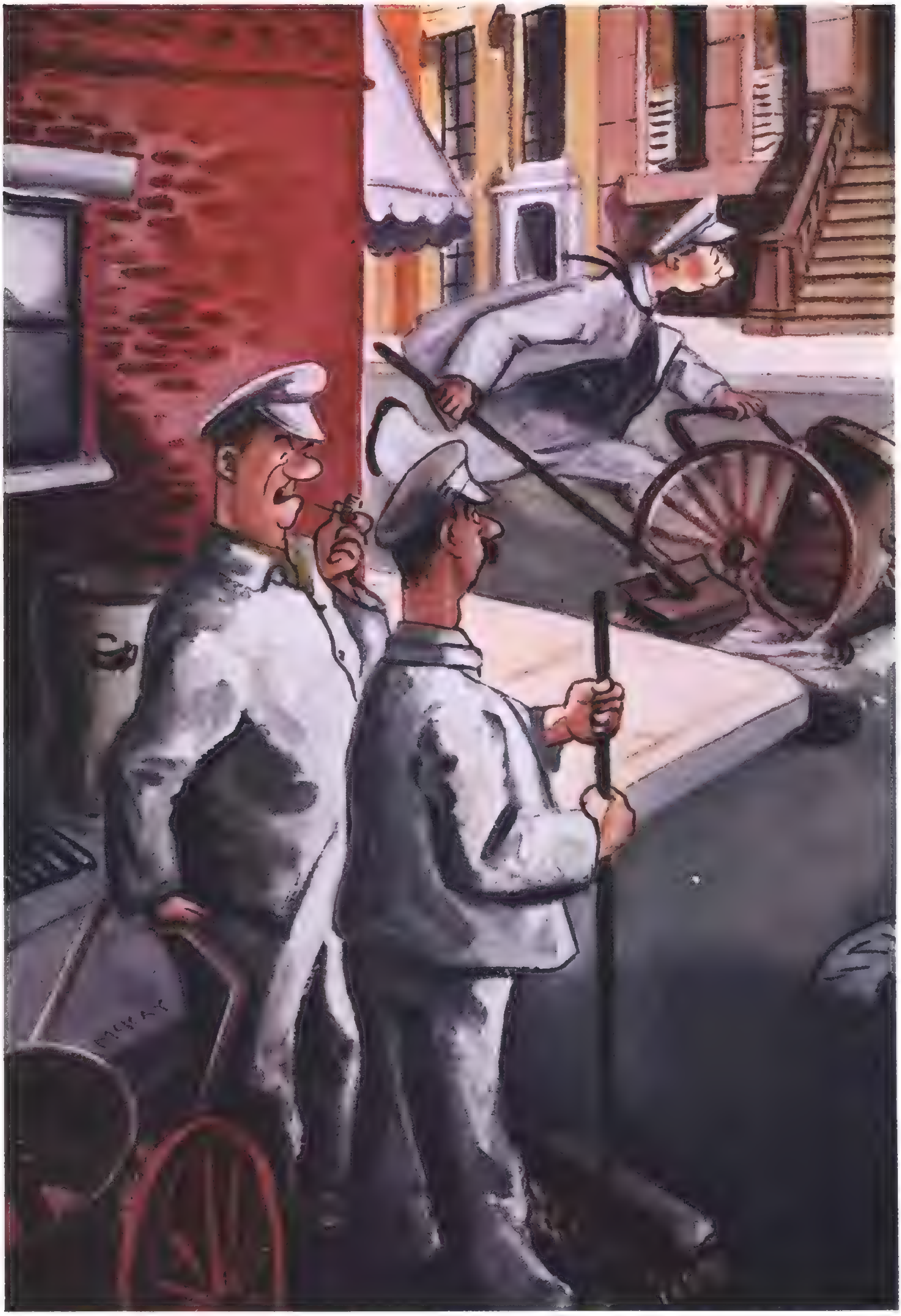

JUST MARRIED

"Hold it!"



"Yeah, but what will he be in another year? Just a burnt out has-been!"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from pages 79-96

Schoolhouse On The Lot (*Fields and Chodorov*)—A pair of Hollywood scenario boys have some stale fun at the expense of their meal-ticket.

Whiteoaks (*de la Roche*)—Ethel Barrymore as a 101-year-old great-grandma whose relatives hang around patiently waiting for her to die and leave them the money. I hung around patiently too, but I didn't get anything.

All The Living (*Albright*)—Study of an insane asylum and its problems. An honest try, but it seemed to me, save in one or two details, to miss fire.

The Sea Gull (*Chekhov*)—The Lunts are very good actors but Chekhov is hardly their dish. My beloved critical sidekicks again duly employed the occasion to deliver themselves of the customary exotic essays on Chekhov's "people of a vanished epoch," "subtle cosmic overtones," etc.

What a Life (*Goldsmith*)—Again, I found myself out of critical step on this one. It got excellent notices, but all I could manage to discern in it was a machine-made paraphrase of Tarkington, and not particularly amusing.

The Merry Wives of Windsor (*Shakespeare*)—One of worst revivals in history of New York theatre.

The Wild Duck (*Ibsen*)—The worst.

The Circle (*Maugham*)—Maugham's capital ironic comedy assiduously sentimentalized out of countenance. And why did Grace George substitute mention of Maxine Elliott for the original Mary Anderson? Pretty hard on Maxine to make her that much of a back-number.

Escape This Night (*Steiner and Heyert*)—Murder mystery involving two corpses. The play manuscript itself brought the number to three.

Eye on the Sparrow (*Selser*)—This little lulu may politely be passed over.

Heartbreak House (*Shaw*)—Revival of Daddy Bernard's interminable gabklatsch on post-war Europe, sometimes dull but more often witty and brilliant. The Mercury group's presentation was disappointing to those who had been tossing their hats somewhat too high in the air over Mr. Welles' organization's virtuosity.

Washington Jitters (*Boruff and Hart*)—Theatre Guild banana peel No. 5. A dramatization of Dalton Trumbo's novel about a sign painter who accidentally becomes involved in national politics. Produced in association with the Actors' Repertory Theatre, it proved to be an only rarely amusing and generally amateurish exhibit.

The Man From Cairo (*Goldberg out of Yvan-Noë*)—An adaptation from the French. *M. Goldberg n'a pas inventé la poudre.* Ditto M. Yvan-Noë. #

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 76

piece ensembles and on the Navy Pier sixty-five concerts by thirty-five-piece organizations. This is an astounding statistical accomplishment, equally astounding for the absence of any allusion to the conductors engaged or to the artistic conditions under which the concerts are prepared.

The single time I risked the safety of my person at these concerts, I found a milling, struggling swarm of humanity obviously without the slightest inkling of why it came. A chain of amplifiers let out a blast that would have frightened Gabriel. The rustics gawked, peered up at mirrors fastened onto sticks they held above the crowd, and, by standing with one foot on the chest of friends lying down and the other on the shoulders of those squatting, occasionally glimpsed what they had come to see. Finally, in self-defense, they started snoring on their feet.

Nevertheless, it seemed to me this audience treated the performers far better than they deserved. It at least simulated an interest in the proceedings and tried as best it could to find out what was going on, whereas the performers slumped back in their seats, played roughly and uncertainly, like a Sunday School orchestra attempting swing. It would be more satisfactory at such gatherings to have the music rendered by up-to-date machinery. A machine would display at least a superficial acquaintance with the music. It would phrase—pause when it should—make accelerandos and ritardandos like a V-8 instead of a Model-T and, in general, go about its job in business-like manner.

There are those who claim that these park concerts illustrate the universal appeal of art and describe them as "democracy's instantaneous response to beauty." To me, they are crimes against nature; but far be it from me to complain against the punishments other men inflict upon themselves. It would make me happier, though, if the Congress could be persuaded to pass a law prohibiting them from being labelled as music.

* * *

Opera, too, is heard around the country in the summertime, but, again, summer opera is not the real thing. The St. Louis Municipal Opera, for example, which advertises itself as "being . . . alone in its greatness," lists twelve presentations and not one of them is an opera from the standard repertoire. Fortune Gallo is more honest and calls his seasons at Jones Beach and Randall's Island operetta seasons.

In Cincinnati, *Aïda* is known as "the girl who sold her throne for love" and *Carmen* as "one who loved too much and unwisely." *Rigoletto, Martha, Faust, Traviata, Trovatore, Faust, Cavalleria, Pagliacci, L'Enfante Prodigue,* and *La Serva Padrona* are scheduled for Jules Falk's season on the Atlantic City Steel Pier. The Juilliard Foundation is staging operas at Chautauqua, and there are occasional opera performances at the Bowl, the Dell, and the Stadium. But none of them rival the Metropolitan's standards or those of Bayreuth or Salzburg.

The truth is: our summer music making is simply not good enough. We don't take it seriously. Even the six concerts of Koussevitzky and the Boston symphony at *Tanglewood*, in all probability "tops" for the summer season, do not include an honest-to-goodness festival repertoire. They contain only stock items from the winter programs replayed in summer. As part of a festival presenting some other unusual music they would be A-1 fillers, but we can't claim that they constitute an epoch-making event.

Finally, our summer concerts suffer because, for the most part, they are played "under the stars and over the water." Symphonic music, there's no getting away from it, is indoor music. It was not conceived nor intended for performance in *al fresco* settings. City dwellers may swoon in Nature's lush surroundings, but in general they can hear only an outline of the composer's intention.

What we need for a real festival is money to build the most perfect theatre in the world, ideal for comfort, effect, and concentration, and affording a producer the latest artistic and technical equipment. Where it is located matters little. If patrons must walk three miles from their hotels, so much the better. "Make it difficult to get to," Wagner said, "then they'll appreciate it."

And so they will.

Towns near the festival should be without telephones (or without telephones that function). Houses should have no bathtubs nor running water nor mail deliveries. Hotels should be without lifts and should notify all inquirers that they are jammed to capacity for the duration of the festival.

Visas might be required to get into the county; monetary and baggage inspection could be inaugurated to make foreign travelers feel at home. Natives should be required to speak a local dialect and, instead of dirndls, they could deck themselves out in sunbonnets and gingham aprons with bib-tops, short pants with halter straps, or bathing suits and ten-gallon hats—whatever fits into the landscape.

There must be no billboards, no metropolitan newspapers, no golf clubs, and plenty of local color. Sidewalk cafés should serve applejack, buttermilk, and mint juleps. Souvenir peddlers must be on every corner. The village chimes should ring the quarter hours: one of them might be called *Liberty Bell*. An old church is to be crowded with treasures from some near-by firm of stone masons, its windows filled with painted glass resembling transparent linoleum.

The village park should be loaded with statues of LaSalle, Joliet, Jesse James, Buffalo Bill, Mad Anthony Wayne, and Uncle Tom. Visitors won't know any more about them than they did about Hofmannsthal. Circulars must feature the gardens built for Pocahontas, Annie Oakley, Betsy Ross, or some other favorite gal of the boys. A literature needs to grow up around the legends of the place. If necessary, yodelers, fairies, and cowboys can be imported. Dude ranches, shooting lodges, and plantations should be in the near distance . . . as hangouts for the fashion experts.

When America's Salzburg No. 1 gets spoiled—as eventually it will—America's Salzburg No. 2 can be started. There is always an advance guard, and America is big enough for two or three Salzburgs.

No matter what I've said to the contrary, the festival's repertoire is not important, provided *only* it has been approved by Toscanini. It was at one time supposed that the character and artistic content of a festival ought to be determined by the locale of its setting. There was thought to be a Mozartian aroma in Salzburg's narrow streets and a Debussy-ist perfume in St. Germain-en-Laye. That theory has been completely exploded, and nowadays no one would be surprised if *Der Ring des Nibelungen* turned up in Versailles.

Salzburg did not depend upon Mozart alone. Mr. Toscanini found no objection to producing *Die Meistersinger* and *Fidelio* or to projecting plans for *Tannhäuser* there. And there is no reason to suppose that all of them would not prove as exciting and as successful under his baton in the deserts of Arizona or in the Ozarks or the Berkshires. In one respect we are far ahead of European nations, and that is in our tradition. Every great music festival must be international in character. Our taste has always been, if nothing else, international. It must be remembered it took the Salzburgians a full decade to give even Mozart's operas in the language in which he wrote them.

All details aside, only two things are absolutely essential to insure the unqualified success of an American Salzburg: Toscanini and sufficient publicity to convince Americans that romance can be had as effortlessly on a transcontinental-train lounge as in a steamship bar. #

Libel Lawyer: Macdonald De Witt

Continued from page 53

with the law, become more familiar with the technicalities of the law than ever does the honest and guileless citizen; and they particularly seek out and familiarize themselves with all the law's angles and opportunities for bargaining or for bringing or threatening suits which offer possibilities of having "hush money" paid them in the form of a cash settlement out of court by the victim who wants to avoid the high cost and inconvenience of protracted litigation.

In these matters the professional litigants are all the more adept and all the more eager to bring actions asking damages, if they have hitherto escaped or evaded the just penalties of their own wrongdoing through various loopholes in the law, through the quite human fallibility of judgment which occasionally afflicts honest judges and conscientious jurymen, and through the technicalities in which their lawyer, who undertakes to defend the criminal or men and women of a criminal type of mind, must be an expert who is more concerned with these loopholes and technicalities than with any other aspect of his clients' very dubious defenses.

Also it is fairly common for a certain kind of lawyer, who has acted as defense counsel in a criminal action and who has succeeded in freeing his client whom he knows to be, or suspects is guilty, to watch the newspapers and magazines closely for "probable cause" for libel action in behalf of his client. And when he has found one or several such "probable causes" he seeks to induce his client to sign a bill of complaint and to stand by while he (the lawyer) goes through the formalities of threatening or instituting a libel action.

He usually asks no retaining fee from his client for the very good reason that he knows the client hasn't any money because he, the lawyer, is still out of pocket for his time, trouble and expense in his last successful effort to keep his client out of jail.

Therefore he "takes" the case on a contingency basis in an effort to recoup his losses out of any award or damages he may possibly procure in court or out of any cash he may be able to squeeze from the alleged libelant in a settlement out of court.

There is also an interesting psychological aspect to the more frequent suits and threats of suits in libel. The blameless, the pure in heart, the men and women whose reputations are spotless rarely have or seem rarely to have any concern whatever over the preservation of their good names (and yet it was for the protection of these against willful, malicious and damaging lies and slander that the libel laws were instituted—not for the protection of criminals and not to afford those of the criminal type of mind legal ways and means of pursuing legal forms of extortion and blackmail); whereas those whose reputations are shadiest, those who have little or no reputation to lose, those whose past and present will bear the least favorable careful inspection, leap up with the utmost readiness, at every technical opportunity, to rise up in defense of his or her "good name" and to threaten or to institute libel actions, alleging that by some obscure paragraph, or by some unimportant and unnoticeable phrase in a newspaper, book or magazine, his or her reputation has been damaged and his or her feelings hurt to a monetary extent of anywhere from $50,000 to $2,500,000.

For purposes of illustration, let us choose two names, the Right Rev. William T. Manning, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York and Rector of St. John's Cathedral, and the Reverend (sic) Samuel E. St. Amant, late preacher of the Gospel at South Nyack, New York, administering there to the spiritual needs of a large congregation of Christian believers.

Bishop Manning is libeled (in the technical sense) almost constantly and he has what, in legal terms, is called a "probable cause" or basis for serious action in libel as often as a thousand times a year; for he is ridiculed and denigrated in the radical press and he has often been subject to ridicule in the "sophisticated" magazines of New York. And, since it is a legal axiom that "the proof in defense must be as broad as the charge" it would be difficult if not downright impossible for the author and publisher of some of these derogations to prove that what the writer alleges is true if Bishop Manning should choose to bring a libel action against the writer, and/or, publisher.

But Bishop Manning's morals are pure; his past is unsullied, an open book; within his lights he is an open-hearted, conscientious, pious and devoted servant of God and of God's people. His conscience is clear. Bishop Manning has never brought an action in libel. Such men of integrity, clear conscience, and conscientious endeavor, devoted to their chosen work, never, or extremely rarely, reply to criticism or take heed of manifestly unfair and unwarranted allegations against them; for they proceed with assurance on the theory that "sticks and stones may break my bones, but words can never hurt me!"

Now, on the other hand, take "The Rev." (he swore on the witness stand, left hand on the Holy Writ he preached and right hand raised to invoke the witness of God, that he was an ordained minister) Samuel E. St. Amant. He was a peripatetic preacher of pious mien and fair pretentions. His origins were unknown, his history was obscure, his true character a guileless false assumption on the part of his flock in South Nyack.

Such a man must be accepted on faith; for it is always difficult to check up on his past, learn where he came from, or investigate his activities in other communities; and because of the sacrosanct nature of his professed calling, his parishioners would consider it impertinent to the point of impiety to ask him any personal questions.

Such a man, when he is a liar, a libertine, a charlatan or an unscrupulous schemer for easy money, is in a peculiarly advantageous position for filing suits alleging libel and asking heavy damages, not merely for the high monetary awards which may accrue as the result of the successful conduct of his suit, but also as a means of stifling criticism of whatever anti-social, illegal, or unethical acts he chooses to perform under the cloak of his religion.

He has an advantage because members of his own congregation know little or nothing of him; and because it is very expensive for the defendants to pursue an investigation to determine whether or not he is what he claims to be.

The "Reverend" St. Amant, during his period of residence in New York City, lived with a Mrs. Martha A. Humbler, whom he alleged to be his foster mother. In a story of a domestic difficulty between St. Amant and his second wife, a New York tabloid newspaper cast a degree of reflection upon the relationship and conduct of St. Amant and Mrs. Humbler. The two forthwith brought a joint suit against the newspaper, claiming they had been libeled and asking $100,000 damages.

Macdonald De Witt, counsel for the defense in this action, encountered the usual difficulties in investigating the claims and character of a man of this kind: tight-lipped, unresponsive followers resented questions put to them, and there were very few leads by which to pursue the investigation in places where the complainant previously had been. But in due course they discovered St. Amant's wife in the pay ward of the Bellevue Hospital, where she had been undergoing an examination as to her mental competence.

The committed wife talked eagerly and said that St. Amant had first married a woman in Brooklyn who had obtained a divorce by naming Mrs. Humbler as corespondent. The wife charged that St. Amant had ill-treated her and that he openly flaunted Mrs. Humbler, the ex-corespondent, in her face by having her in the same apartment with his "foster mother."

She said that St. Amant had even gone so far as to have Mrs. Humbler legally adopt him.

But this was only the wife's testimony and moreover the wife was in the psychopathic ward of Bellevue. Her word would have little standing in court. But six months of investigation proved she was right. . . . Case dismissed.

I have mentioned only a few of the varieties of suits alleging libel in which Macdonald De Witt has appeared as the successful counsel for defense. Later I shall relate in more detail some of the more sensational libel suits in which De Witt won verdicts for the defendants or brought about dismissal of the suits before they were to come to trial.

As one of the few specialists in the defense of libel actions he has chalked up such an astounding record of victories for his clients (newspaper and magazine publishers in the main) that he is generally regarded by his colleagues in the legal profession and by newspaper and magazine men not only as the ablest lawyer in the defense of libel actions in the country, but also as one of the ten best trial lawyers in any field of legal practice.

Had De Witt chosen to specialize in any other field of the law, or had he devoted himself to general practice, it is fairly certain that he would be as widely known as is Samuel Untermyer to the general public, or perhaps the late Clarence Darrow, Max Steuer, Samuel Liebowitz, Arthur Garfield Hays, the late William Fallon, Dudley Field Malone, and even (as long as he was in private practice) the present Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes.

Macdonald De Witt's record as an attorney, while not as extensive, varied and impressive as Untermyer's, is a success record less marred by defeats than that of any of them, including Untermyer's; and socially his record has been more constructive than that of all of them put together, with the exception of Arthur Garfield Hays' unremitting, tireless, unselfish, unremunerative and often futile efforts to preserve the Bill of Rights and other Constitutional Guarantees to American citizens.

De Witt's specialization in the defense of writers, editors and publishers who have been charged with libel has been his conscious dedication to the cause of freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

The conspiracy of silence on the part of newspapers, under which by tacit agreement they rarely mention libel suits, is the reason for the obscurity of Macdonald De Witt in comparison with many divorce, criminal, and corporation lawyers less learned, less talented and less astute than he.

He is probably the foremost authority in America and one of the few living authorities on the origin, development, and workings of the laws governing libel and slander.

He has succeeded in establishing at least three new laws or precedents and killing three old ones concerning libel, simply by winning suits for defendants in libel by the force and logic of his contentions in situations where he

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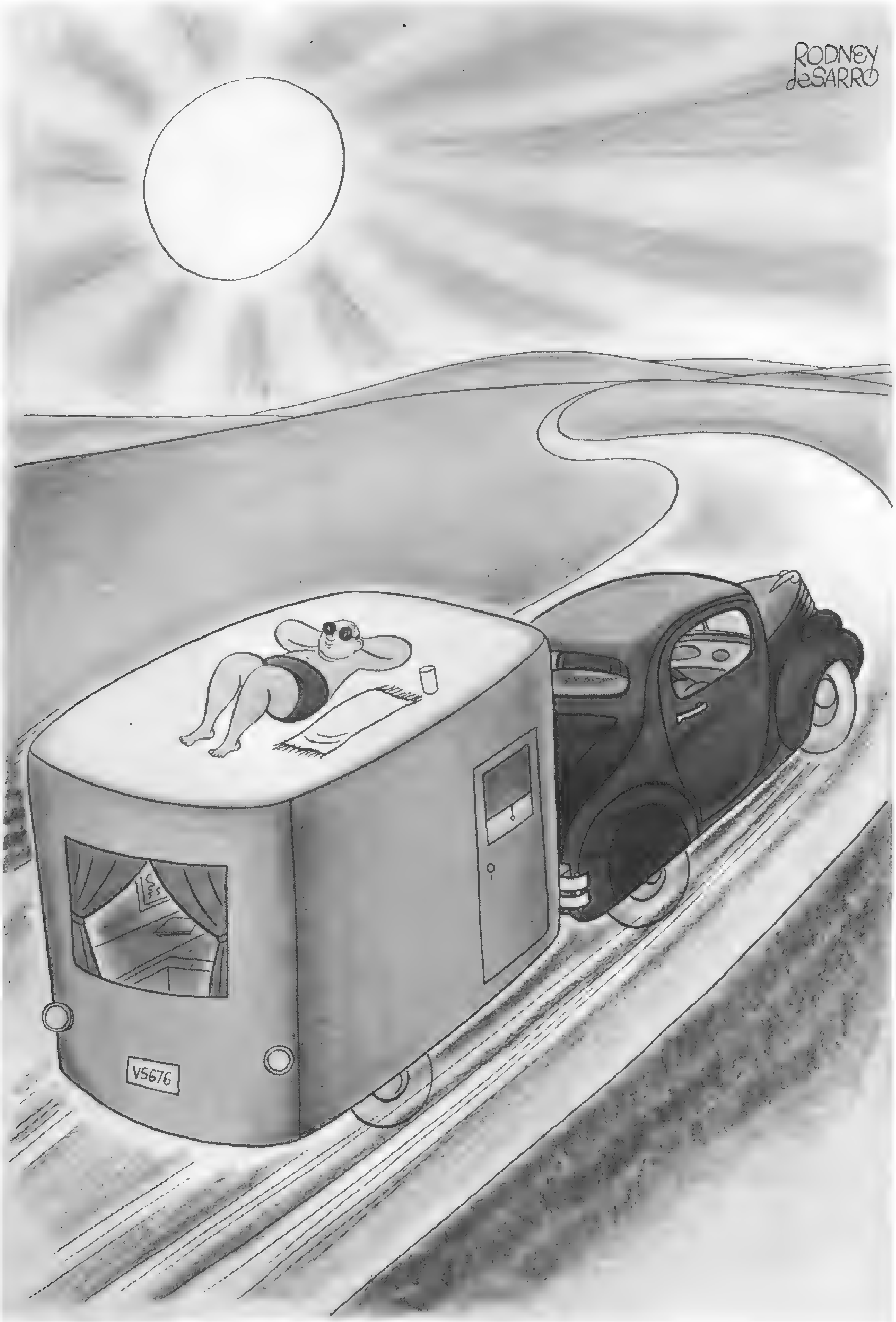
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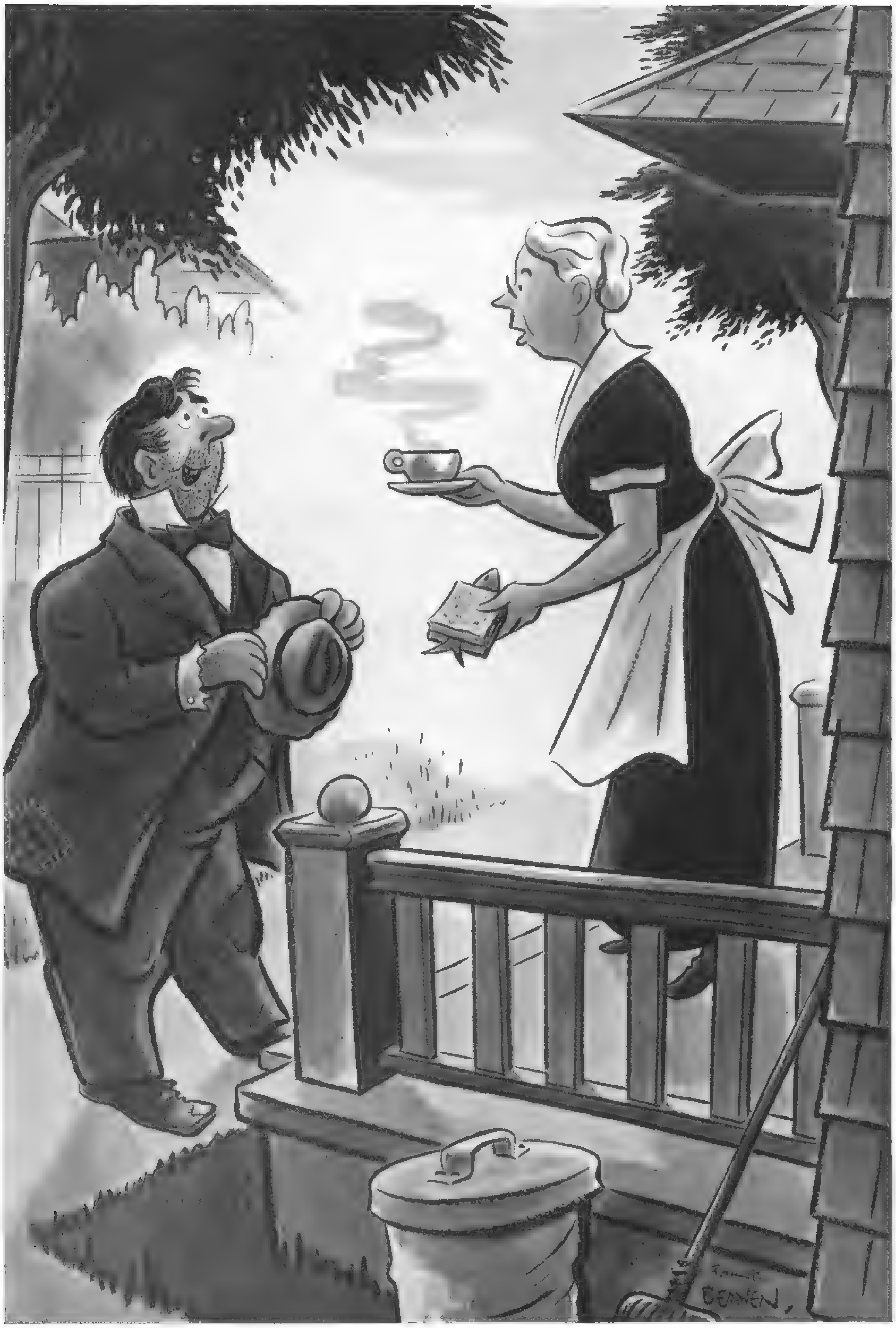

Frank
BEAVEN.

"Could I have hot chocolate, ma'am? Coffee keeps me awake!"

Libel Lawyer: Macdonald De Witt

Continued from pages 53-100

held that legal precedents were unjust, illogical, and hampering to the freedom of the press.

One of these laws or precedents made a newspaper publisher liable to an action in libel if he published the news that an action had been brought against a defendant in a criminal or civil proceeding or if he published anything concerning the defendant's arrest or trial or dismissal of the action if the action were dismissed. In other words, a newspaper could (technically and under the old law and precedent) publish news of a suit or prosecution *only if the action terminated in the complainant's favor and the defendant was found guilty.* The law for a long time had been generally ignored by the press, but it was still the law and no one had arisen to challenge it. A newspaper client of De Witt's was sued for libel on the ground that the newspaper had printed the story of a woman's arrest on a charge of fraud, from which charge she was later cleared in court.

Regular counsel for the newspaper in question brought the case to De Witt and asked him to try to arrange for a settlement out of court because he had greater faith in De Witt's bargaining ability in such a settlement than he had in his own. De Witt said he would not settle the case but would fight it.

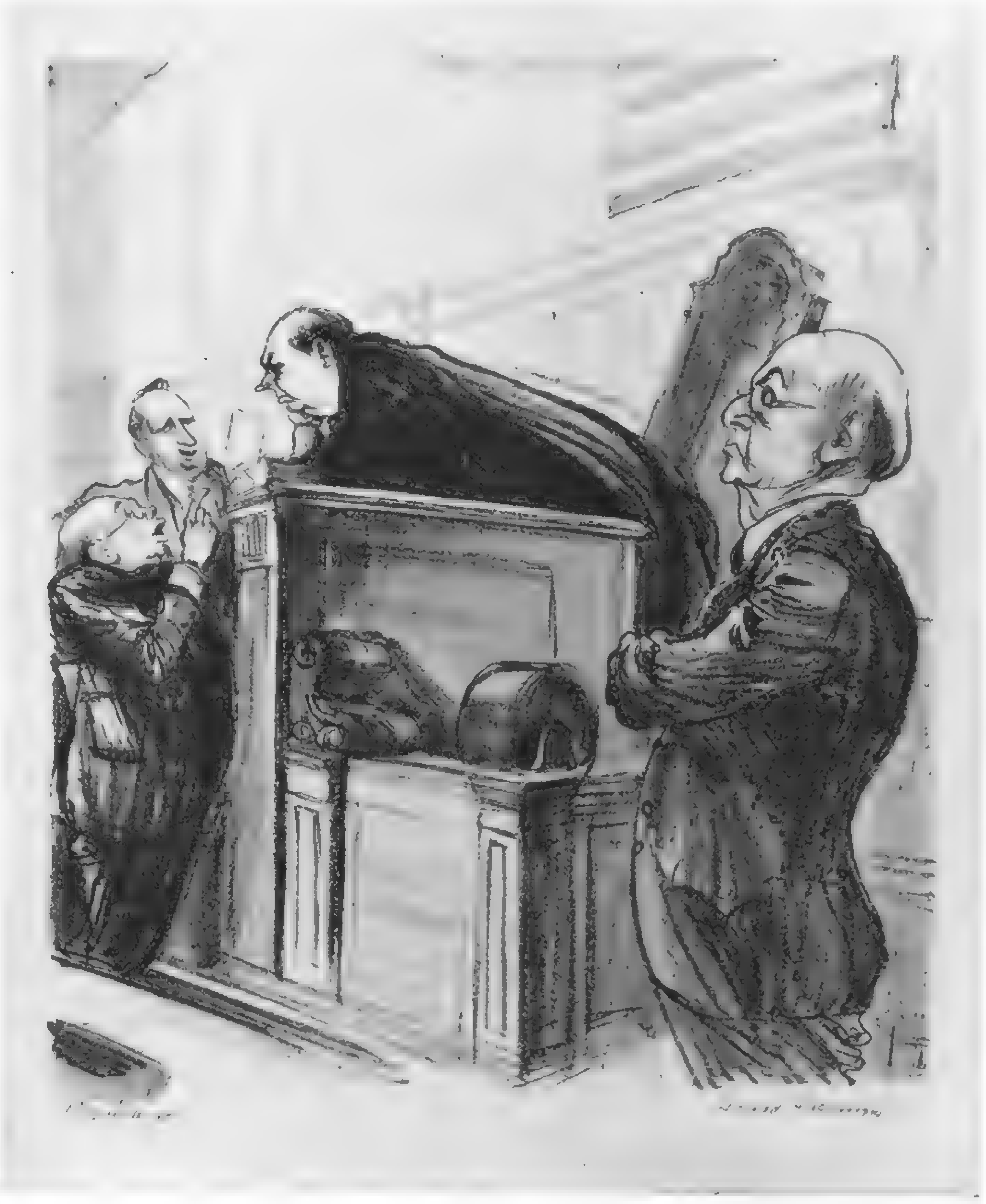
The other counsel said, "But we've looked up the law. She's got us cold. There is no precedent even for defense in the law under which her charge is made." De Witt said that in that case he would have to make a new law and precedent by fighting the case.

He fought the suit as having been brought under an obsolete law, which, he contended, was an undemocratic and un-American restriction against a free and unhampered dissemination of the news. He pointed out that, under this law, any notorious criminal, who has been arrested for a serious crime, could bring suit and recover damages in libel *while awaiting trial on a charge for which he would be ultimately convicted.* As a result of De Witt's winning this case, newspapers are now free to publish the news of an arrest, *even if it is a false arrest*, or an arrest in which the prisoner later is discharged

Another far-reaching and important judicial decision which resulted from De Witt's successful defense of a libel suit was the "Andy Gump" case. Up until the time this long litigation was settled, the plaintiff in a libel suit against the author of a syndicated feature of any kind could bring an infinite number of libel suits on the same charge.

For instance, Sydney Smith, creator of the Andy Gump comic strip, through the *Chicago Tribune-New York Daily News* Syndicate, had four hundred daily newspapers as clients and had had for more than six years. Here, then, there were 365 possible causes of action a year over a period of six years against four hundred separate clients, or *876,000 possible separate suits*, which if lost and any substantial or even minor damages in each suit were awarded to the plaintiff would bankrupt every one of the four hundred different newspapers, and there would be more suits to follow if the strip continued.

The first suit was brought by one Hoag, a resident of Syracuse, New York, against the *Syracuse Post-Standard*, which used the Andy Gump strip. As a result of an accident, Hoag had undergone an operation in which it was necessary to remove his entire lower jaw; he was bald-headed; he wore a bushy mustache like the character in the comic strip, and he did bear quite a striking resemblance to Andy Gump.



LITHOGRAPH BY WM. SHARP

It was Hoag's contention that Smith had visited Syracuse one summer prior to the first appearance of the Andy Gump series; that while Smith was there he had met Hoag in the park one day and had made a pencil sketch of him. Hoag alleged in his bill of complaint that, because of the continuity narrating the domestic life of the Gumps, he had been subjected to cruel ridicule, humiliation and embarrassment, and he asked $150,000 damages. Had the case been won the means would have been provided whereby Hoag and his attorney could have instituted an infinite multiplicity of suits all over the country.

The case was most stubbornly fought in Hoag's behalf by a shrewd, pertinacious, old-time lawyer in general practice who really knew the letter of the law and all the awful quirks of it. While that case was still on the calendar, Hoag's attorney began a series of suits against newspapers in New York State which used the comic strip. De Witt went into court and secured an injunction against Hoag's bringing any more suits until the case involving the *Syracuse Post-Standard* was adjudicated. His argument was that a multiplicity of suits would place an intolerable burden upon the parties, take up an unconscionable time of the court and result in harassing the defendant with threats of bringing hundreds of unfounded actions, daily, against four hundred newspapers.

The case was won by De Witt on the contention that Sydney Smith was an artist, his Andy Gump and other comic characters in the strip and in previous strips were original creations, drawn without models, and that any resemblance they bore to any living human being was purely coincidental. He sustained his argument largely on the contention that there might be and possibly were a great many living persons who might imagine, or who might actually bear, some resemblance to Andy Gump or to some other character in the strip.

After winning this case, De Witt went into court and successfully pleaded for an injunction to prevent Hoag from going on with the other suits still pending, and also from bringing more suits or from even declaring by word of mouth that he was the original of Andy Gump.

De Witt, in explaining the personal feelings he injects into his trials says, "Often when I am defending a publishing company, I feel, after my years of association with newspaper work as though I am the defendant, and I resent the the effort of the libel plaintiff to enrich himself at the expense of the reputation of the writer or editor by charging them with the crime of willfully publishing a false and malicious libel often upon tenuous or technical grounds. In all such cases I refuse to settle out of court because to do so must be not merely a financial compromise but a compromise of the integrity of the publisher."

De Witt contends that in the long run it is cheaper to fight libel suits than to settle them out of court, as so many publishers are in the habit of doing, because by fighting to the last ditch, he says, libel suits are discouraged, because the lawyers know that they will have to bring their cases to court and fight them instead of merely drawing up a complaint on technical grounds in what De Witt calls "a lawyer's suit," for the sole and express purpose of blackjacking the publisher and author into handing over an out of court settlement in cash.

De Witt was born on September 29, 1878, in Kingston, New York, in a home where the family had lived for seven generations. His father was a lawyer, assemblyman, congressman, district attorney and surrogate in Ulster County, New York. He was educated at Kingston Academy where he took a scholarship for Rutgers and passed the entrance examinations to Yale; but although his father was a good lawyer he was a bad business man, and could not send young Mac to college. Under the tutorship of an old teacher in Kingston, however, Mac acquired a classical education with a good knowledge of Latin and Greek and entered his father's law office. To complete his formal education he decided to get a degree from a law school, but, having no money, he studied stenography and typewriting as an ancillary means to this end. He developed a proficiency in shorthand and typewriting which got him a job in the law office of Pinney & Thayer in New York City, where he acted as stenographer during the day and went to the New York Law School at night. In due course he was awarded his degree and admitted to the bar.

When Judge Shearn became William Randolph Hearst's chief counsel in New York, De Witt became an assistant to Shearn and forthwith began to familiarize himself with the troubles of a newspaper publisher—not only in libel, copyright, civil rights, freedom of

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Libel Lawyer: Macdonald De Witt

Continued from pages 53-100-103

the press and free speech, but also in the accident cases that arose out of the delivery of newspapers by delivery wagons during the period when Hearst did not have his wagons covered by insurance. Chief among the nuisances and difficulties of conducting a newspaper, then as now, was the frequency of libel suits, mostly brought without just cause or merit. Thus it was that De Witt early began to interest himself in the history of the operations of the libel law in the recorded suits and decisions.

The most important work in the successful defense of a libel suit is the systematic and thorough investigation of the probable basis of truth upon which the alleged libel is founded. The successful defense of a libel action means that the actual words complained of must be *proved* to be true, no matter if the writer has, on his own admission to the lawyer, based his statement on mere hearsay or guesswork. This means, of course, an exhaustive inquiry into the past record of the man or woman who has lodged a complaint in libel. During those years of acting as a lawyer in libel defense, De Witt was not content to remain in his office and direct the investigations in the libel suits he handled, but he actually went out and investigated many of the more important cases himself.

Thus, although nowadays he is regarded as one of the ten best trial lawyers in the United States and his reputation among his colleagues is for his brilliance and strategy in cross-examination, for his marshaling of witnesses and for his summation before a jury, he himself is a thoroughly experienced investigator who as the generalissimo of the law firm of De Witt, Van Aken and Nast, is the director of a staff of highly trained investigators, exclusively associated with the firm, who get the facts necessary to the defense of those diverse and interesting suits which form the larger part of his practice.

Generalissimo De Witt has organized his firm somewhat on the best recognized rules of military tactics and strategy. Harry A. Van Aken, chief of staff, has had a career in libel defense somewhat paralleling De Witt's, although not as extensive; but he is the technical legal mind of the organization and to him is, in the main, entrusted the work of putting into the curious but highly important jargon of the law the answer of the defense to a bill of complaint and the briefs for trial, and otherwise getting into technical shape the evidence gathered by the staff of investigators.

On undertaking a defense, De Witt calls into his office Van Aken and their subordinates, and the chief of the investigating staff, and he gives him the history of the client and the results of his exhaustive consultations with the client, and then together they plan the campaign of the defense. Unlike many trial lawyers some of whom boast that they never attempt to learn anything about a case until the day before they go to trial, De Witt follows every step in the preparation of a defense from the very beginning.

Every good trial lawyer is an actor, ham or star, but still an actor; and, in his private life and in his office on the day and evening before trial he is likely to display all of the unpleasant symptoms of the artistic temperament. He may bark at his associates, get unreasonably irritated with his wife, hear nothing that is said to him, burst out into a frightful explosion of suppressed anxiety, develop a very severe case of nerves like a veteran trouper on an opening night in a Broadway theatre. De Witt is a star actor in the courtroom and is so full of temperament, nervous intensity, fear and apprehension that he rarely sleeps a wink on the night before going to court in an important trial.

He is a man of middle height, a little on the side of stoutness, and the first impression he gives is that of a man of solemn, impressive, juridical dignity, but a few moments in his company reveals his sly, whimsical sense of humor. He is always impeccably dressed in clothes of ultra-conservative cut, his movements are deliberate and his voice soft but vibrant, with traces of an upstate nasal twang. One might imagine he is phlegmatic. Except for the piercing fire of his gaze, it would never be suspected that just before a trial he can get as fussy and mad and as excited as a wet hen.

On the morning of an important trial, before the Court announces it is in session, he is umbrageous, scowling, scolding to his aides, forever imagining that his most important witnesses will not show up, that something has gone wrong in his calculations, that he is going to face a hostile jury and that his delivery is going to be halting and ineffective. On such occasions his gentle, humorous-minded, understanding wife humors him. On the exasperated and exasperating eves of an important trial she is able to afford him a relief for the pretrial nervous tension by persuading him to tell her about the problem parts of the case from the aspect of jury presentation. Frequently she points to an amusing angle of the evidence that De Witt has overlooked in his preparation for the next day's courtroom drama. With her aid he is often able to balance the serious aspects of his case with the humorous turns which are so effective in court.

De Witt's sense of humor finds an outlet in the courtroom in the homely, Yankee parable style of illustrative anecdote which juries appreciate and understand. Despite his nervous tension in the pretrial periods, he inevitably appears in the courtroom the personification of kindly, old-fashioned courtesy, tinged with a kind of rural gentility. This is his courtroom personality and is very different from his keen and dominant personality in his office or at business conferences or even in the occasional court proceedings which are decided without the presence of the jury. This transformation is so remarkable that one of his editor clients who had known De Witt for years but who saw him in a courtroom for the first time, remarked in astonishment, "He seems like a different man in court. He is making this trial seem like Old Home Week."

This courtroom psychology is very important in the trial of a libel suit where punitive damages or smart money very often exceeds the compensatory damages, as will be seen from one case not handled by De Witt where the jury awarded $25,000 compensatory damages but also an additional $100,000 punitive damages. Thus De Witt is well aware of the fact that if the lawyer representing the plaintiff in a libel suit can cause an atmosphere of controversy, tension and indignation to prevail in the courtroom, it is easy to charge the publisher with malice and the jurors are apt to award substantial punitive damages if they find for the plaintiff.

One of the important factors behind De Witt's success in defending libel suits is his ability to present the "Old Home Week" atmosphere in the trial of a libel suit and to puncture the indignation of his legal adversaries. An example of how this is achieved is shown in a case where a lawyer had been confused by the newspaper in a story referring to another lawyer by the same name. The innocent lawyer by inference was falsely charged with an offense committed by a lawyer who had been sentenced to the penitentiary after conviction in a municipal graft scandal. The lawyer plaintiff was a man of unimpeachable reputation and was represented in court by a distinguished trial lawyer who had been very successful in other libel suits against publishers.

It was De Witt's contention that no one who knew the lawyer plaintiff was confused by the article but he knew that, under the Judge's instructions to the jury, a verdict would have to be rendered against his client. His strategy was to deflate his adversary's great power of indignation, which would be sure to feature that gentleman's closing address to the jury. The lawyer for the plaintiff has the last say—that is, his summation to the jury follows the summation of the defendant's lawyer, and this of course gives the plaintiff the great advantage of answering the defendant's attorney's summation and then playing upon the emotions of the jurors. On this occasion De Witt, anticipating his adversary's eloquent and indignant address in closing the case, told the jury the story of "Indignation Bill." After paying just tribute to the plaintiff's lawyer's eloquence, he pointed out that the jurors were about to hear this great orator indignantly denouncing the reporter and editor, but he suggested that when they felt their emotions being aroused by the indignation of counsel, it might help them to remember the story of De Witt's father's law partner, also a great orator who was able to arouse the feelings of the jury with indignant speeches in the closing period of a trial. He told the jurors that the upstate lawyer was widely known as "Indignation Bill" because of an incident which happened when a colored man, a town character in Kingston, known as Nigger Sam, came into Mr. Lounsberry's office and said to the lawyer, "Mr. Lounsberry, I have a case for you." Sam then with great feeling unfolded a sad tale of how he had saved his money in anticipation of the purchase of a quart of whiskey from New York City and how after acquiring the needed sum he had sent a money order for the whiskey and it had been delivered to Kingston and then by Adams Express to Sam's home. "But," said Sam, "when dey got to mah front door dey were so careless dat dey dropped the bottle and broke it." The lawyer asked Sam how much the whiskey was worth and he said, "It cost me $4.00." Whereupon the lawyer said, "Why, Sam, you don't expect me to go into court and bring a suit for $4.00 do you?" and Sam replied, "Of course not, Mr. Lounsberry. It isn't for the $4.00 I want you to sue. I want you to sue for my feelings. Think of my indignation when dat happened." De Witt suggested to the jurors that, when they listened to the indignant speech of his adversary, they keep in mind the story of "Indignation Bill." The plaintiff's lawyer did wax indignant but the jurors awarded him a verdict of only six cents.

* * *

Ben Jonson said he did love the man (Will Shakespeare) this side of idolatry; but De Witt's aides and subordinates appear, to an outside observer, to worship the man on the far side of idolatry. I have met no man in my time who has inspired in his co-laborers and employees a more enthusiastic, jealous and unflagging loyalty. I have seen him subject one of most dependable and important men, his chief investigator (who also acts as a sort of combined magician who pulls the much needed rabbit of evidence out of the hat at the last moment, and cheerer-upper), to what, coming from almost anybody else, and visited upon nearly anybody else, would be an unforgivable act of humiliation; but no sooner had he left the room than this idolator of "the commander" clapped his hands to his head in a

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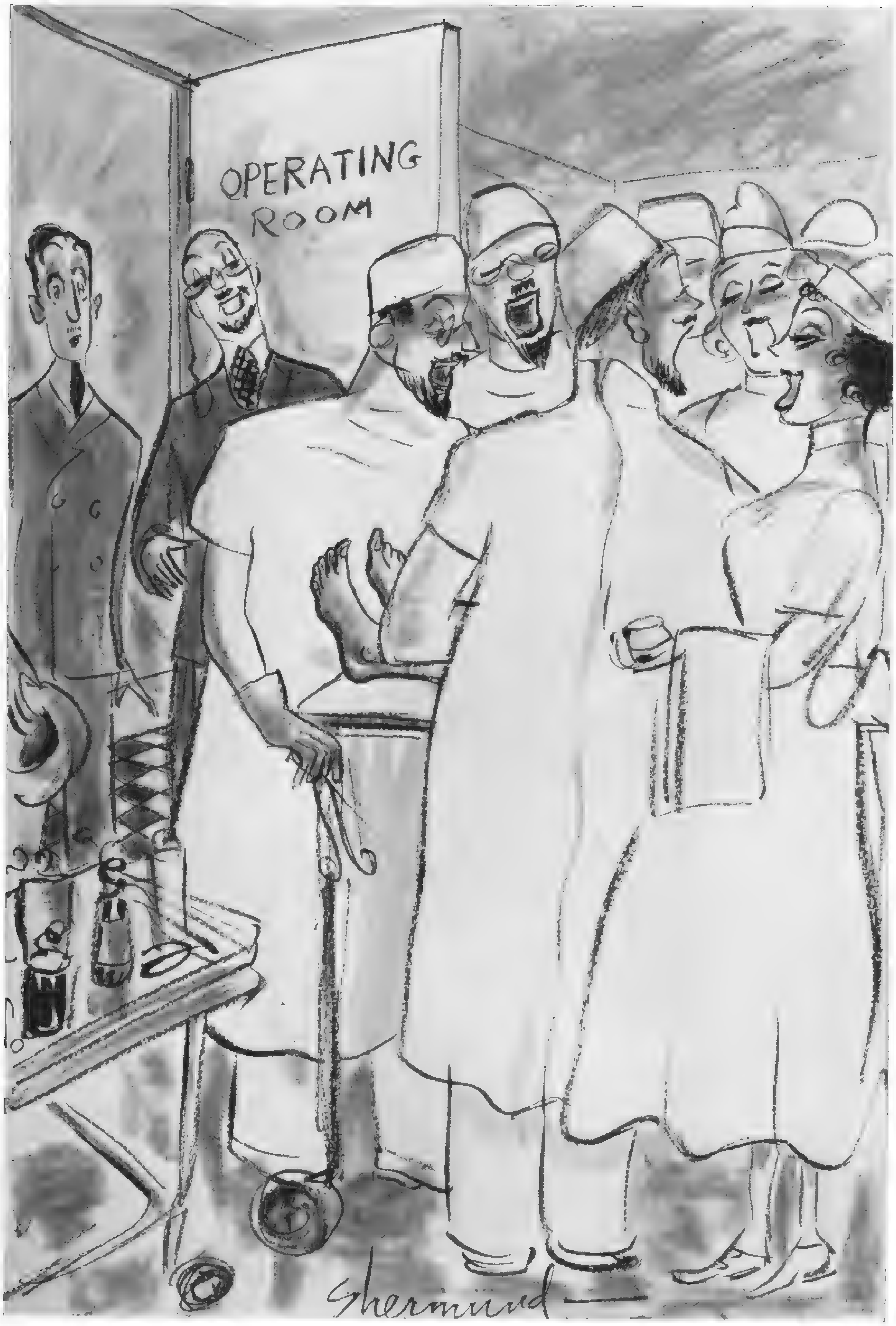

OPERATING
ROOM
Shermund

"We encourage our men to sing at their work"

Libel Lawyer: Macdonald De Witt

Continued from pages 53-100-103-104

comic parody of despair, beamed with smiles and winks and launched into such eulogies of the boss that I was relieved at once of all apprehensions that the devoted employee's feelings had been hurt.

De Witt is acutely aware of all the psychological quirks in others and, in one of the toughest libel suits he ever had to defend, his anecdote illustrating what he called "mistaken motives" as the climax of his summation before the jury is generally credited with having won for him the comparative victory of an award to the plaintiff of six cents and costs. Since under the law, the award in costs cannot exceed the amount of the verdict, the monetary payment to the plaintiff in this case was twelve cents. This was an important "comparative" victory for the reason that, in previous suits brought by the plaintiff against other newspapers than the one represented by De Witt, the awards in damages and settlements to the plaintiff had been substantial and on precisely the same complaint, based upon publication of an identical news story. It was also an unusual trial in that De Witt, in his summation, acknowledged the guilt of his client and asked the jury to clear the plaintiff's good name by bringing in a verdict of "Guilty" against his client. . . . But with a difference, with logic and finesse, as you will see.

In this case a small syndicate of Italians had hired from the U. S. Shipping Board the S.S. *Yaquina* for the importation of a cargo of lemons from the West Indies into New York. Owing to faulty refrigeration aboard the ship, it was found that when the cargo was unloaded most of the lemons were spoiled. The naïve Italians took their loss philosophically and tried to salvage some part of their loss by putting up the cargo at a fruit auction on the East River front. The Italians of the syndicate had as an honored friend a learned and distinguished American, by name Edward R. Goodsell, a graduate of Yale, a member of notable clubs, a retired engineering consultant seventy-four years of age.

Mr. Goodsell had the mildly eccentric hobby of attending fruit auctions and derived entertainment out of the spectacle. Thus he made friends with fruit importers on the docks and thus he came to know of the loss sustained by his friends, the Italian importers. He told them they had a legitimate claim against the Shipping Board for their loss because of misrepresentations concerning the refrigerating equipment or because of negligence in informing the lessees of the faulty refrigeration; and he undertook to present their case before the Shipping Board without fee or commission and merely as an act of friendship. He recovered $30,000 for his friends and paid it over to them.

But it turned out that the syndicate had a properly constituted lawyer whose business it was to take care of such matters as this. He heard that the Shipping Board had awarded to his clients $30,000 through the intervention of Goodsell and he was so incensed at this loss of a fee to himself that he demanded the fee of Goodsell, refused to believe Goodsell's story and had Goodsell arrested on a charge of withholding the fee and grand larceny.

The arrest was made late in the evening; Mr. Goodsell was treated to the indignity of being thrown into an odoriferous and ill-kept jail among pickpockets, panders, dope fiends and bums, and held overnight. Meanwhile, reporters having examined the lawyer's complaint in court, mistakenly gathered that Mr. Goodsell was jailed as a participant in another Shipping Board fraud—charges of which had recently been subjected to an unpleasant airing—and published news stories falsely charging that Goodsell was being prosecuted by the Shipping Board for "appropriating to his own use $30,000."

The matter was straightened out the next morning, of course, and Mr. Goodsell was released. But all the morning papers had carried the erroneous story. Mr. Goodsell promptly began a series of suits against all of the newspapers which had carried the false accounts of the charge on which Goodsell was arrested. It was, to all intents and purposes, one of those open-and-shut cases: a man of honor and impeccable reputation had been pictured by all the morning newspapers as so guilty of fraud against the government that he was thrown into jail without bail. Nothing of the least impeachable nature could be found in digging into Mr. Goodsell's past; so a series of substantial cash awards in damages followed one upon another.

De Witt went to trial in this case, for the first time in his history, without a defense. He prepared no brief; he called no witnesses. He put Mr. Goodsell on the stand under cross-examination; but he treated him with the utmost gentleness, friendliness and consideration, and allowed Mr. Goodsell to explain to the jury that he, an innocent man, had been subjected to the humiliation of being booked and fingerprinted by the police and then jailed with felons, and the entire impression created by this plaintiff was that of a man who had suffered a great injustice and the jurors were plainly sympathetic. No word of contradiction to anything Goodsell had said had been vouchsafed by De Witt, and when he began his summation to the jury, he enlarged upon the plaintiff's good character and enviable reputation and declared he had been cruelly wronged. It sounded for all the world as though his plea were not in behalf of his client, the newspaper, but in behalf of the plaintiff, Mr. Goodsell. He said that he did not blame Goodsell for his outraged feeling, and that as attorney for the publisher he wanted to publicly vindicate Mr. Goodsell of any slur that might attach to his name by reason of the article sued upon. It began to look as though De Witt were going to ask the jury to bring in a million dollar verdict against his own client.

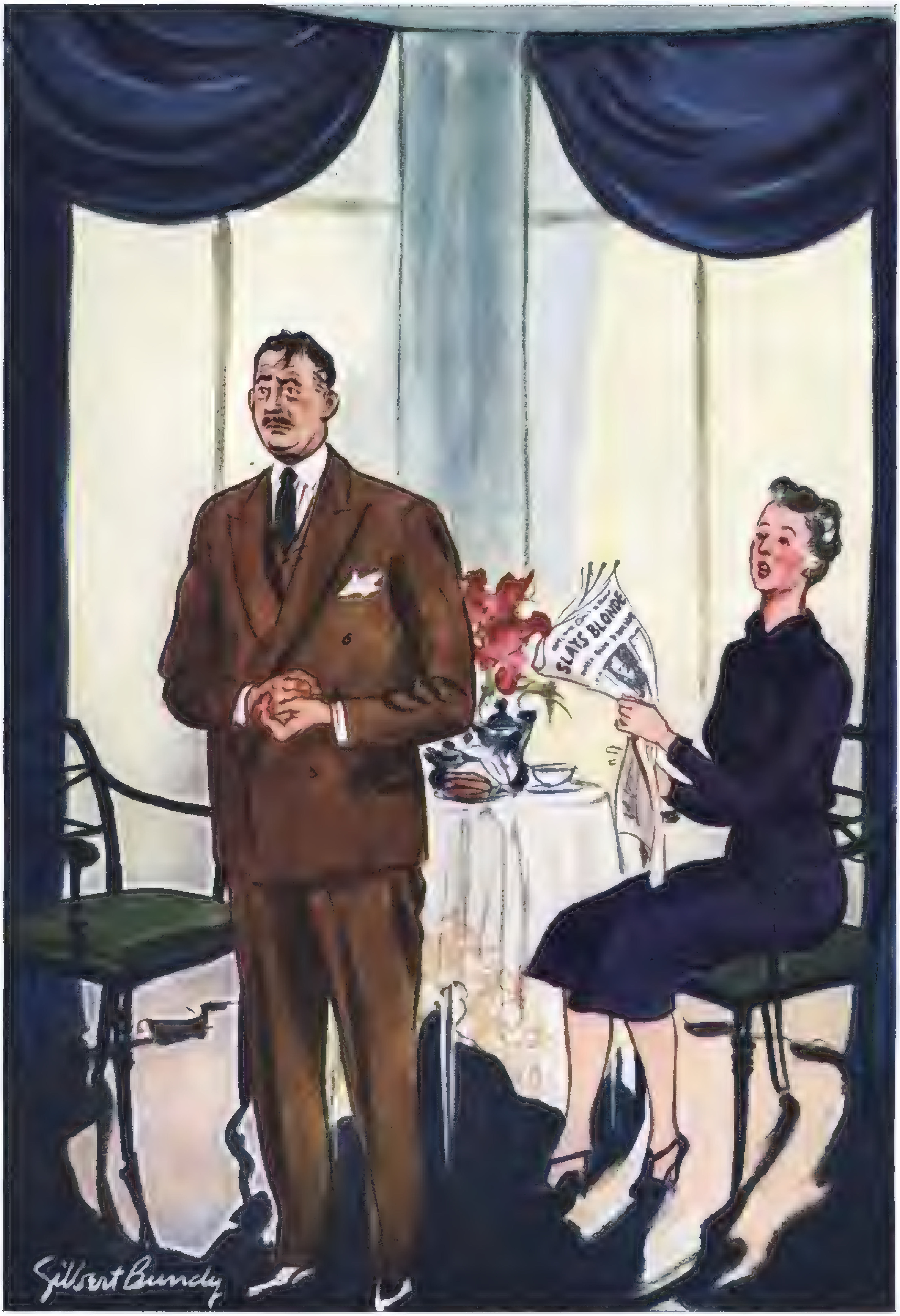
Then he said that Mr. Goodsell, though honorable in all respects, was in this case a "victim of mistaken motives." He illustrated what he meant by telling a story. He said he and Mrs. De Witt had gone to a tercentenary celebration in his old home town of Kingston. They had sat in the wooden bleachers to witness the parade. He is an inveterate cigar smoker but a man of courtesy and he had no sooner lighted up a cigar than he noticed that a woman seated at his left, a woman very severe of countenance and even more severe in dress, was very obviously disapproving of the smoke from his cigar. He politely ceased to draw upon the cigar, hid it in his hands and looked about for a vacant seat where he might smoke in comfort. Spying one several tiers down, he excused himself to Mrs. De Witt and said he would rejoin her after the parade was over. The seat, as it turned out, was next to a very pretty young woman. He asked her if she objected to his smoking a cigar and she replied that she did not in the least object, that her father and brothers all smoked cigars, and she liked the smell. This led to further animated conversation, intermittently conducted between them, until the parade was over; the young lady went her way and Mr. De Witt rejoined Mrs. De Witt.

They had guests that evening and Mr. De Witt had mixed a small shaker of cocktails which barely allowed for one glass apiece. Presently Mr. De Witt went into the kitchen to mix up another round. He was immediately followed by Mrs. De Witt, who had been cool and distant to him all evening. She broke out in anger at him, "Mac, are you deliberately trying to get our guests drunk?" He knew the facts in the case did not warrant either the tone or nature of this accusation: two mild gin cocktails were not ever calculated to get anybody objectionably pie-eyed. He was just about to answer her angrily when it occurred to him that she couldn't possibly be irritated at the cocktails and he reviewed the events of the day to try and ascertain what had really disturbed her.

In a flash it came to him that Mrs. De Witt was really angry because she had been watching his flirtation with the young woman at the celebration parade and the obvious innocence of the flirtation made it impossible to make it an issue, but nevertheless she resented it and, since she could not express her jealousy, she had been watching for an opportunity for the expression of her feelings toward him for the moment—feelings aroused by something else entirely, and she had seized upon the charge that he was deliberately trying to get his guests drunk just as an excuse.

De Witt told the jury the story, taking them into the details of the little squabble with Mrs. De Witt, then saying, "You see, gentlemen, she wasn't angry because of the cocktails. She was angry about the flirtation. Her motives were mixed just as Mr. Goodsell has his motives mixed." Mr. Goodsell, he said, was not justifiably angry with the newspaper he was suing. The newspaper had not brought the charge against him and caused his arrest; the newspaper had not thrown him into that vile jail and kept him there overnight in the company of the scum of the city; the newspaper had not humiliated and mistreated him. The newspaper had been victimized just the same as Mr. Goodsell had, because it had relied on the complaint in court, just as the authorities had in arresting Goodsell, and had charged him with the crime the lawyer had complained of to the authorities which had caused him the humiliation of being thrown into jail; that the newspaper had made some mistakes, yes, but that wasn't what hurt Mr. Goodsell; what hurt him was the fact that he was actually arrested and thrown into jail, with which, of course, the newspaper had had nothing to do; and finally Mr. Goodsell's anger was such upon his release that he had vented it upon the nearest object that reminded him of the treatment he had received and thus had got his motives mixed and sued the newspaper.

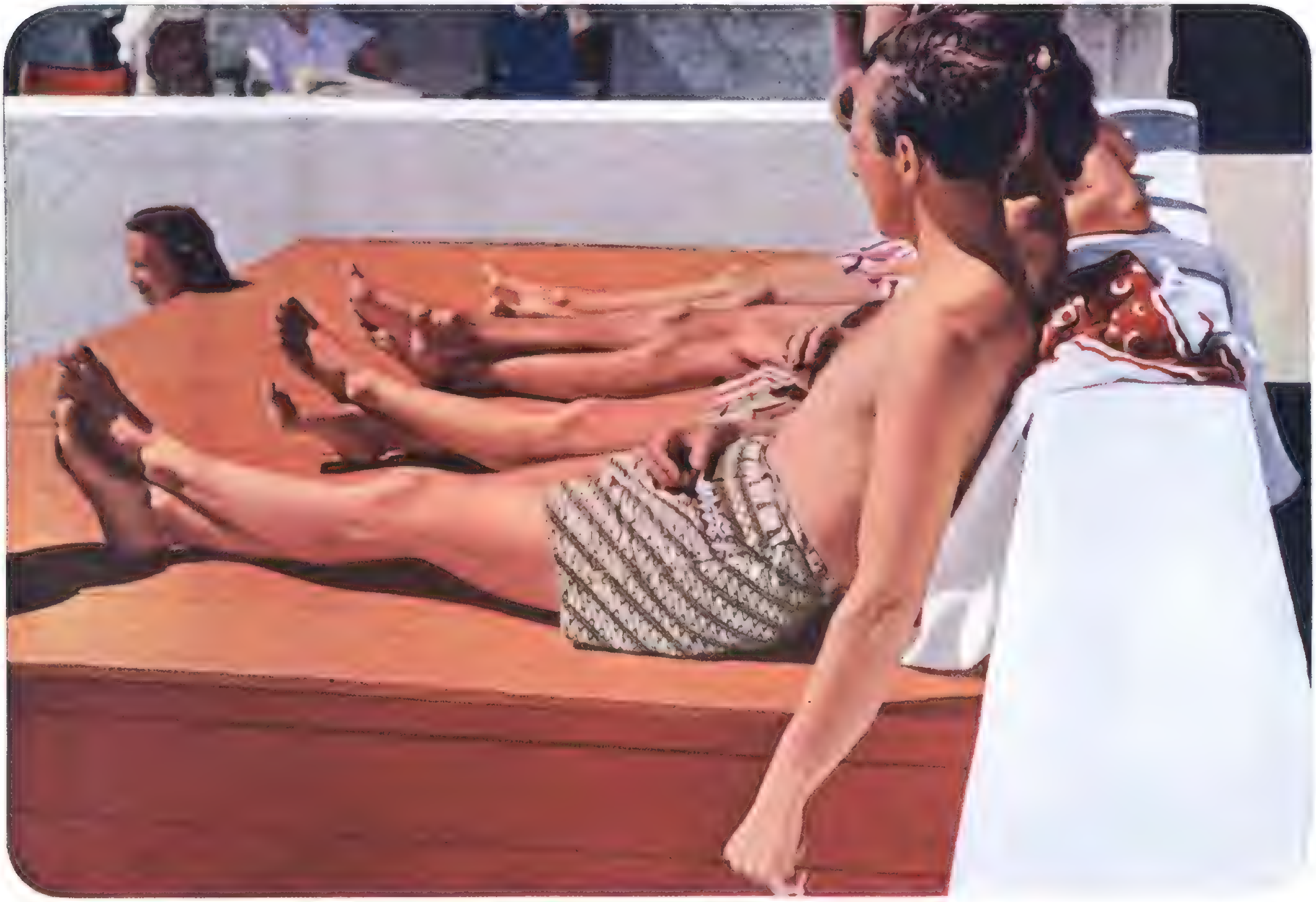
De Witt then recurred to his cross-examination of Mr. Goodsell in which the plaintiff replied, under kindly questioning, that he had no prejudice against newspapers, no objection to them, no hatred for them. But he said he wanted the jury to bring in a verdict for the plaintiff. He said that no mere newspaper apology would be adequate. Only the dignity and record of a court of justice could bring about a proper vindication of Mr. Goodsell's reputation. And it was manifest that Mr. Goodsell was not the sort of man to measure his reputation in the vulgar, material terms of cold cash, since there was not enough money in the world to compensate a good and just man for the loss of his reputation. If he were vindicated by a court of justice he would not sustain that loss. And what Mr. Goodsell wanted and what the defendant asked a just jury to give was—vindication in court. . . . Vindication was awarded by the jury with damages assessed at six cents. ###


SLAYS BLONDE
Gilbert Bundy

"But why on earth should our housemaid go to your office and shoot your secretary?"

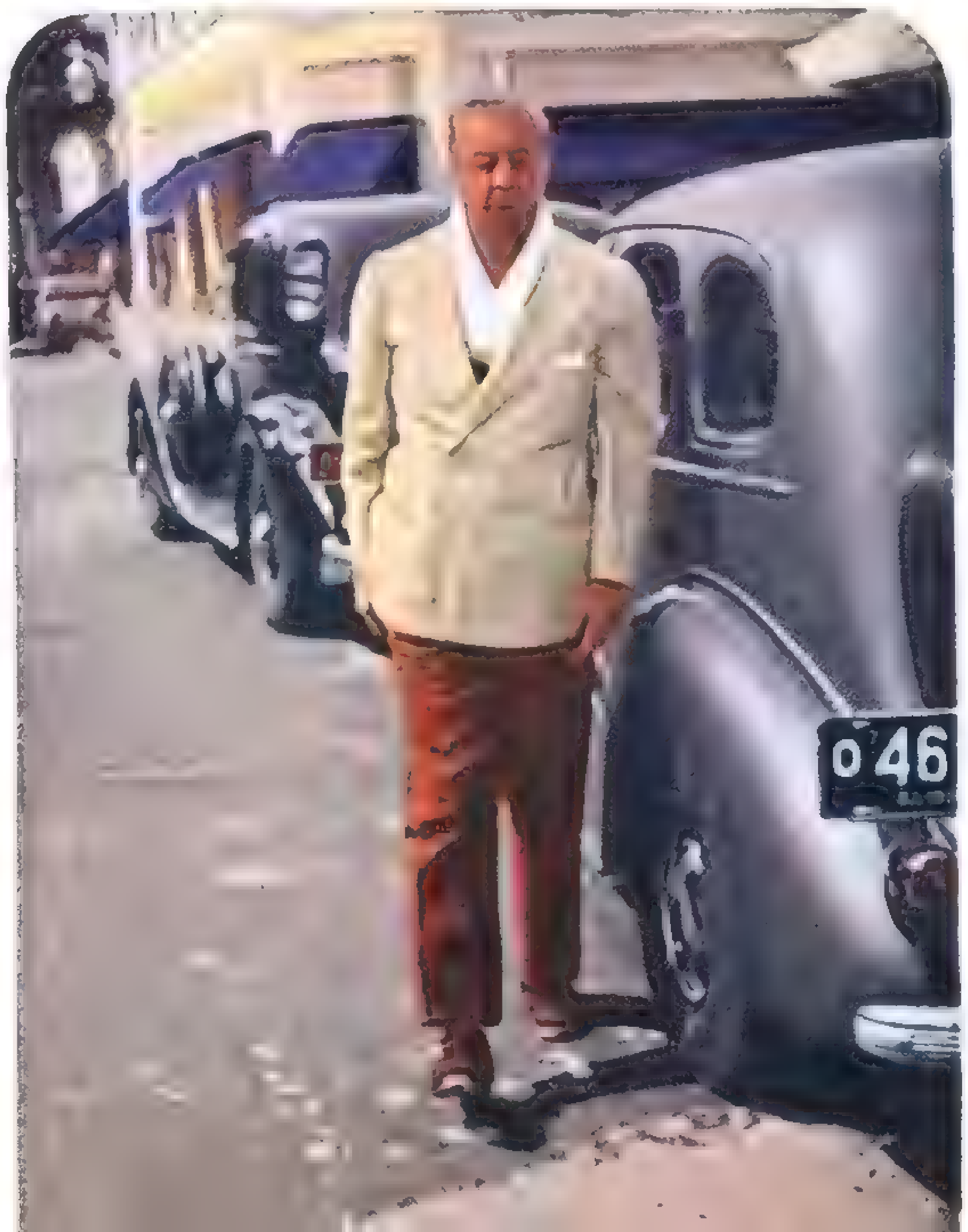
SUMMER SUMMARY IN SNAPSHOTS, OR THE WAY OF ALL FASHION

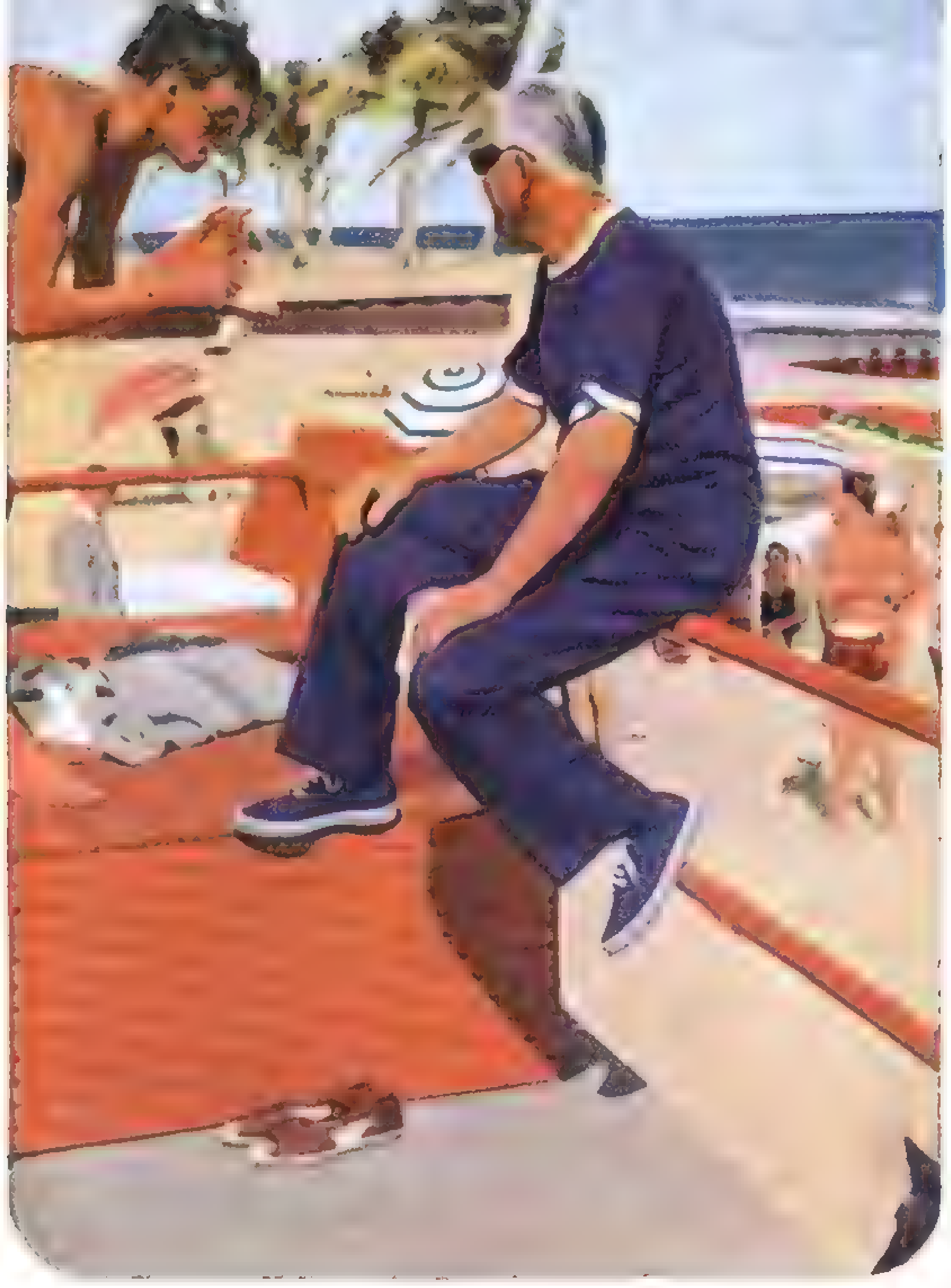
How authentic fashions get that way is pictured here by the color camera of an Esquire Fashion Staff photographer. These shots were taken last winter at Palm Beach, Nassau and Jamaica, where some of the fashions originated and where others "stopped off" on their way from the Riviera. Now you can see how the Fashion Staff operates. It's done with mirrors. They scurry around to the leading fashion centers and hold up the glass, in the form of sketchpad or camera, to the best dressed men. What they see is a true reflection of the coming outstanding fashions.



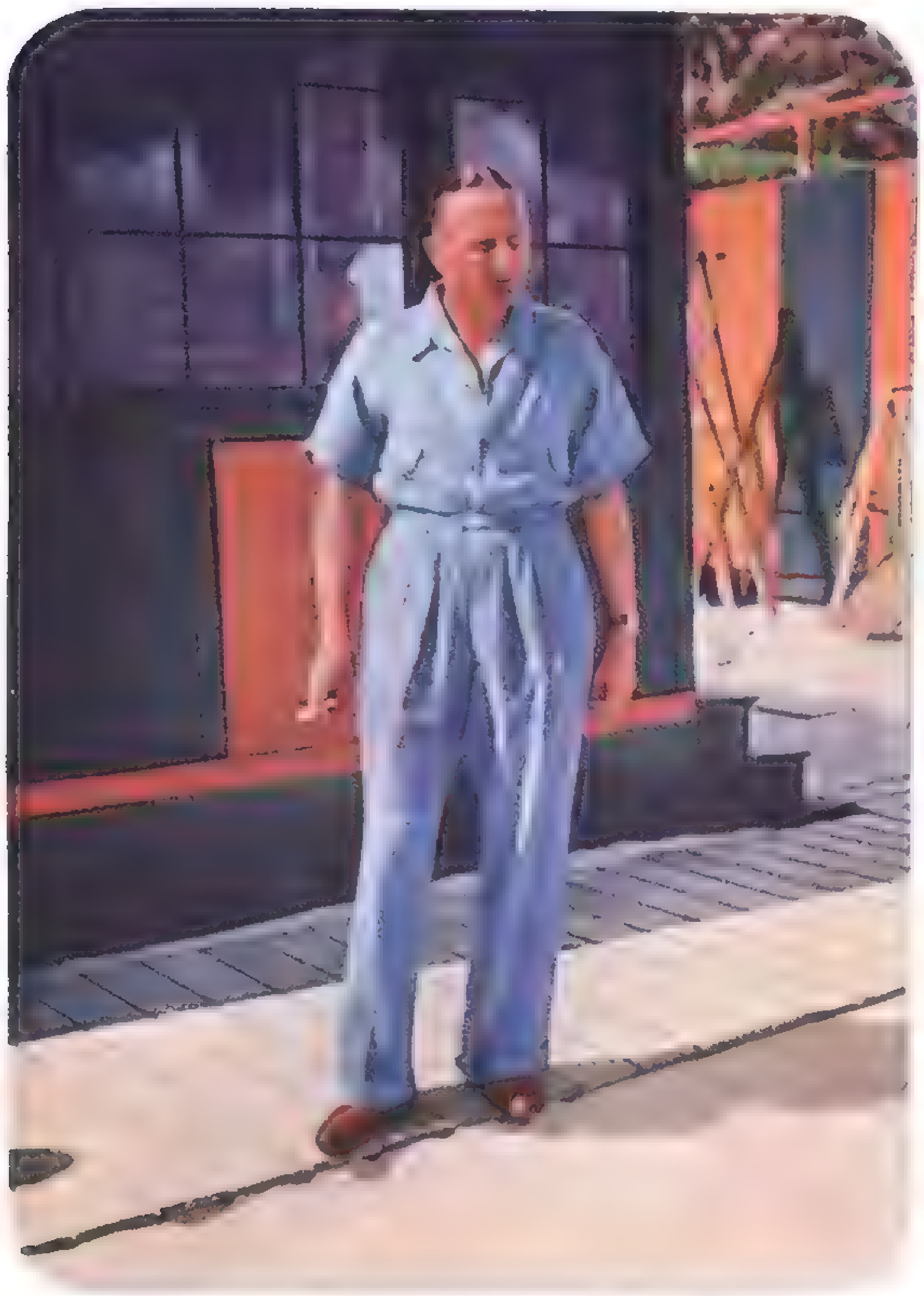
At Palm Beach: the man in the foreground wears the authentic cotton Hawaiian print swimming trunks, a beachwear fashion hit of first degree importance.

Double breasted flannel jacket, brown Palm Beach slacks, brown reversed calf shoes, white wool muffler with colored stripe border—a popular outfit.



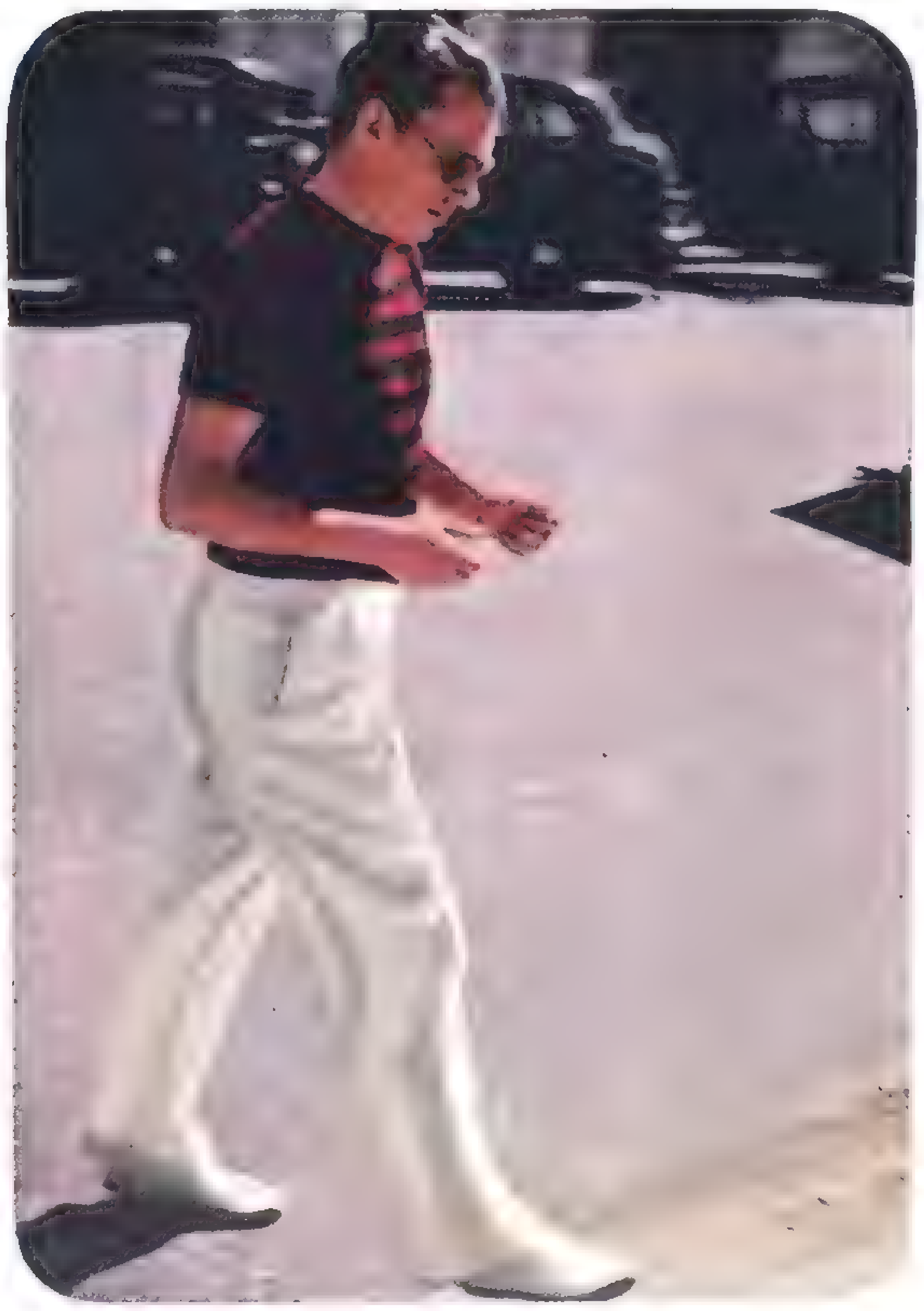


Crew neck half sleeve lisle shirt with contrasting border, neck and sleeves; blue cotton beach slacks and blue canvas rubber sole shoes—comfortable and smart.

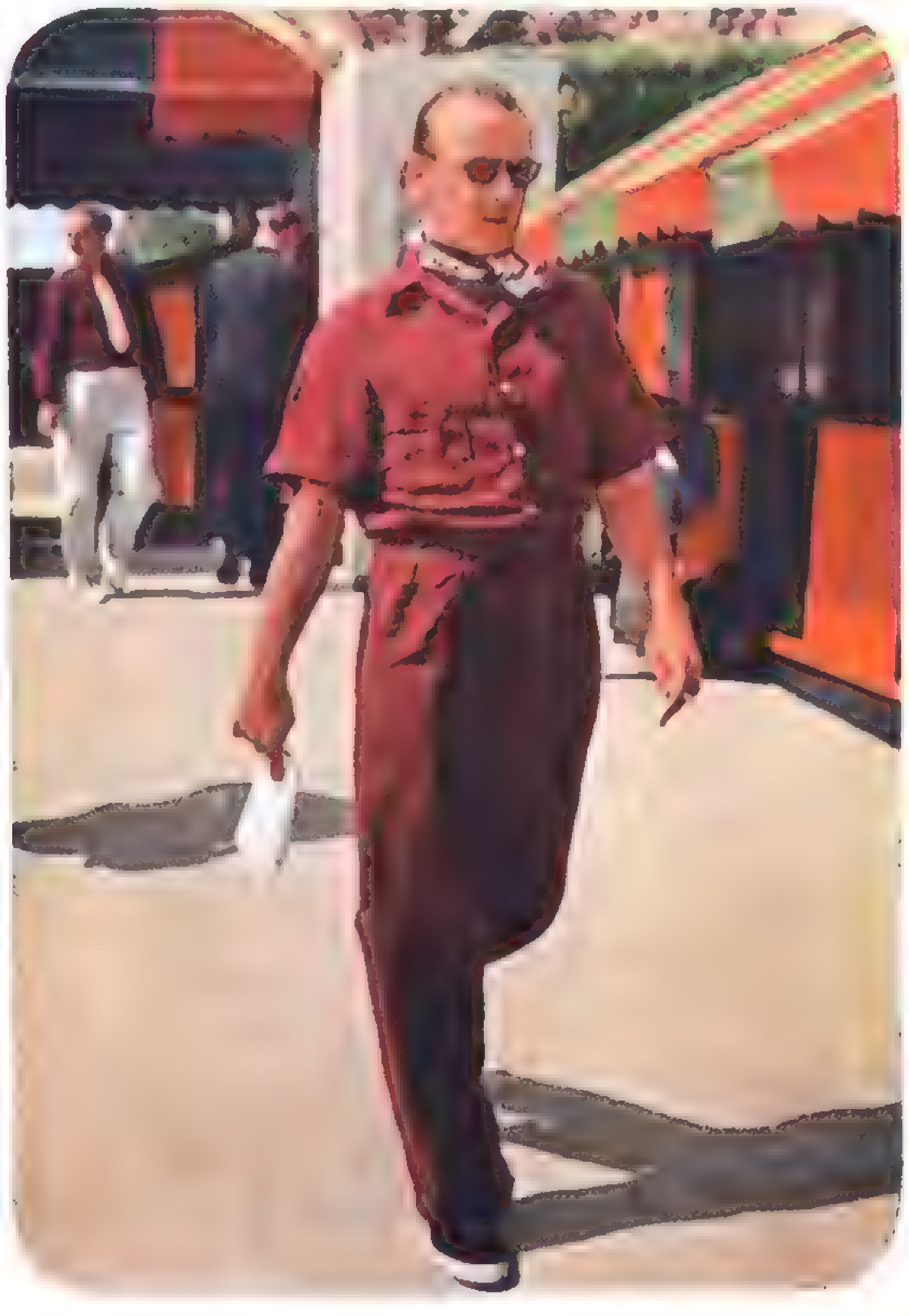


Côte blue beach suit, consisting of half sleeve open front shirt and matching trousers of lightweight washable linen-cotton mixture; brown Norwegian slippers.

White linen slacks and horizontal stripe lisle beach shirt with crew neck and half sleeves. Crew neck shirts were especially popular at Palm Beach last season.

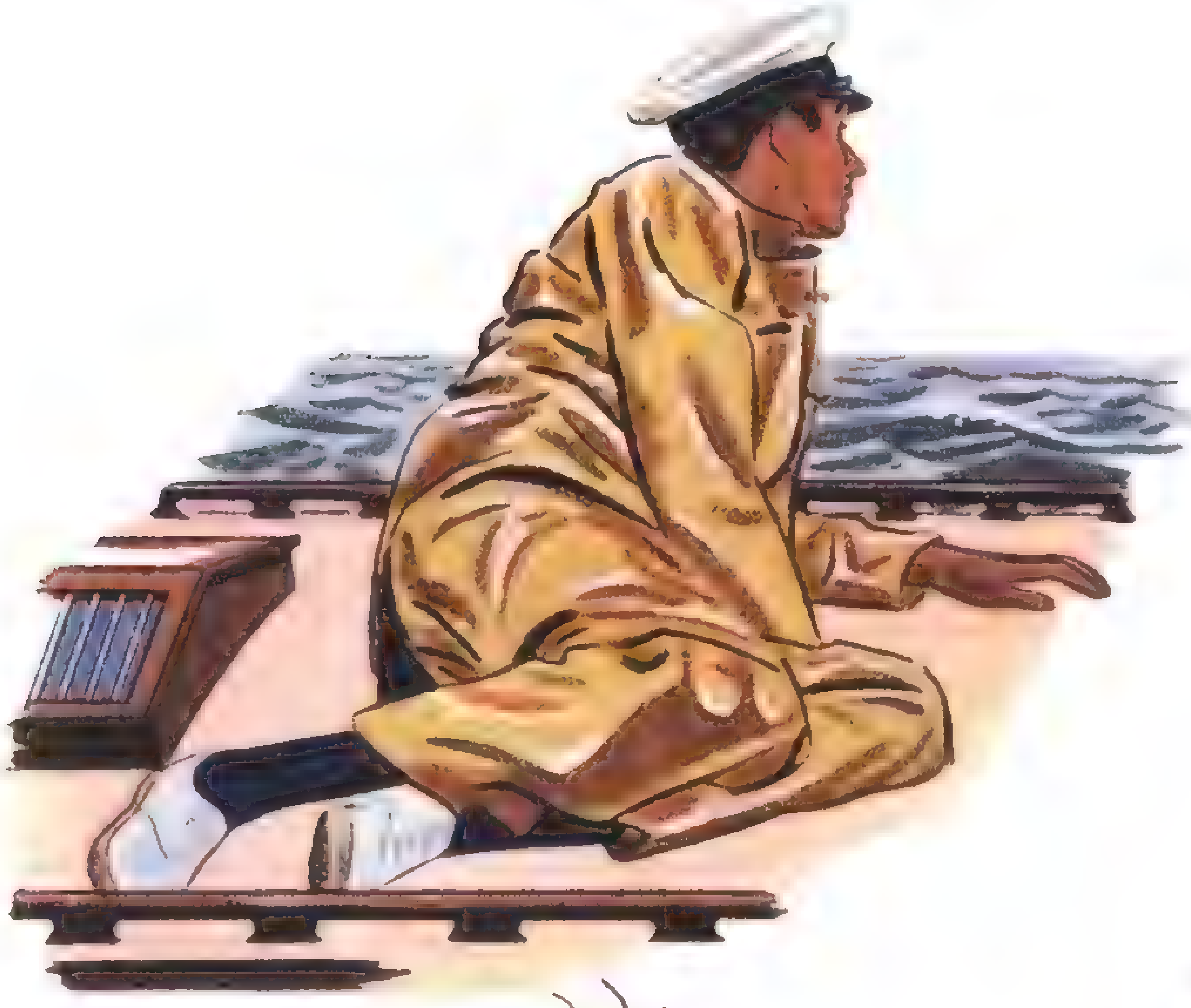


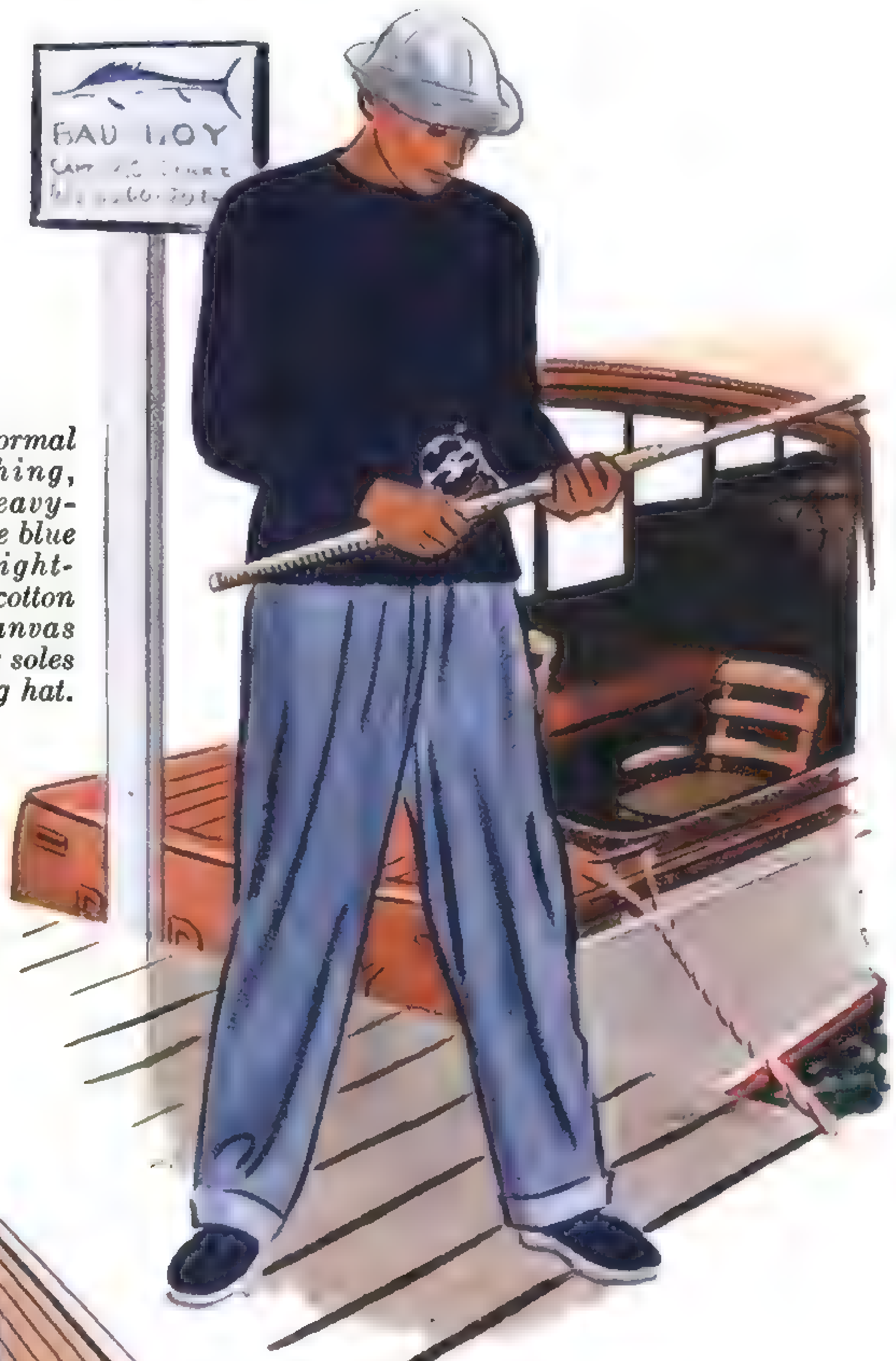
Linen beach suit, consisting of open front shirt with half sleeves, and matching slacks in red; colorful neckertie and blue canvas shoes with rubber soles.



(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

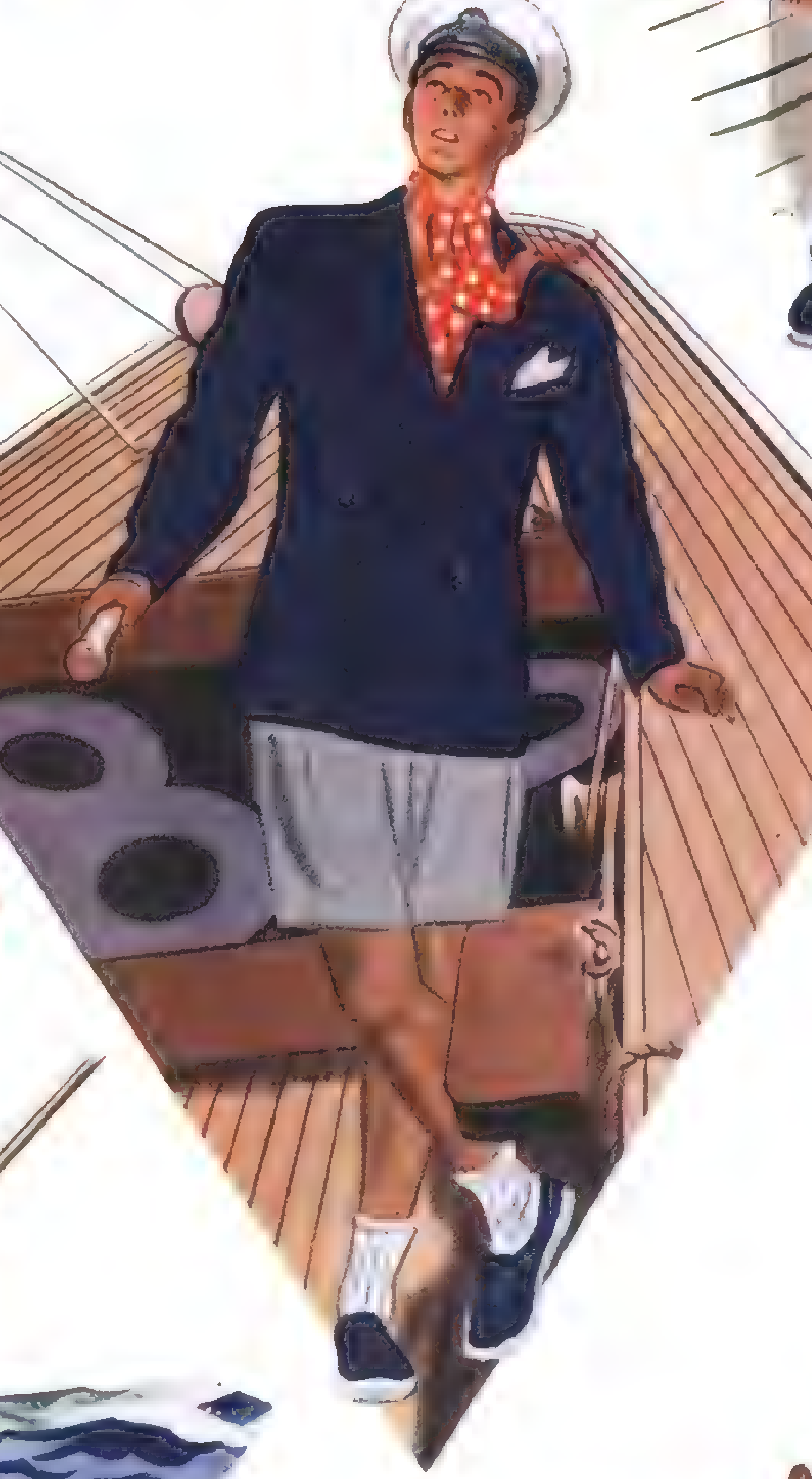
SAILING AND FISHING FASHIONS





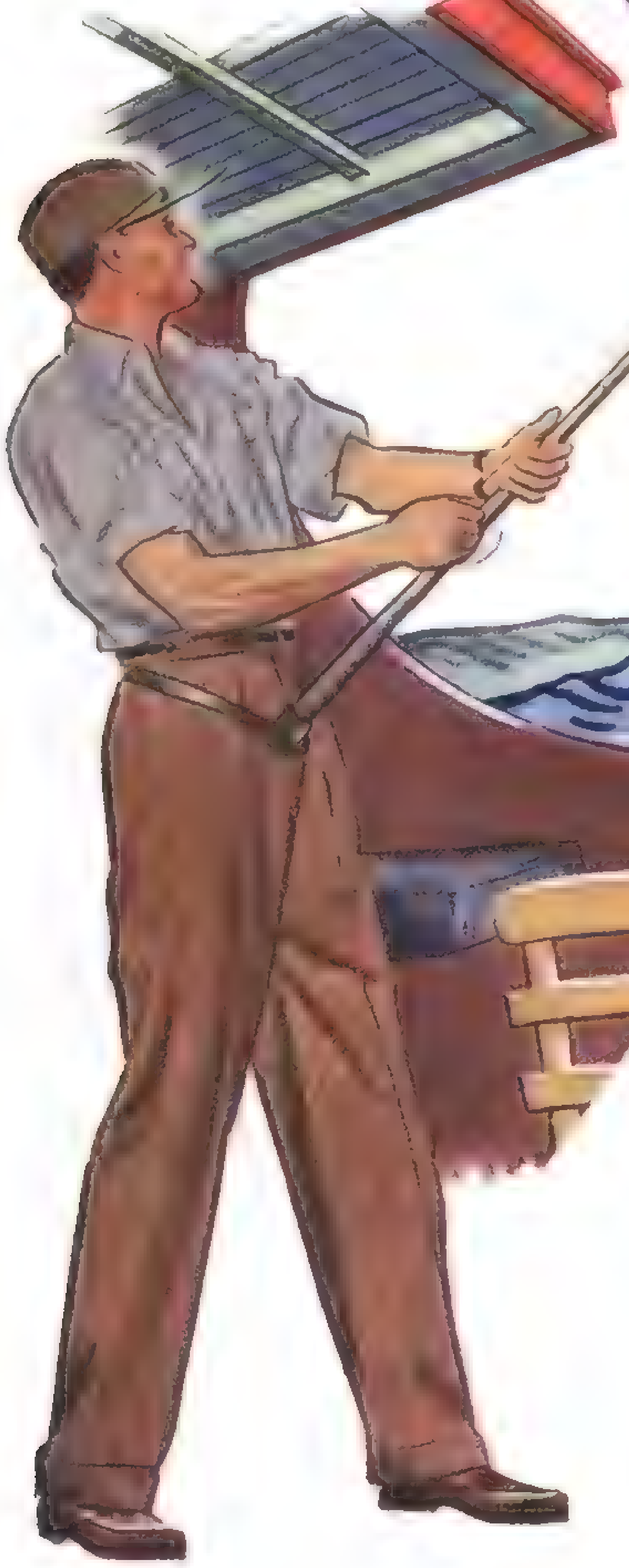
Right: For informal sailing or fishing, a crew neck heavyweight long sleeve blue sweater and lightweight denim cotton slacks. Blue canvas shoes with rubber soles and white sailing hat.

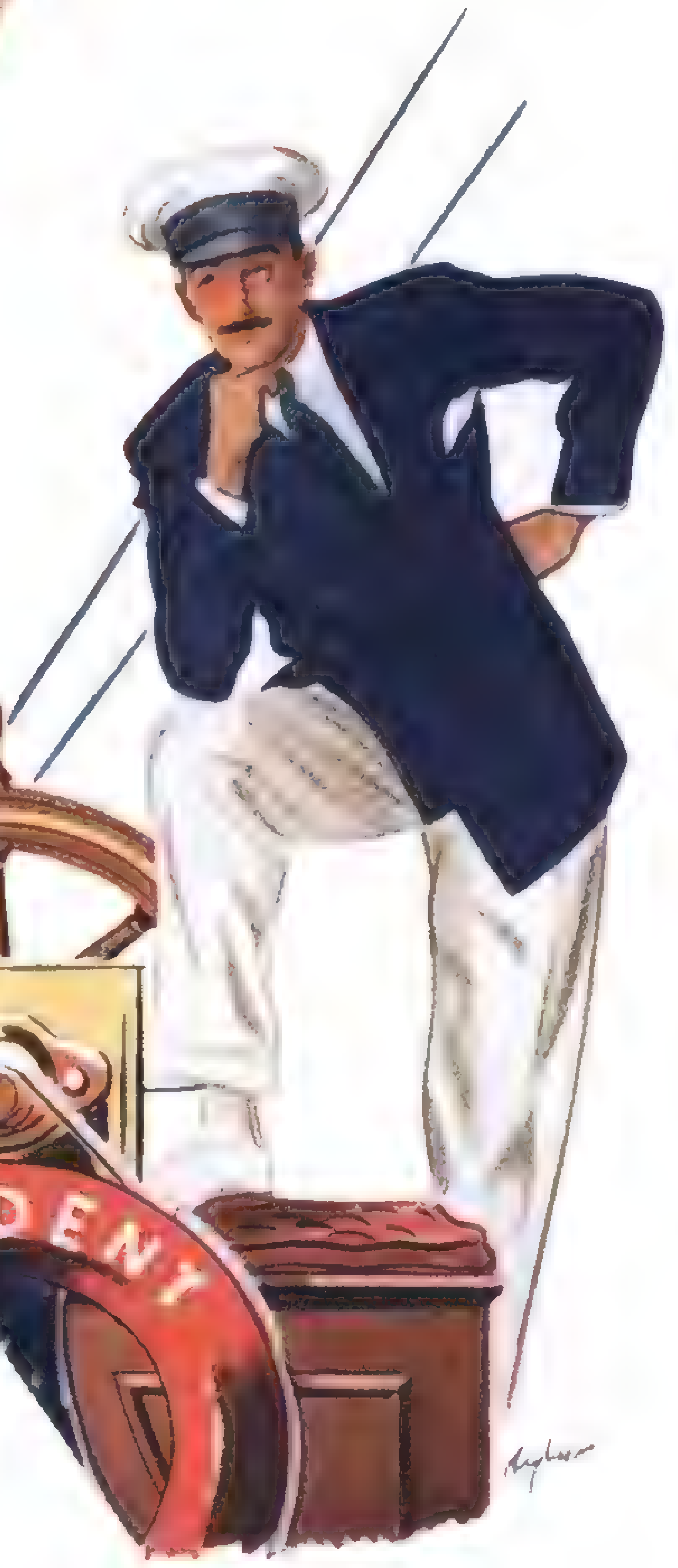
Above: For sailing in dirty weather this short oil silk jacket with trousers to match is favored by seamen. Note the heavy wool hose, white top sailing hat and white canvas shoes with rope soles.



Below: For real honest-to-goodness deep sea fishing, a lightweight shirt of cotton or flannel, corduroy slacks, Norwegian peasant slippers, and a sailfish hat. Clothes that can take it are, of course, recommended for this sport, although they must be light and comfortable.

Left: Also for informal sailing and knocking around the boat club: a double breasted blue flannel blazer, grey, white or colorful shorts, crew socks, blue sneakers, a silk scarf and, for a bit of swank, a white top sailing cap. Frequently swimming trunks are worn under an outfit of this nature.





Right: For yachting, a double breasted blue serge coat, white flannel trousers, white rubber sole shoes, soft colored shirt, white separate collar, dark tie and white top yachting cap. This is correct if you are invited aboard a yacht. Naturally, owners or members of yacht clubs wear their insignia on the hat, as well as black anchor buttons in traditional style on their blue coats.

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Pluto, the Hound of Heaven

Continued from page 93

bathing in the moonlight. And behind the flowerbeds and the fruit trees stood the symmetrical little villa, in one window of which a faint pink light was burning. Jenö knew well what that light meant. The pink shade of the night lamp in the bedroom. The bed, the coverlet, the whole woman in her silk negligée. Jenö could already smell the scent of the Californian Poppy which he had so often sniffed from the three-liter bottle in his own pharmacy whenever he wanted to think of Ida.

He crossed the court in the shadow of the trees. There was nothing amiss. Complete silence everywhere. He had got quite close to the house when, of a sudden, he felt a wave of uneasiness, the kind which often grips the human heart in moments which precede a long-awaited fulfillment of some great happiness. He had already taken the iron key out of his pocket, when suddenly his feet were rooted to the ground.

Between two ornate stone urns a few steps led up to the door which he would have had to enter. He was six steps from the door when, directly in front of him, threatening and unexpected, a terrifying shape rose from the shadow expanding between the two urns. It was a cinnamon-colored, tiger-striped dog. No, to call it a dog would have been an understatement: it was a mythical monster, a giant Great Dane, larger than a good-sized calf. The kind of beast which is bred for a life of distinguished cruelty, and is kept chained most of the time. The hound did not bark. A barking dog always loses part of his dignity. All the monster did was to bare silently but angrily his tusk-like eye teeth.

The tiger-striped hound was Pluto, the engineer's watchdog. He was a beast which the whole neighborhood dreaded. Pluto was the fatal mistake which at times slips into the most careful calculations. Ida wasn't afraid of the hound; she would make him carry her little girl around on his back. And since Pluto constituted no obstacle for her, she thought he would not for anybody. She had totally forgotten about him: the whole doghouse had entirely dropped out of her consciousness. And at the same time, she had even explained to Jenö that the edge of the dining room rug was curled up, and that he should be careful not to trip on it!

And now this mistake made its presence known: there he stood as the fiend incarnate of Violated Morality, a demoniac friend of the absent husband, striped and terrible, on the steps in front of the door, immobile and still trembling with wrath, with phosphorescent eyes and bared fangs on which the moonlight gleamed.

Jenö froze with terror. The two most powerful, ancient instincts were struggling within him. The most highly aroused amatory urge and the suddenly striking fear of death. Always in such cases—aside from a few precious examples—the fear of death proves to be the stronger of the two instincts. Jenö, too, completely forgot about the woman. The whole network of his nerves was tense against the danger facing him.

His brain was working with the speed of lightning, vibrating. What should he do with the hound? His intuition told him that he, too, had muscles, nails, and teeth: that he, too, was an animal that nature had designed for struggle. If he attacked Pluto, perhaps he could conquer him. But his reason began to argue with him. What a mournful victory it would be! This tiger-striped hound would most certainly do a thing or two to him in the course of their encounter! He could almost feel on his body the terrible wounds torn by canine fangs.

The more his reason was getting the upper hand within him, the more he realized that in this case retreat would be a much more advisable step to take than attack. Yes, but how should he avoid the struggle? He was very close to the hound on the huge, empty expanse of the court. And he could tell by looking at Pluto that the determination to attack was constantly rising in him. From his eyes sleep had entirely disappeared; his laziness had become wakeful and cruel.

Jenö could almost see that he was thinking: where should he first tear into the body of this impudent stranger who dared to invade his empire?

It was impossible to run away. The hound would have overtaken him. Anyway, it wasn't advisable to turn his back. Such a motion would certainly have incensed Pluto to immediate action.

There was only one way left. To climb one of the fruit trees in the court. Jenö began backing out step by step, while the hound was following him, likewise step by step. His drawn mouth was twitching ominously. It was a silent, tense duel between the hypnotic eye of the man and the blood-thirst of the animal.

Finally, Jenö could feel that he had backed into a tree. Then a strange thing happened. The young pharmacist hadn't been a good athlete even in his student days. He couldn't climb up the poles in the gymn, even when facing them. And here, with his back turned, starting from such an impossible position, he was up the tree in the fraction of a second. So nimbly and so quickly that the hound, which now leaped at him, couldn't even reach his legs. His fangs tore down the bark of the tree trunk.

The saving trunk belonged to a plum tree. Jenö made this discovery high in the crown of the tree, among moonlit leaves and unripe plums, panting with exhaustion, as he tried to balance himself in the forks of the branches, in the manner of a big, fat monkey at bay.

He looked down at the ground. There stood Pluto under the tree, watching him maliciously with phosphorescent eyes. Jenö sighed with relief, and then dusted his coat pedantically. It was white from contact with the tree trunk, which had been painted with calcium on account of the worms.

In the distance the bells of the town tolled one. And after the chimes had died away, Jenö realized that his situation was not solved, only more complicated. How should he get into the house to his lady-love? The question remained: how should he leave the tree under which Pluto had lain down comfortably, waiting with the cruel patience of a carnivorous beast?

Jenö waited. Something had to happen! But nothing did. The minutes of the night were silently passing, like the gentle splashing of a dark sea. Even sitting in a *fauteuil* one's body is likely to tire. Jenö's limbs began going to sleep. He tried to find a more comfortable position. The branches and the leaves stirred rustling. Annoyed by the noise, Pluto began to growl in a subdued tone. He didn't move, just growled. In his deep roar, which resembled a distant earthquake, there was a warning: "Don't you *dare* come down from there!"

Sitting among the foliage Jenö looked down on the hound. He started talking to him in whispers: "Get out of here! Go to hell! You mangy bitch! Swine!" As an answer to these words, Pluto returned only the same deep, subdued, threatening growls.

A full hour, woven of immeasurable boredom and the elements of a nervous breakdown, passed. In the meantime Jenö had tried the unripe plums, which were still more bitter than sour. He discovered despairingly that he had his cigarette case, but that he had left his lighter at home, on the washbowl. In his pocket he found a few roasted coffee beans. Carefully cracking them between his teeth, he ate them all. This upset his stomach.

The moon disappeared. He began to feel more and more tired and sleepy. Then of a sudden, from the starry sky in which there was not one cloud to be seen, a quick shower beat down on the ground. It lasted only about ten minutes, but this was sufficient for Jenö to get drenched to the skin.

Then, when the rain stopped, an ice-cold wind began to blow unexpectedly. The young man was getting dry, shivering. The hound was waiting below with the patience of an executioner. Now that the moon wasn't shining, his contours seemed much larger and more terrible in the dark.

It was a quarter of three when the pink light went out in Ida's bedroom window, like the closing of a watchful eye. It was apparent that the woman had got tired of waiting, and turned off the light, amazed and insulted.

Jenö felt deeply ashamed. "What can Ida be thinking of me now?" he asked himself. This was such a horrible thought that he almost jumped down from the tree, right on Pluto's neck. Then—he was almost glad that this had occurred to him—it flashed into his mind that he mustn't do such a thing. On account of Ida. What would happen if the noise of the struggle awakened the gardener and the whole neighborhood? If they found him there, rolling on the ground with Pluto, torn and bloody? What a sensation it would be! What a scandal! How easy it would be in a case like this for a quick-witted small town to deduce the truth! And what would happen then? Divorce? He'd have to marry Ida! The hell with it: she was gorgeous and he was crazy about her! But still, that would be a little too much. . . . What would his mother say? And the husband? And who would take Ida's kid? The brat had always incensed him. She was an ugly child, spoiled, and he couldn't stand her.

He waited still until the dawn turned blue, then pink, then white. He was sleepy, hungry, crumpled, cold, sick at his stomach, and his mouth tasted bitter from the coffee beans. Nervously he began wondering: who was going to free him? The gardener? Would it be enough to give him twenty *pengoes* to keep his mouth shut?—What was he going to tell Ida? Should he confess to her that he got scared of the dog? And what was going to happen if the gardener didn't keep his mouth shut? Everything would be over with Ida, and still there would be a scandal! And the engineer! Lajos and he had been such good friends! How was he to look him in the eyes again? And his mother! Ida, the gardener, Lajos! —And this goddam beast still waiting under the tree!

It was a quarter past six. Silence. What a myth it is that people get up early in small towns! And why did all this have to happen? What crime did he commit to have such a catastrophe come crashing down on him? . . . And then, in that full morning, lambent with the chirruping of birds, a suspicion stole into Jenö's soul: what if this was the will of heaven, showing him sternly but benignly the right path? And the hound—perhaps he, too, was sent by heaven. . . . He almost burst out crying, his heart became so purified.

He was seized with an infinite yearning for nice, clean, practical comforts. And at a quarter of seven, still high up among the branches of the plum tree, he firmly made up his mind and solemnly vowed that, if he could crawl out of this mess without a scandal, he would, that same afternoon, kiss, propose to, and within two weeks marry, Katica. #

"Dear Mr. Esquire:——"

Continued from page 85

crowd, and we turn to your articles many times and get satisfaction in our drinks, etc. Why not devote one of your articles to us readers who like to drink as you suggest, but don't really know how to pronounce the names of the potables even before they are consumed.

Very truly yours,
George H. Thomas,
Redkey, Ind."

No sooner said than done, George. Here is the article. As for the pronunciation of *hors d'oeuvres*, "my set" usually say, "Slide those peanuts and potato chips down this way, will you?" I don't blame you for being confused. I have had waiters call it all the way from *or-duvvys* to *horse-doors*. So, I consulted a graduate of the Sorbonne, a native of France. He agrees with the psychologist, James, that unless you begin the use of French before eleven years of age, you never quite get the twist of the tongue. The French have a way with an "r" that baffles the American. But as nearly as he can indicate it, the Frenchman says that it should be pronounced: *or-duvre*. Now, if you can sound the last as one syllable, you have the trick.

In cruising around the Caribbean, the writer came across gin and tonic for the first time. After a day of rum in Jamaica, the drink was recommended by the ship's doctor, of the S. S. *Haiti*, as a stabilizer and general gloom lifter. Its gyroscopic potentialities were immense. And with that zeal for passing the word along, your correspondent wrote about it. The response indicated that half the country had just been waiting for that very thing. The inquiries came from Maine to California; Washington to Louisiana. In the course of the correspondence, I learned that two British firms sold the stuff here in small quantities, and at least two American firms made it. Since then, another firm has joined the lists. But at that time the writer was able to find it in only two public bars in New York.

Commenting on the gin and tonic situation Chester D. Johnstone, of the Cliquot Company, had some interesting information. It seems they had been making it for years, for export trade. But in India the natives wanted it labeled "American Quinine Water," instead of the usual Indian Tonic Water.

"You may be interested," wrote Mr. Johnstone, "as I was, in hearing that Indian Quinine Tonic originated in India at the time of the first British military occupation. At that time bush and jungles were infested with all sorts of malaria, yellow fever and tropical swamp diseases, and the officers and men were required to take so much quinine a day. Some bright wag at the Officers' Club conceived the idea of dumping his dose of quinine into his gin-and-water and this went on for a good many years, with a gradual evolution until such a time as they developed the present product. We include the lime in some of our product, as in many tropical countries it is not always easy to secure fresh limes."

Some of the lighter phases of cruising are indicated in the following from a Mr. Tupper, who seems to know what cruises are for:

"Dear Mr. Pemberton: Shortly after returning from a cruise in the Caribbean, I am writing you about your article in Esquire about drinking in the Spanish Main. Quite a few of the folks who seemed to know what they are doing in the beverage room went in a big way for gin and tonics, but having been brought up in the era of prohibition, I have a holy horror of gin, and will drink practically anything else in preference.

"I was bunking with one of those hardy souls who are never willing to say 'uncle,' and therefore, it was necessary to keep activities going long after the beverage room had closed. As we usually had nothing else in the room except Haitian or Jamaica rum, it frequently was necessary to exercise not a little ingenuity in figuring out a way whereby the drinks would be edible. By that I do not mean either palatable or potable —I mean fixing them so you could down them without losing your hair or your faith in the future.

"Because I think we exercised not a little ingenuity in concocting several mixtures with the limited materials at hand, I am sending you herewith recipes for some of the drinks we tried. They are enclosed.

"At any rate, these southern cruises are much fun and I'm glad to hear that you enjoyed the Citadel as much as I did. The doctor you described sounded very familiar—you weren't on the Columbian Line Steamer *Haiti*, by any chance, were you?

Yours sincerely,
R. W. Tupper
1413 33rd St., N. W.,
Washington, D. C."

CARIBBEAN RECIPES

CRYSTAL RUM FIZZ

1 dollop of Haitian Rum
2 dollops of ginger ale
1 Cryst-O-Mint Life Saver.

(The Life Saver is used to take the curse off the rum. It should not be allowed to dissolve, but should be stirred gently and used again for the second, third, and fourth drinks. After that, you won't miss it.)

SUICIDE COCKTAIL

1 dollop of Haitian rum
½ dollop crème de cacao
1 dollop White Rock
1 Cryst-O-Mint Life Saver dropped from a great height.

(In preparing this drink, the glass is placed on the floor and the mixer stands erect, holding the Life Saver at shoulder height. If he misses the glass three times in a row, he does not need another drink—not very badly, anyway.)

THE "I DIED GAME, BOYS" MIXTURE

1 dollop Haitian rum
1 dollop apricot brandy
1 splash of drinking water

(Most sincere drinkers do not care for this one as they say the water adds an unfamiliar tang that they can't learn to like.)"

If you have not been in southern waters, have not seen the eighth wonder of the world, known as Christophe's Citadel, you may be at a loss to understand how the soft purple of the skies, the caressing heat of the kindly indolent island gets under your skin. It is our dream to retire there for the last five years of our life (if we can spot them) and paint our time away. The following letter brought back the old nostalgia for Haiti:

"Dear Author: Just picked up Esquire and read your delightful comments on the Dutch doctor's medicine and your remarks on Christophe's Castle. Curiously enough while on duty in 1918-19 we camped occasionally at the fortress and La Ferrier. I, too, wasted a hell of a lot of time digging for gold. We were fortified in our endeavors by the following:

Native grapefruit—halved
Good Haitian rum—well poured on.

Place in can and put on lid—place overnight in fresh dug three foot hole and cover.

"Next a. m.—eat many of these with fresh made coffee containing some rum. No ice was obtainable but the fruit needed none as there is a remarkable coolness three feet down in Haitian ground at night.

"Thus fortified, we could hunt bandits with bravado and dig for gold with greatest hope. So you don't need ice or gin in Haiti. In fact, you don't need much of anything in Haiti. Thanks for a good article and recalling pleasant memories to me.

Sincerely,
C. E. McElwain
Ex-Cap't U. S. M. C. Reg.
Surg. 9th reg. 1st Prov.
Brigade Republique D'Haiti"

Mr. T. F. Stanley of Quincy, Massachusetts and Nory Danceth, Jr., of Haverhill, Massachusetts, write to learn the names of good books on wines and cocktails. There are a great many on the market. I like the *Old Waldorf-Astoria Bar Book*, written by its former press man, Albert Stevens Crockett, for cocktails. The recipes are authentic and accurate and date back to the time when cocktail mixing was more of a science and less in the field of experimentation. As for wines, I doubt if you can beat the American authority, Julian Street, in his book called *Wines*.

Mr. W. Hamilton MacDonald writes from West Adams Gardens, Los Angeles, California:

"Gentlemen: Do you suppose you could rally around with a good recipe for a sauce for spaghetti?"

Attached is the department's reply:

'Dear Mr. MacDonald: If you want spaghetti without tomatoes, I think the best is plain butter, heated in a pan with a bud of garlic. Then clams, which have been minced and steamed, are also good. I think spaghetti is pretty tough on the system unless cooked *alledente*, 'against the teeth,' as the Italians say; cooked to order and taken off at just the right moment. I favor a sort of marinari sauce and it is the only one I can make successfully.

"Take two buds of garlic, mince them and about four onions, cut fine. Sauté these in a frying pan with a good amount of butter, (some use olive oil but my system can't take it). When the onions are brown, add one-half bay leaf, one-half teaspoon of tarragon, one or two peppercorns with most of the seeds removed and one can of tomatoes. Fresh tomatoes are much better. Pepper and salt to taste and if necessary, add a spoonful of sugar. Reduce to a sauce consistency by cooking on a slow fire. If butter has been used, then you can also use Parmesan cheese on top. It is against the rules of the spaghetti eaters' union to use cheese with oil."

Peter M. Bridges, of 100 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois, writes as follows:

"Dear Sir: I read your articles in Esquire in regard to potables. I was somewhat intrigued by the recipes and should like to try some of them. However, I am unable to understand whether they are to be shaken or mixed."

The preparation of a drink is usually obvious from its contents. A cocktail is always shaken with ice (except the Martini and Manhattan—these are stirred) and the ice kept in the shaker when the drink is drained off into the glass. When cubes of ice are indicated, the ice is to remain in the drinking glass to keep the mixture cool. Stirring is essential with all drinks that call for soda or water.

"Dear Sir: Have just read your article on *Cure for Tiger Bites* and am going to ask for some information. Several months ago I wrote a wholesale liquor dealer asking about Crème de Violette which they advertised. They said it was too seldom used to carry. I am very anxious to get some, or if not available, some Parfait d'Amour, as violet is my favorite color.

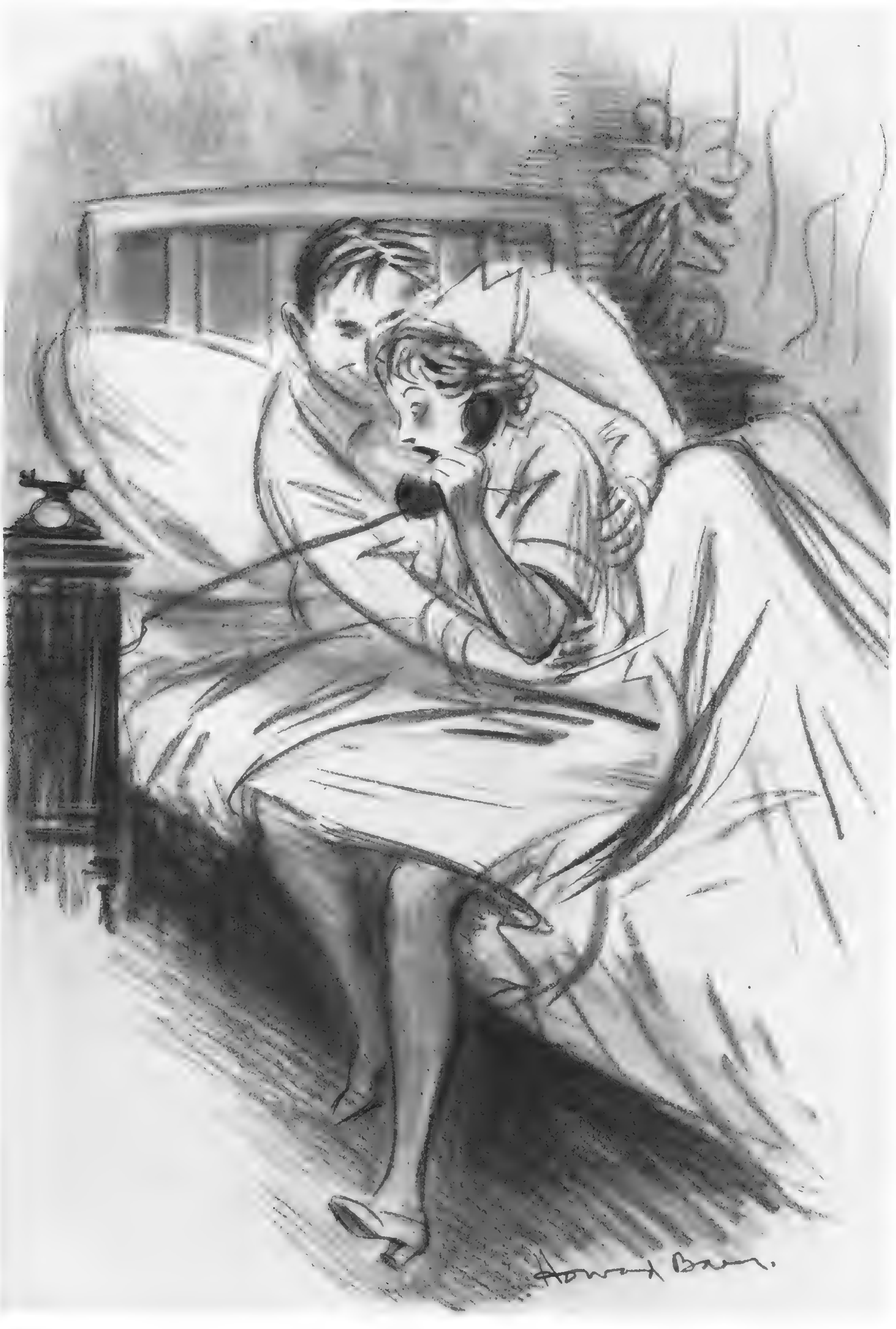
Louise Roper
Columbia, S. C."

The liqueurs mentioned may be obtained from the larger package stores in any large city. However, they are used mainly as a coloring cordial in a few fancy drinks, tipples that were popular in the Gay Nineties, but seldom called for now, such as pousse-café.

"Dear Sir: Recently I came across Southern Comfort, a drink while new to us, must have been an old southern favorite. Believe me, there's one American drink that is different. If you have any dope on this, would enjoy hearing about it.

Fred C. Varney,
Kappa Alpha House,
Washington University."

Continued on page 114


Howard Baer

"I'm following your instructions, Mrs. Whipple. Humor him and let him have everything he wants"

"Dear Mr. Esquire:——"

Continued from pages 85-112

The original Southern Comfort was truly a noble drink, but like most of those mixtures took time and care to prepare. One accepted recipe is attached, if you want to take the trouble, or perhaps you will be interested to know that it is now prepared commercially under the same name.

Mash one bushel of ripe peaches in a stone crock. Add to this pulp, two pounds of brown sugar, two combs of honey, and a bit of brewer's yeast. Mix well and then add six quarts of good Bourbon whiskey. Cover the crock with several layers of clean muslin so that the crock is airtight. Put on a lid and seal with paraffin. Then put the crock in the coolest corner of the cellar, or bury in the ground in a cool spot and forget about it for three weeks. When you take it up, strain and drink with ice and soda as you would a highball.

Ruth Walsh, of Midland Boulevard, Maplewood, New Jersey, wants to know what is a good drink in that trying time before lunch on a boat when you don't want to play shuffleboard or bridge.

The best boat drink I know of is champagne—clear cool champagne, without sugar or bitters. If you order that way, (and on most boats it is very reasonable), you are apt to get a new bottle opened. For champagne cocktails often are made with a less good wine, the sugar and bitters hiding the lack of effervescence, flavor and bouquet. Another fine drink for early morning contemplation is stout. This sounds terrible, but try it some time. Stout in the morning, or ale, when you can't have champagne, is almost as good as a gin and tonic.

"Dear Mr. Esquire: You will pardon the intrusion, I hope, but your article on brandy leaves me somewhat befuddled. I recently paid eleven dollars, earnest money, for a bottle labeled '1865 Napoleon.' Was I wrong?

Sincerely,
William M. Wallace,
1434 Sedgwick,
Chicago, Ill."

Were you wrong? How did it taste? What was the intent of the label? If it meant the stuff was laid down in 1865, it is going against credulity. Brandy, in casks, evaporates at the rate of 3 per cent by volume a year. In bottles, if hermetically sealed, it wouldn't do anything, either improve or age; perhaps it would be just as it was when Napoleon put it in there. But someone must have put new corks in every few years. Corks don't last that long. Patrick Hennessy, Jr., of the famous brandy firms, says he is pleased enough with a good cognac from ten to twenty years old.

"Dear Mr. Esquire: I'm taking the liberty of writing to tell you I enjoy your articles very much and have discovered some excellent recipes therein. Have you by chance a really good recipe for homemade beer or ale? I know it is possible to purchase a great many good beers now, but it is a little hobby of mine to make beer and ale.

Stanley V. Wright,
Wells, British Columbia."

Don't do it, Mr. Wright. I've made homemade beer, and by the time you've got all the machinery, swept up the broken bottles, and strained out the yeast that settles in the bottom, you wish you hadn't started. Try some other hobby. It takes millions, experience, experts, and God knows what, to supply the liquor you get. Bake a pie and buy your beer and ale.

"Dear Mr. Pemberton: There are, of course, numerous recipes for the well-known Tom & Jerry, or eggnogs for numbers. There was one on the back cover which I have lost—I always have about forty young men at my home for the drink, and I was ashamed this year the way they turned out. However, the young men swore they were fine and managed to drink eight pints of whiskey in that manner; but they were drinking and I was tasting.

Burton McSwain, M. D.,
Paris, Tenn."

Well, *Bei Mir Bist Du* McSwain, I don't know the recipe you forgot or lost. But here are three popular ones that might make the forty young men drink sixteen pints:

BALTIMORE EGGNOG

One-fifth bottle cognac, one pint Jamaica rum, one-half pint apple brandy, one-half pint peach brandy, two dozen eggs, two pounds powdered sugar, three and a half quarts of milk, one pint of thick cream. Beat the yolks of eggs until light, add liquors, starting with cognac, until the eggs are cooked. Next add sugar, beating it in, then the milk. When ready to serve fold in the whites, stiffly beaten.

CALIFORNIA EGGNOG

Beat six eggs separately and thoroughly. Particularly the yolks. Into the yolks, after having been beaten some time, beat six tablespoons of sugar till smooth, six tablespoons of whiskey and one-half teaspoon of grated nutmeg. Then add the beaten whites. After adding the whites, add the following: six tablespoons brandy, three tablespoons rum.

When this is all beaten together, add one-half pint cream whipped stiff. This makes twelve glasses.

GENERAL HARRISON'S EGGNOG

Use large tumbler. One egg; one and a half teaspoonfuls of sugar; two or three small lumps of ice. Fill the tumbler with cider and shake well. This is a splendid drink, and is very popular on the Mississippi River. It was General Harrison's favorite drink.

"Dear Mr. Esquire: Recently at a swank dinner at the University Club, a man who was introduced as an expert made a speech in which he derided the ritual of wine drinking, saying it was 'all bunk,' that you could drink any wine with any meat, fish or fowl. Seemed contrary to common sense. What is your position on this?

C. D.,
63 Broadway."

Your correspondent doesn't hold with the reported speaker. Sounds as if the "expert" was playing for popular favor, though the place mentioned seems a strange place to seek for that. There may be too much ritual about wines in some quarters, but to say that any wine is good with any food is more than silly. The degree to which you require the right wine with its complementary dish is a matter of food education, or frankly, your claim to being a gourmet. It is a mere matter of palate. And I have seen many a so-called gourmet who seemed to have none, and if the auspices were elegant, and the menu impressive, the diner would feel entirely satisfied. The man who made the speech undoubtedly would spread chocolate sauce on his salad and mayonnaise on his ice cream. It takes all kinds to make a world, even among the experts.

"Dear Sir: To settle a bet, will you tell me why the indenture is found in champagne bottles?

John Mahan,
Roseville, New Jersey."

Champagne while fermenting, works up a terrific pressure. A certain per cent of the wine is lost as the bottles break under the inner pressure, requiring the champagne handlers to wear metal masks at one time of the wine's development. The indenture gives about three times the surface of a flat bottom, and thus divides the pressure. Also the old machines which are used in the washing and the bottling of champagne, are of French origin and are so made that spindles fit into the concave bottoms.

"Dear Mr. Pemberton: I have been following your articles, as soon as they appear on the newsstands. Your vignettes of history concerning the origin of various drinks have been the source of much pleasure and amusement, as well as instruction, to me. I am most interested in beer steins and tankards—What bothers me, is why do they have covers? What is the purpose of the mottoes on the bottom or the sides of the steins?

R. Geneat,
Boston, Mass."

In real beer drinking countries, they sit for their drinks and take a long time at it. The drink is not something to be gulped down, it is a contemplative tipple for long hours and pleasant conversation. So, a top was necessary for the stein to hold in the temperature at which the beer was served. It also held in the gasses and kept the beer from getting flat. The stein (German for the *stone* ware it was made of) was necessarily heavy because it was frequently used for punctuating and emphasis in singing and informal debate. If you recall your youth, surely you recall banging the stein on the table. As to the inscriptions, they descend from the day when the beer was drunk from a horn, goat or cow horn. This was mounted usually in pewter or some other metal so that it would stand upright. If you read the article on beer in the May issue, you will learn all about the origins of beer, its importance as a harvest ritual and its importance in the life of agricultural folk. The earliest mottoes on the drinking horns were in the nature of prayers to the goat, the god of fertility.

From Richard Harrity, Washington, D. C., comes this useful and world-startling information:

"Dear Sir: Just returned from an extensive tour of the ham-raising country and have some hot spot news for gourmets. In selecting a Virginian ham always ask for the left leg. The Virginia pig, that kindly supplies the delicacy, roams the forests eating peanuts and oak mast. He is almost a wild boar and has some uncivilized habits. One is scratching (only in hot weather, of course, and never in company) and when he scratches he rubs against a tree with his right leg. That makes the right leg more muscular than the left."

Which reminds us that a butcher advises the right leg of a lamb as it is easier to cut lengthwise. With these two momentous questions settled, it seems we can turn to who is going to start the next big war.

"Dear Sir: You once mentioned a powerful punch, one which could be laid away and used on sudden occasions. I always meant to try it, but I am afraid my son has smuggled the issue off to college. Could you repeat the thing?

Frank Fowler,
Great Neck, L. I."

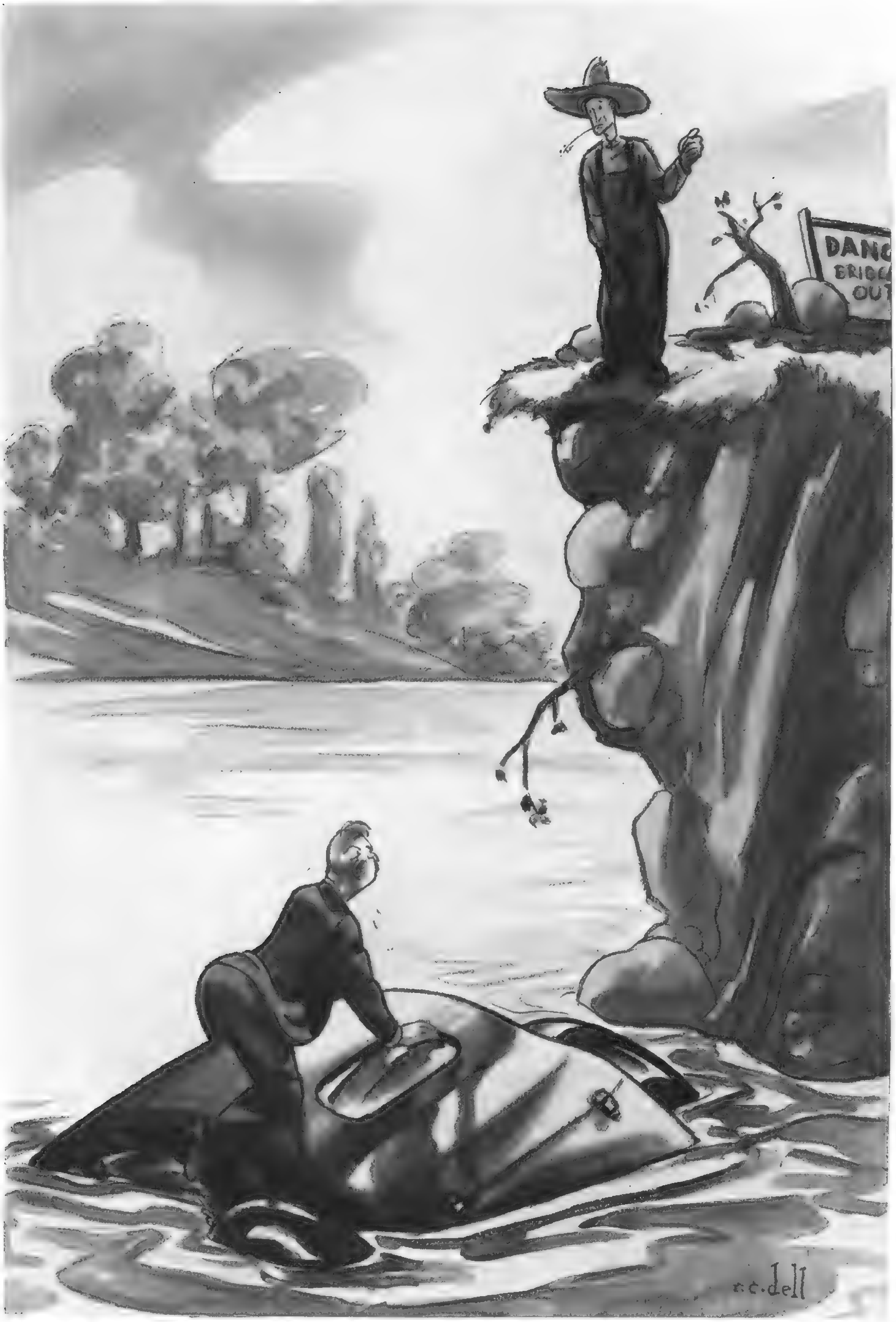
Gladly. The punch I imagine you meant was tried by me with excellent results. The recipe comes from a Mr. Howard MacAdams, who got it from a grandfather in Scotland.

Two-fifths of Scotch whiskey
1 pint of cognac
1 cup of green tea (brewed, strain off leaves)
Rind of six lemons
1 teaspoon of cloves
1 tablespoon allspice
30 lumps of sugar.

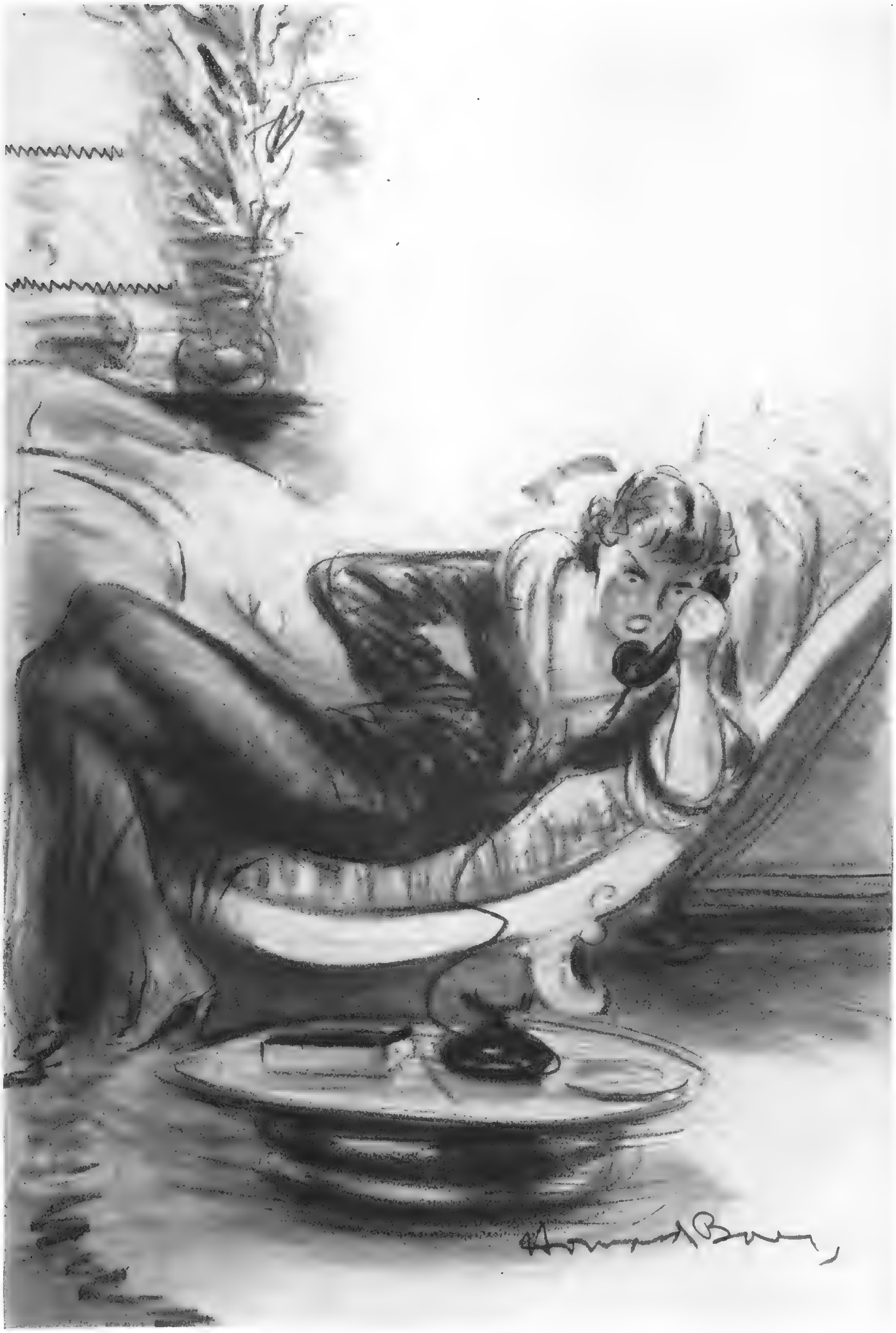
Seal this in a glass jar or jug, and allow to stand for at least six weeks. When serving, pour into a bowl with chunk of ice.

"Dear Sir," writes James Johnson Sweeney of East End Avenue, "do you know of any law that punishes a man if he crowns a bartender when the latter mixes a drink with some stuff that he is long on, rather than the brand you call for? Why, anyway, go to all the expense of putting labels on bottles?"

We believe Mr. Sweeney has a point. There is as much sense in going into a bar and saying "give me a Scotch and Soda" or "Rye and Soda," or even a Martini or Manhattan, without specifying the brand you desire, as there would be in going into a haberdashery and saying "give me a necktie." Your palate is sure to be different from the bartender's or even his purchasing agent. You are buying the goods, even in a mixed drink, so if you don't get what you want, it is due to your own negligence. #


DANG
BRIDG
OUT
r.c.dell

"Hey mister, you should've turned left back there!"



"For the eighth time today, I know my husband is in Europe—and I'm not lonesome"

You Like This

Continued from page 60

they say in chamber of commerce committees, an item.

I trust that I have already answered those critics who assailed me with such caustic remarks as "Even if you could get people to touch their left elbows with their right forefingers, which we doubt, of what practical value is hypnotism? What is it worth in dollars and cents and to hell with forefingers and elbows."

But I need not stop here. Hypnotism hasn't been touched yet as a source of revenue and great savings. Double feature motion pictures could be abolished without complaint on the part of theatre patrons if a capable hypnotist suggested to them—using first degree suggestion, of course—that they had already seen one feature and had enjoyed it very much. It is hardly necessary for me to bore you with the exact method to be used by the second feature hypnotist nor with the breakdown of figures in connection with the elimination, on a national scale, of second features.

The telephone company could save millions of dollars in wages by installing phonograph mechanisms that would say to telephone users, "You have already spoken to your party and everything is O. K. You have already spoken to your party and everything is O. K. You have already spoken to your party and everything is O. K." No more wrong numbers, no more. "You can dial that number, sir." No more calluses from punching the box.

I have given you thousands of examples of the practical uses of hypnotism. I have given you thousands of examples of the practical uses of hypnotism. I have convinced you that hypnotism is practical. You have no longer any doubt that hypnotism is practical.

I have given you thousands of examples of the practical uses of hypnotism. I have written an article that you like very much. You like it very much. You like it very much. Very much. Verrrry—much. #

Yankton's Folly

Continued from page 47

longue. Gilded plaster chains looped coquettishly around the rims of mirrors. I pointed to a vast stain on the ceiling of John's room. They marked "Stain." In the bathroom, bronze swan spigots arched their necks over the middle of the side of the tub and when I tried to turn the water on, all that happened was a sound of belching. Monsieur Flop explained that it marched very well but the water hadn't been turned on.

John began to enter into the spirit of the occasion. It wasn't long before he got the idea, which was for him and me to find as many things wrong as possible, while the three undertakers tried to skip lightly over everything. It grew into a fascinating sport, though stuffy and tiring.

Suddenly John pointed at the cracked mouth of a water pitcher. "*Fêlure!*" he shouted. "*Fêlure!*"

"True, true," said Monsieur Flop. "*Fêlure* on the water pitcher." He marked busily, on his copy and mine.

John was as proud as Punch. From that moment he spent his time hunting for *fêlures*. He had just remembered the word and he loved it. At eleven o'clock a wan expression traversed his features. "Could we leave these mugs and catch a drink?" he whispered.

"Impossible," I answered grimly. "This is an endurance test."

By noon, John's face was white and drawn. He moved with quick feverish gestures. His eyes had a glazed expression. Inventory-taking had clearly lost all its fun. The undertakers bowed themselves out politely for lunch, appointing 2 p. m. to recommence. John began his lunch at the Café du Sport at the Porte Maillot with three pernods, drank a half bottle of Meursault with the fish, a half bottle of Vosne Romanée with the roast, finished with a couple of kirsches, and came away ready to lick his weight in jaguars.

"*Fêlures!*" he yelled. "I'll felure 'em! Whoonhell is this Marquise that thinks I'm going to crack her roof tiles and steal her crockery?"

"She is a very old and very cranky landlady," I replied. "She is notorious throughout France for her good works in churches."

The villa's ground floor was truly marvelous. There was a mirror about ten feet long and ten feet high over a brocaded divan in the grand salon, and the mirror was rimmed with one hundred sixty-seven tiny electric light bulbs. We counted them. We turned them on, and found that thirty-seven of them didn't work. Due note of the fact was made in the inventory. There was a marble bust on a pedestal of Madame la Marquise as a young girl. It had a *fêlure* on the tip of the nose, John discovered. We marked: "*Fêlure* on the tip of the nose of the Marquise (bust)." The assortment of dishes in the dining room sideboard was a miracle of *fêlures*. John was playing a dashing ding-dong game, but I could see he was wearing himself out even though he did score point after point. By the time this floor was done, he was white and exhausted. The undertakers, working under wraps and well within themselves, looked more lugubrious than ever. Their technique was apparent. They were counter-punchers, like Tunney, letting John do all the leading. The April twilight began to fall, and John thought the game was over. "Well," he cried, offering his hand like a bravely defeated champion. "O.K. See you next year."

Monsieur Flop drew back, aghast. "But, Monsieur," he protested, "we are not terminated. There is the beneath-soil, the *cave*."

We proceeded wearily to the basement and there in an atmosphere of the tombs of Pharaoh met the *calorifère*. This furnace was truly a museum piece. It must have been contemporary with Watts' steam engine. A large gray affair, its bulbous cobwebby front had such an air of dejection and incapacity as I had never before noticed in an inanimate object.

John conceded every point without a battle. His spirit was broken, and he saw he couldn't win. "Yes, I see the grate is there. The shaker. The shovel. There's a *fêlure* on the shovel, but who cares?"

At the front door, John again tried to call the game, this time on account of darkness.

"But," Monsieur Flop objected. "There is still the garden!"

"The garden? *Fêlures* in the garden?" John murmured.

On the inventory were listed a garden table, three garden chairs, a garden bench, two pots (encrusted iron with scrollwork handles), a sodded space, a crescent flowerbed, gravel, eight bushes, and three trees, two horse chestnuts, one plane tree.

"Be sure we count the trees right," John whispered viciously.

The inspection was thorough. Furniture, sod, bushes, trees, all were in order, and quickly checked. Monsieur Flop had an electric torch for the purpose. People passing in the street stopped to view the curious scene.

John seized the torch. "A *fêlure!*" he announced. "This tree has a *fêlure!* Put it down, damn it, put it down." Obviously, his patience was exhausted.

Monsieur Flop gravely took the torch. He examined the big chestnut by the gate. Some car in passing had scraped the bark.

"Not a *fêlure*, Monsieur," he said, with professional precision. "An *égratignure*. A scratch. Mark down scratch on large chestnut tree." We marked.

* * *

It seemed that everybody in Paris came out that spring to enjoy John's suburban villa. Such parties under the trees, seated on the iron chairs and the bench, about the iron table among the inventoried shrubs. We set up a bar just inside the French doors leading to the garden, and nobody ever went home sober. The clustered chestnut blossoms came out on John's trees and their petals drifted down like a benign and delicate snow under the moon. It was an exceptionally warm spring, so John never had to use that depraved and dejected furnace. At first, the guardian groused in her den somewhere to the rear, outraged at the sounds of hilarity, the popping of corks, the undignified use to which the Marquise's stately villa was being put. But John soon fixed that, by getting the guardian soused early and often. She became a reeling shadow at our feasts, nip-nipping away with wonderful persistence.

The climax of every party was an inspection of the great salon, with its one hundred sixty-seven little electric lights around the mirror (thirty-seven non-functioning), its virginal bust of the Marquise with the *fêlure* on the nose, and that other statue which was obviously the inspiration for an early Goldberg, being a lamp held high in the hand of a Nubian girl in plaster with green and yellow bangles of glass. "Ah, France! France!" John would lilt. "Home of poesy! Land of art! Neuilly-in-the-Spring! Zowie!"

Then came the deluge. It was literally that. A deluge of rain, the first of the summer storms. I called early next morning and found John seated in a small room upstairs, wrapped in a bathrobe, dripping at the nose, his feet in a hot mustard bath.

His own room was a soppy wreck. The ornate and voluptuous bed was shedding water like a sponge. A quantity of pans and pails on the floor received spurts of water. Now and then John would painfully rise and empty one which was overflowing. The discolored patch on the ceiling which I had noticed at inventory-time was a raging reservoir.

"Well," I said, briskly, "there seems to have been a little leak. Dear me." John did not answer. "Maybe," I said, soothingly, "It's the roof. The lovely roof."

He gave me the look of a tortured catfish but still said nothing.

Monsieur Flop entered at that point. "You sent for me, Monsieur?" he demanded.

John mutely pointed. Monsieur Flop turned, viewed the devastating spectacle in the next room, and started. He sucked his breath in through his beard and his eyes grew wide.

"Aha!" he shrieked. "An inundation! *Des dégâts!* Damages! Very serious!"

"I'll say it's serious!" John echoed.

"*Saperlipopette!*" Monsieur Flop ejaculated. "What will the Marquise say!" His beard swayed like a curtain in a typhoon. "Thunder of God!"

"She'd better get it fixed immediately," John snapped.

Monsieur Flop drew back in agony. "What!" he cried.

John repeated his snap.

Monsieur Flop's beard stiffened

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Yankton's Folly

Continued from pages 47-117

rigid. "The Marquise," he murmured—"the Marquise fix anything! Ah, Monsieur, little do you comprehend the Marquise! Little do you comprehend the flower of old France!"

"But the roof leaks."

"Assuredly," Monsieur Flop responded, "the roof leaks! What have you been doing to it! What have you been doing to the Marquise's poor roof!"

John sank back. "I?" he whispered. "What have *I* been doing to the Marquise's poor roof?"

Monsieur Flop reached into a hip pocket with a gesture so menacing that we expected gunfire. He produced the omnibus manuscript and ran through it with trembling hands. "The roof," he muttered. "The roof. Here it is—" He rapped his finger along a line of print—"here it is, in the inventory: 'Roof in good condition.' Can you deny it, Monsieur?

John gazed at Monsieur Flop with the eye of a stricken bird hypnotized by a cobra. But that gentleman expanded his chest, threw back his head, thus elevating his beard to an angle of sixty degrees, and began intoning.

"Ah, Monsieur," he vibrated, "the beautiful France is long-suffering. She is great. She is unique. She is saintly in her mansuetude. She opens her glorious arms like a mother to all mankind, saying, 'Here, here, come rest on my sacred bosom!' None is turned away from her hospitable shores. She trusts. She has faith. In the light of her high and humane principles, which through centuries have been the saving grace, the atonement, of civilization, she breathes a benign and sweet welcome to all."

At this point, Monsieur Flop crouched. His features writhed. His voice deepened. "But what is her reward?" he cried. "What is the reward of all this for the beautiful France. Foreigners come here. They spew upon her. They flout her. They sneer. They are dirty *métèques*. In barbarous fashion, they trample her! They despoil, they desecrate her roofs!"

Monsieur Flop ponderously raised a pudgy finger to the elevation of his nose and agitated it swiftly. "But beware, Monsieur," he cried. "Let all foreigners beware! France lifts her head. She gazes aloft. She scents *la gloire!*" (he pronounced it 'la g'lwa-a-a-ar-r-r.') "She will repay!"

In thunderous silence, Monsieur Flop clapped hat to head. "You, Monsieur," he said with menace, "must fix the roof."

John's face was congested, his breath stertorous. "I'll sue," he yelled.

* * *

John's decline dated from that first storm. Sometimes he would recapture his earlier zest, his carefree elation, but rarely. Mostly he brooded, sitting in his garden beneath his inventoried trees. Additional storms didn't help any. Every time they came, they meant a flood in John's bedroom, with pots, pails, and pans beneath spouts of water. Once he tried to rig an arrangement of pipes to the tub in the adjacent bathroom, since even when the water had been turned on, all that came out of the swans' necks was gurgling belches. The contraption was ingenious but it failed.

We saw a lawyer. He jumped like a hound-dog on the scent when he learned the circumstances. But when we told him who John's landlady was, he collapsed. "Nothing to do," he said, dejectedly. "Madame la Générale la Marquise de Marrant is sacred." He explained that her late husband, the General, had split his sizable fortune in equal parts, leaving half to the widow and half to the central organization of the French Legion of Honor. It was the safest investment in the world, the lawyer explained. To sue la Marquise was like suing *la Patrie* itself. Even the President of France couldn't get away with it. We withdrew.

So the summer wasn't as gay as it might have been. People began to shun John, his manners were so queer, so abrupt, and sinister. And when the sad autumn came, he went practically crazy. On account of the furnace.

It worked for a day. It blazed, roared, and crackled. Its bulbous and dejected gray front turned beet-red and wrinkled like the ruddy, laughing cheeks of a Santa Claus.

Not that any heat ensued upstairs. We opened all the shutters in the hot-air vents in the floors. Presently, in the salon, a little weary trickle of yellow smoke came weaving out, spreading a pungent and execrable smell. A great hiccough followed, like a blast of poisonous blackdamp in a mine. Greasy soot lodged everywhere. There was a strange metallic clanking in the pipes below, and then—nothing. Nothing but a gassy odor.

The guardian poked her head into the salon. "*Ça pue*," she said. "It stinks. Monsieur does not understand a furnace." And she went out again.

Next dawn, the furnace expanded like a great fading flower, its gaudy petals opening out and shedding themselves in a rosy, sulphurous blaze on the cellar floor. When the *pompiers* were through, the fire was out but the cellar was three feet deep in water and the furnace ready for shipment to Japan.

By noon of course Monsieur Flop had arrived, summoned by the guardian. John didn't speak to him, the thought of the bill for damages which was coming due when the lease expired was too much. Monsieur Flop had nothing to say, either. He merely marched down to the cellar. When he came up again his face was fishy-white, his eyes protruded, and he was scribbling with frenzy in a black notebook. "Poor Marquise!" he ejaculated, addressing me. "It is desolating! The beautiful, the loyal *calorifère* wantonly destroyed! One would think the redskins had been here." He pointed his pencil and his beard toward heaven. "But a day will come! The day of the expiration of the lease! And then—" his eyes flamed—"France will strike!"

It was a terrible winter.

As the days passed, and March came in with a succession of ferocious gales, it didn't seem possible that anything more could happen to that villa. The place hardly functioned any more as a habitation. Neanderthal man undoubtedly lived in greater domestic comfort than John did. Nobody came to see him any more. People called him The Mad Mullah of Neuilly. The villa was known as Yankton's Folly. John had been obliged to move downstairs and camp in the grand salon, the only room where the grate fire worked. He slept on the brocaded couch, and every night or so he would ping out one of those offensive little electric bulbs with a golf ball he kept handy for the purpose. Evenings he sat in front of the fire, wrapped in a steamer rug. And he brooded. At third-Pernod time, he would sob that life had betrayed him.

The night before the lease expired, we suddenly heard a terrible crash which rose even above the howling of the wind in the garden. John tottered to his feet, groped to the window, and peered forth. When he turned again, his face was ghastly.

"It's the tree with the *fêlure*," he whispered.

On the final scene, next day, in which the Marquise herself participated, sitting in her limousine and drumming with remarkably dirty fingers on the door (she couldn't get further along the driveway because the fallen monarch of the forest blocked the way) I draw a compassionate veil.

But I think it is constructive to know that, thanks to the enormous damages John was forced to pay, the villa's roof has now been repaired, a new furnace installed, and the garden beautified. The whole place in fact has been transformed, all the old gimcracks cleaned out, and now it is the most modern property in Neuilly, so attractive that even French people will live in it and pay a handsome rental.

As for John—well, you know the type. All has been forgiven and forgotten. He still dreams those long, soppy dreams of Paris-in-the-Spring, of ineffable Gallic courtesy, of the laughter of those peasant girls, and nowadays he even babbles of the wonderful time he had in that villa.

The Girl from the River Barge

Continued from page 29

tobacco-pouch which is made of a dried pig's bladder. And then we smoke. The women begin to clear the table, I go on deck with the old man. A little formally, we sit down. I feel the wind again. The meadow and the water merge into each other.

"Well, we're leaving tomorrow," the old man begins. "Thank you for the milk. We don't often get it. Or the peasants want too much money. It's pretty tough on the barge. . . ."

His words drip softly into the darkness. His voice is like our surroundings. I should like to ask him why he doesn't sail up this way all the time, but then Maria comes and sits beside us. Sparks fall and hiss past us as they die. Maria see-saws back and forth. It makes her seem nervous, but her eyes are closed and peaceful. The old man does not go. . . .

"Well then, thank you very much," he repeats. "We probably won't see each other again, I guess. . . ."

Suddenly I feel Maria's brown eyes, which have become large and moist and which keep looking at me as she has never yet looked at me.

She raises her head and gets up. The wind presses the thin dress against her body. Very quietly, I say to the old man:

"No, I don't think so either. We won't see each other again."

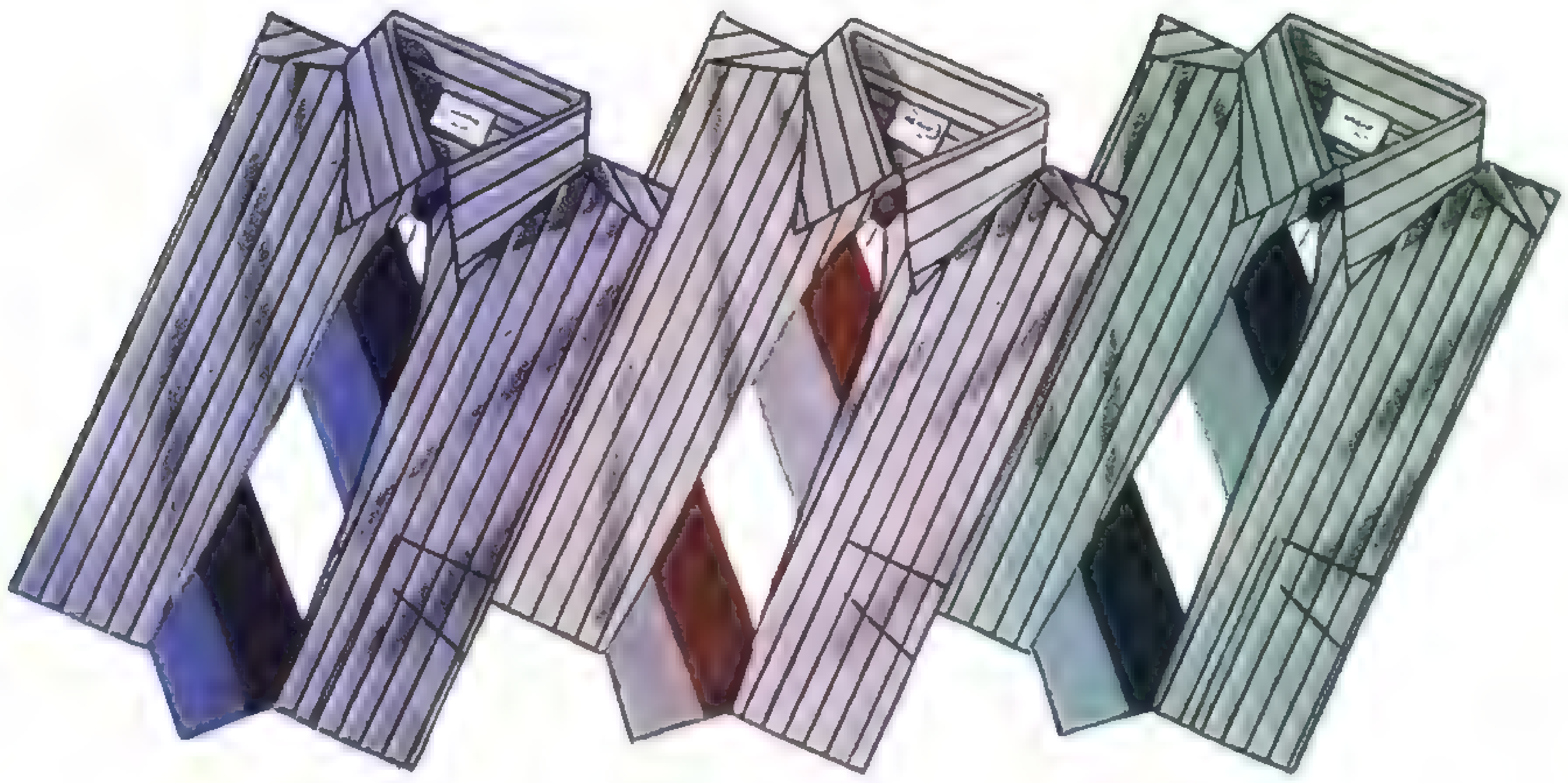
But now he still does not leave and I know that he will not go. Maria says sluggishly: "Pat the yellow stallion for me, and don't work him to death. And mother says to thank you for the milk, too. She has already gone to bed. By the time you are out in the fields with the horses, tomorrow, we'll already be in Labiau."

Her father gets up and shakes hands with me heartily. But he remains standing and looks out past me. Maria lowers her head again. I stroke her arm. Dew falls, or a tear. The old man slowly turns around and draws Maria along behind him. Maria is fragrant with hay. She turns around once more. The wind becomes stronger.

I go over the gangplank. I can hear the old woman grumbling because she has been awakened. But Maria seems to undress without saying anything.

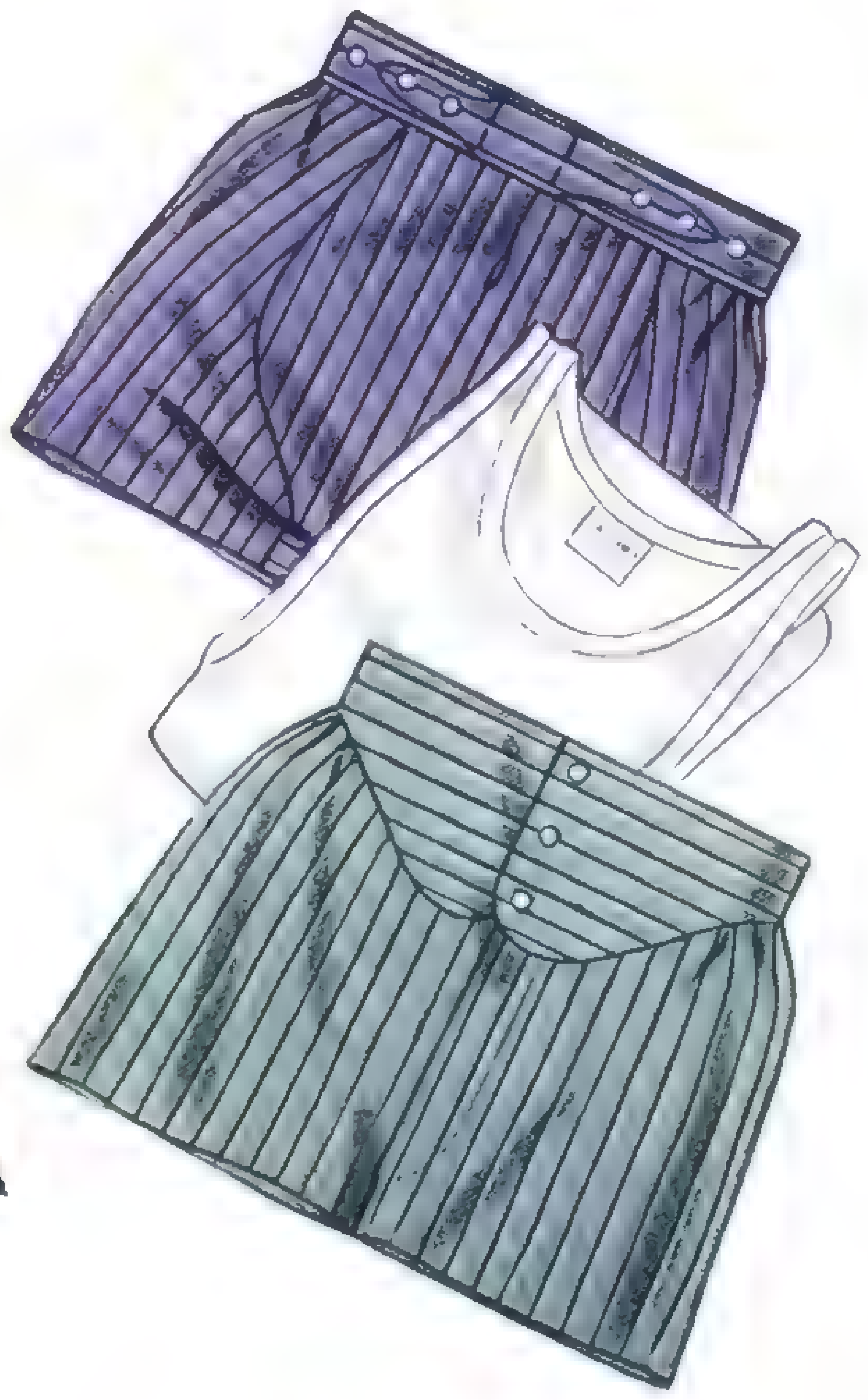
The meadow is damp. The wind is among the blades of grass. New stars have risen. At the well, I look back, but the barge has faded into the darkness. Then I go into the stable.

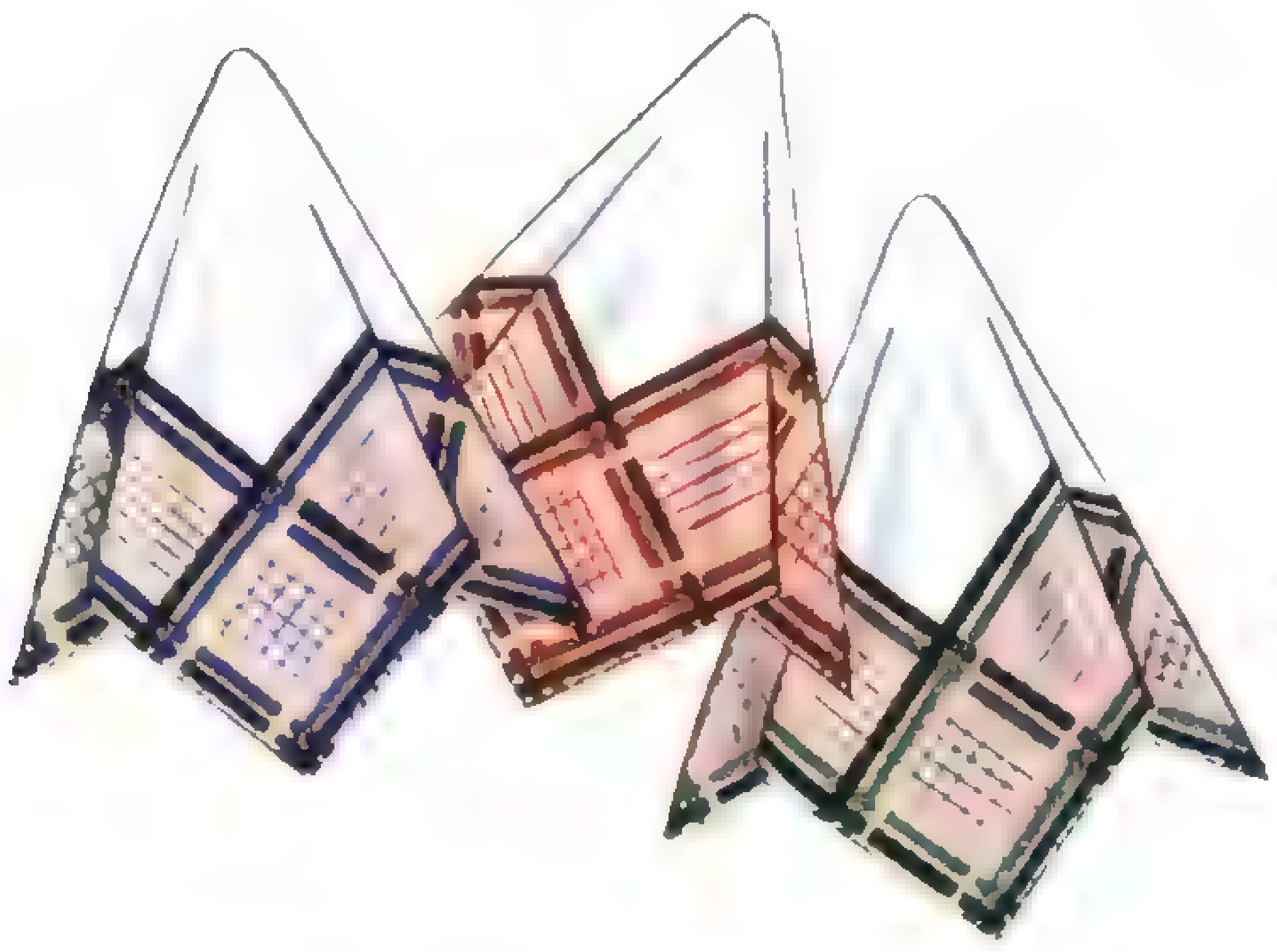
Arrow's Choice for July...Bamboo Stripes



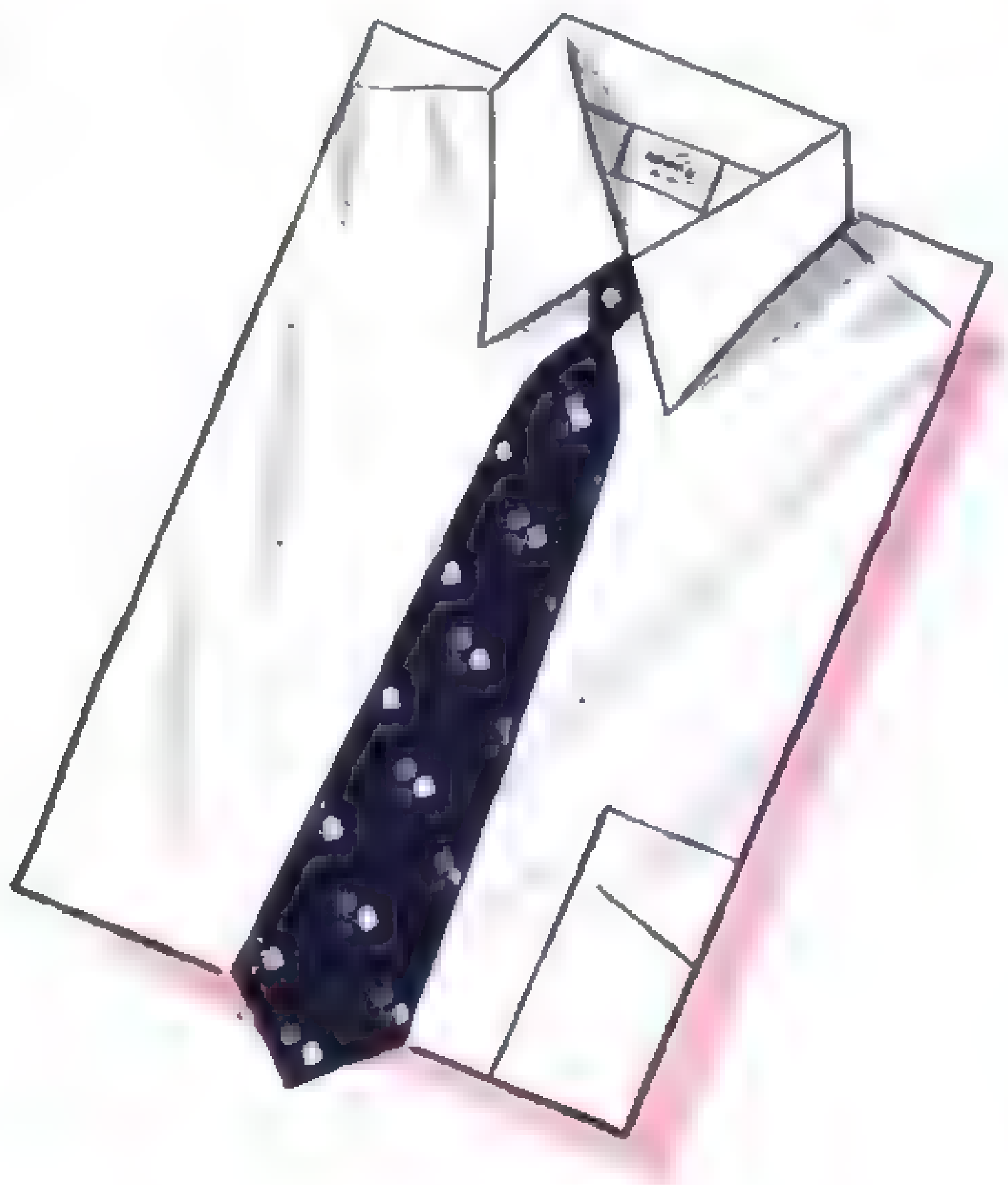
Stripes the mellow color of an old trout rod distinguish this newest of Arrow shirts, the Bamboo Stripe. Cool, lightweight madras. Sanforized. $2.25. (Arrow Tropical Ties in special colors to harmonize with the shirts, $1.)

It's bad enough to wear tight shorts any time. But in summer, it's awful! Wear Arrows: they're roomier, and they stay roomier because they're Sanforized. In Bamboo stripes, $1. Tops, 50¢ up.





Arrow Bamboo Stripe handkerchiefs come in the same colors, and the same patterns as the shirts. 35¢. Teamed together, the two make a faultless ensemble.



ARROW
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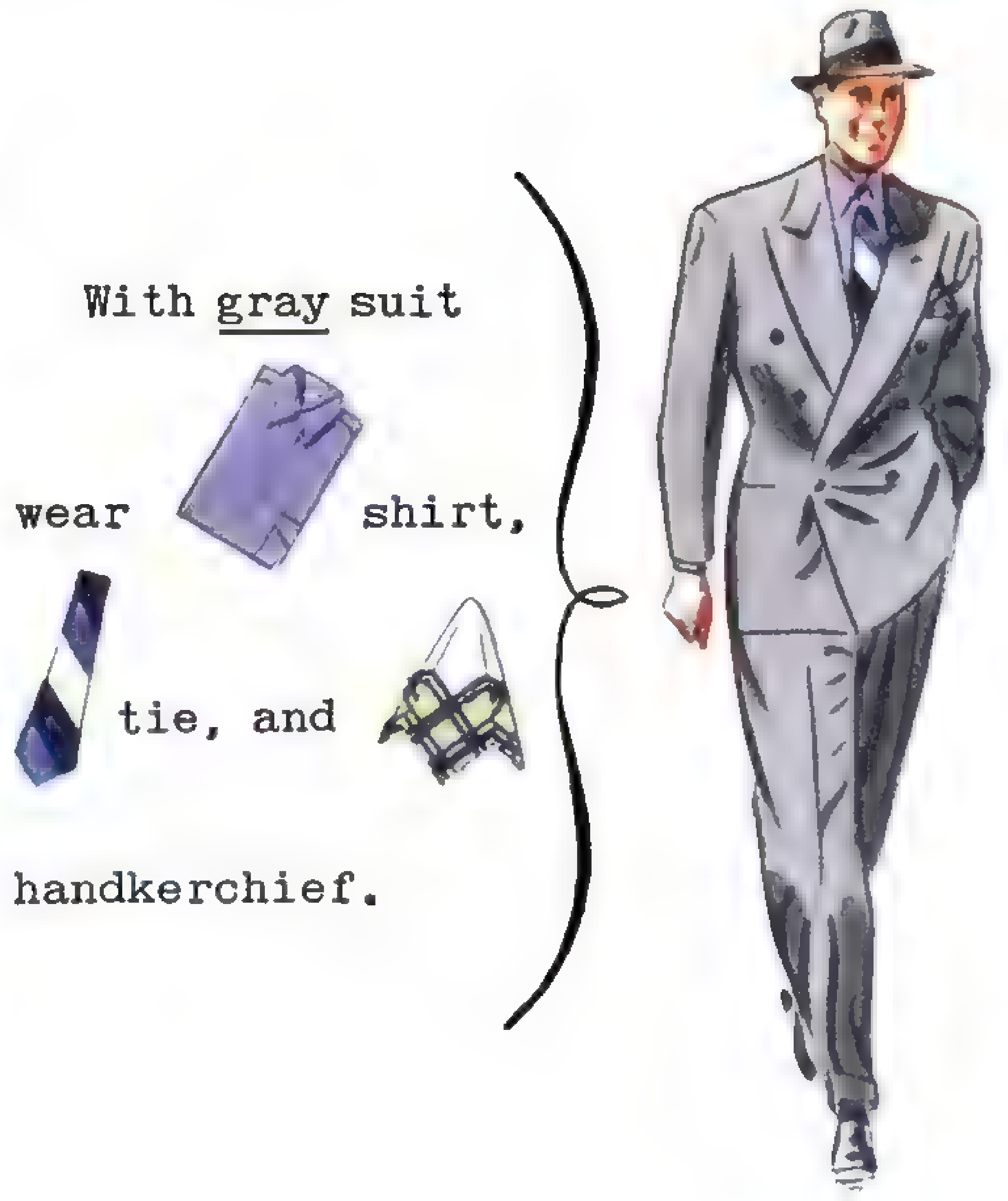
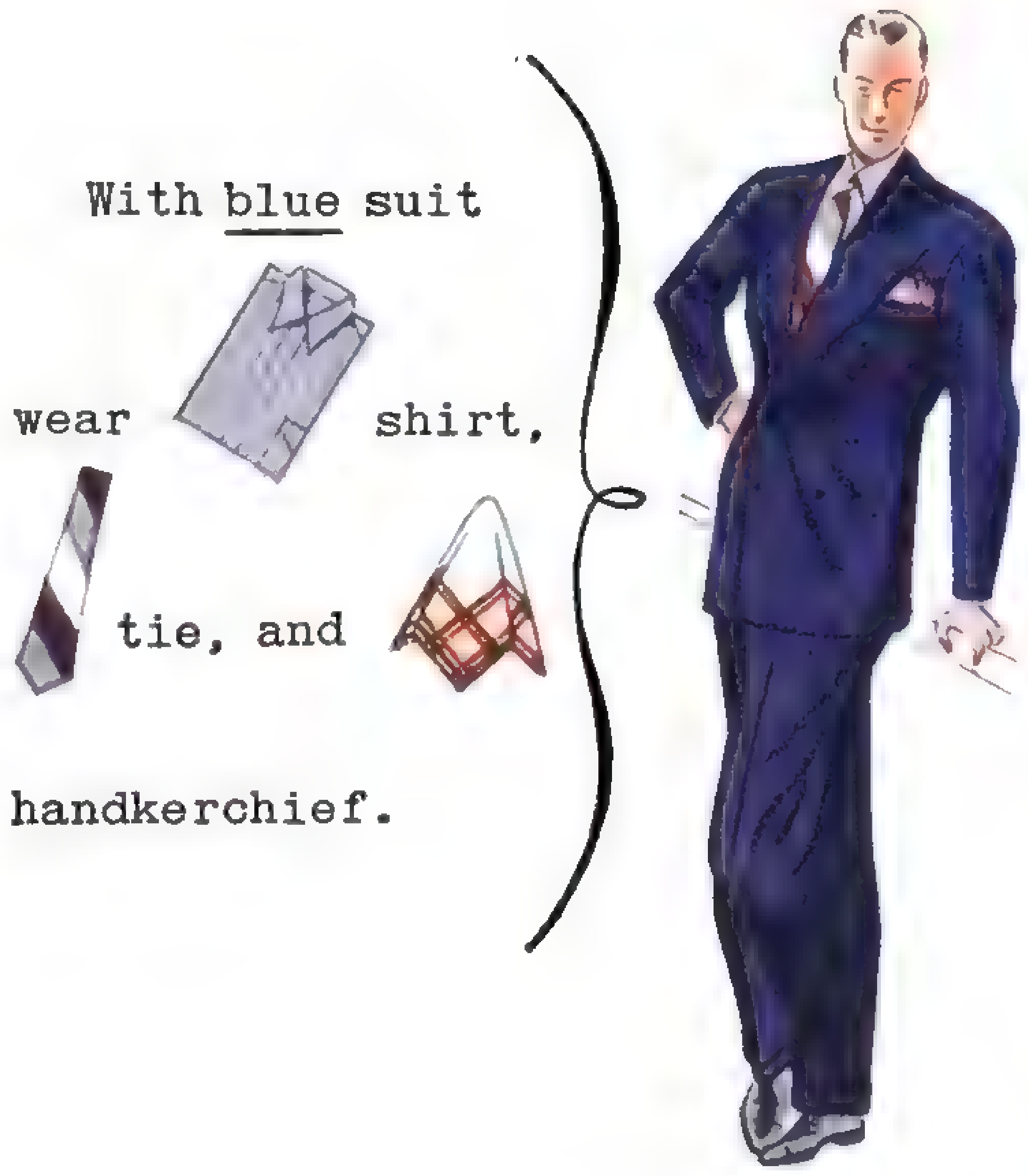
If it hasn't an
Arrow label,
it isn't Arrow.

Economy suggestion: wear Arrow New Trump. This shirt has a special long-wearing soft collar that outlasts any other soft collar ever put on a shirt. Sanforized. $2.

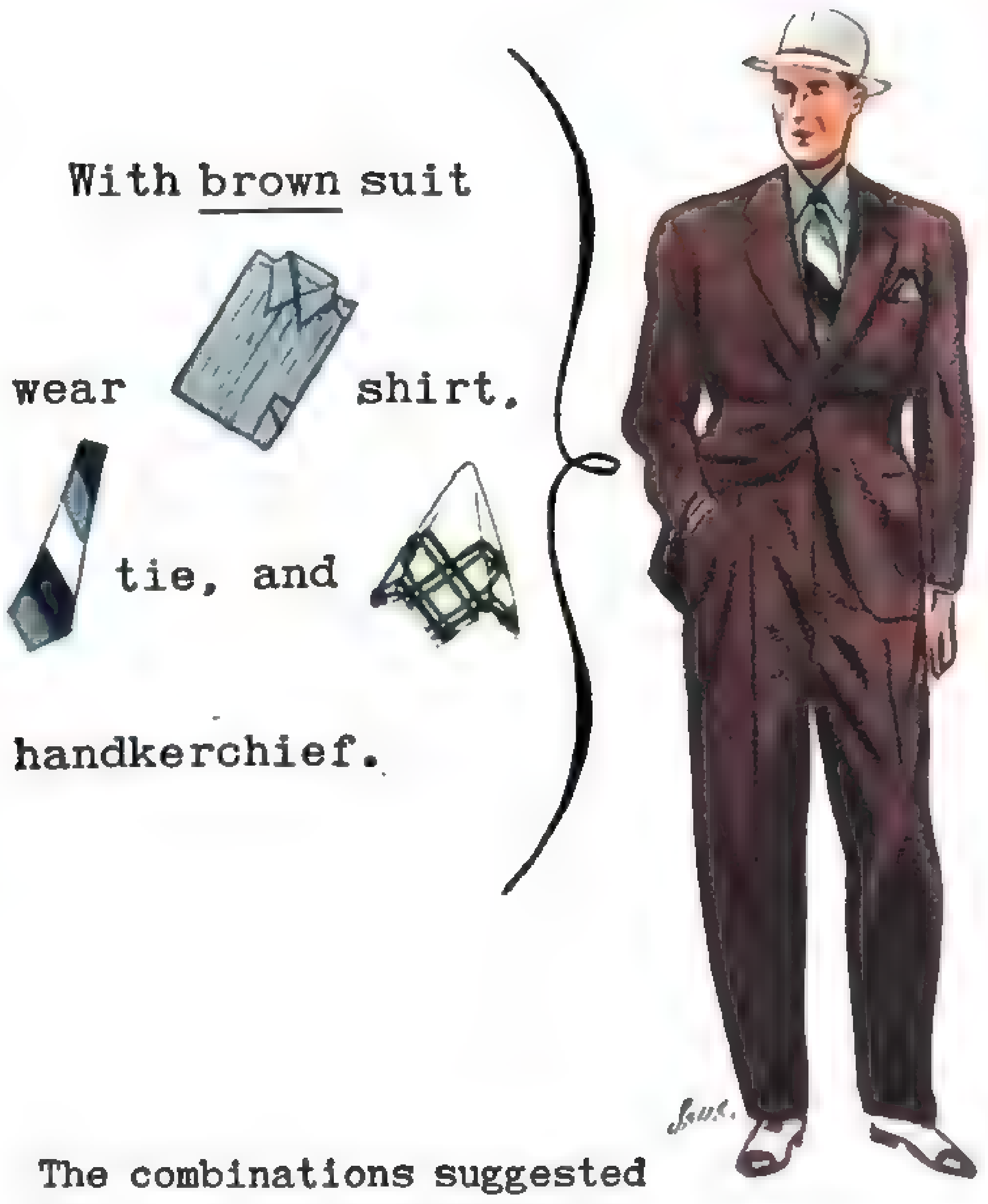
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.



With gray suit wear shirt, tie, and handkerchief.

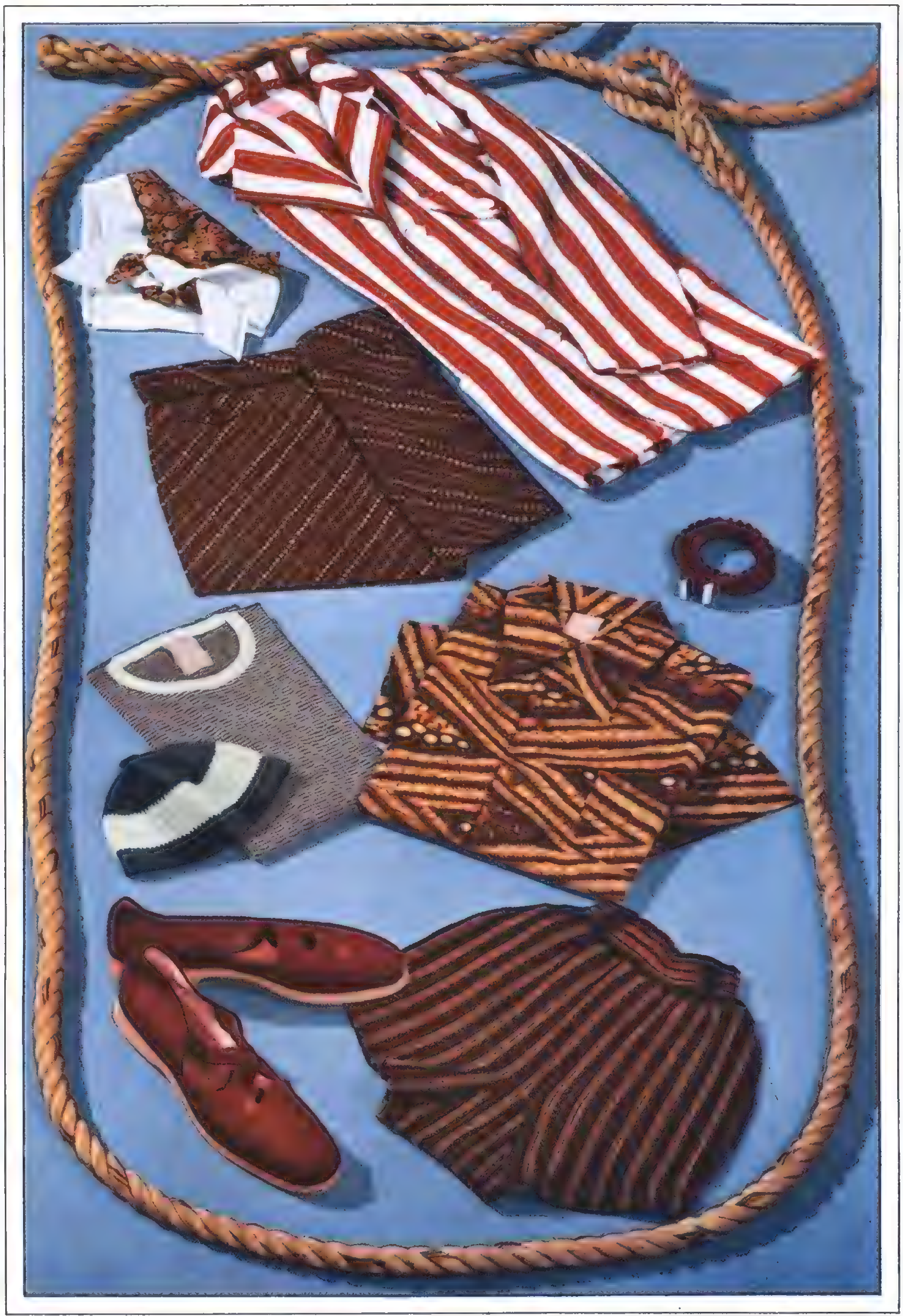


With blue suit wear shirt, tie, and handkerchief.



With brown suit wear shirt, tie, and handkerchief.

The combinations suggested above don't exhaust the possibilities. Try your own, if you prefer.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

TOUJOURS GAI FOR THE BEACH, YOU KNOW

GIVE the Fashion Staff enough rope and they'll corral all the latest beach fashions for your delectation. A pair of trunks will do you while in the water, Mrs. Grundy acquiescing, but before and after it's the thing to lounge about with a certain degree of resplendence. Starting at the upper left-hand corner and reading in a clockwise direction, we have: a figured linen beach neckerchief; striped terrycloth beach robe; narrow red cord belt with double chromium clasp; beach shirt in brown, tan and yellow Hawaiian design; fancy knitted swim trunks in blue, red and gold vertical stripes; red canvas beach sandals with crepe rubber soles; blue and white loose-knit skull cap; boat neck beach shirt in horizontal woven stripe design; and diagonal pattern full cut swim trunks. If the rope had only been longer, then quite obviously . . . Oh well, this should certainly hold you for the time being.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Reading the Riddle of the Mind

Continued from page 80

hope that we are winning through to a real understanding of brain and mind. Let us glance at the work now being done with brain waves, or Berger rhythms!

For this work the experimenters clamp electrodes to the scalp at two points, and turn on a feeble electric current. The current traverses the brain, and also a delicate recording apparatus. Here the most unbelievably minute changes caused by the brain in the current, are recorded on a running record sheet. The changes occur in striking patterns which vary unmistakably with wakefulness, day dreaming, sleep, excitement and repose; and the investigators can read off these changes as readily as they would quotations on the tape from a stock market ticker.

Some of the knowledge revealed by these waves seems astounding. One example is the new ability to foretell attacks of epilepsy.

Heretofore epileptic seizures have defied attempts at explanation. All anyone could say was that they seem to be caused by veritable explosions of nervous force, with a force sufficient to stun consciousness and spur the muscles into convulsive spasms and complete tetany. What builds up and releases this explosive concentration of power we do not know; but already this new work with brain waves has turned up an amazingly promising clue.

Before this new technique was developed, the unfortunate sufferer never knew in advance when his trouble would strike; he might feel an aura of strange sensation for a second or two, and that was all.

The brain wave record, however, seems to furnish warning, if the device happens to be applied, as much as eighteen hours in advance of an attack. Whatever the malign force may be which starts churning, down in the cells and fibers of the brain, to brew the explosion, this new technique can detect it that much in advance of the blowup.

Well, there we see science closing in upon the workings of brain and mind from a second angle. The schizophrenia treatments are chemical in nature; here we have an electrical check upon mental workings. Two such methods of attack begin to bracket the problem of what happens; and behind them stands a third achievement, perhaps even more fundamental in value.

Everything which brain and mind do depends in the end upon nervous impulses; and today science is learning definitely what carries messages from cell to cell along nerve fibers.

It seems that the nervous impulse consists of an electro-chemical change which is set off on the membranous surface of the nerve wherever the nerve is excited. Within a tiny fraction of a second, this change triggers off the same change in the next portion of the nerve; and so the change rolls along at a rate of from about 2 to 131 yards a second, depending upon the kind of nerve, until the message is delivered.

Thus science has three new lines of direct attack upon the problem of brain and mind workings; and together they promise to accomplish what the voyages of Columbus, Vasco da Gama, and Magellan, did for geography.

Heretofore direct study and experiment have been baffled by inability to use the biologist's accustomed equipment—knife, microscope, and test tube. Obviously, no living brain could be submitted to study with such equipment, and remain living. But now science has a good idea of the fundamental working force, the nerve impulse; it has an electrical technique for tracing out the workings of this force within the brain; and it is gaining powerful new chemical techniques for altering these workings.

Taken together, these techniques promise to break through the old difficulty. Science now has every prospect of being able to study the brain and the mind at work by procedures as definite as those which it applies to the stomach and the heart.

How will these studies benefit the everyday person, the one who does not need the drastic treatments applied for insanity? One excellent instance is a classic example of an older success with a treatment for ingrown personality or narcissism, a defect named for the Grecian youth who fell so in love with his own reflection in a pool, that he pined away, and was changed into the flower which bears his name.

The narcissist develops trouble because, coupled with his high opinion of himself, he is reserved and cold in dealing with others. He dares not try what he wants to do, for he dreads rebuff and repulse above all else; they hurt his self-esteem too much. Defeat and disappointment in life are the result; they give the mocking lie to his self-esteem. To escape the logic of his life experience, the narcissist takes refuge in day dreams of what he would do, if only luck would break his way. From this, his gnawing unhappiness may go on to drink, drugs, or sexual aberrations.

In treating this trouble, the psychoanalyst follows a logic which is based upon the idea of upper and lower levels in the personality. These levels are called by various names—the conscious and unconscious, the intellectual and the animal, the civilized and the bestial; and the psychoanalyst claims that they are constantly at war, striving to dominate the personality. He adds that the higher level can hold control, *provided* it sees clearly what the lower level is up to, and why.

The lower level, however, has the cunning of a fox. Whenever the decent, civilized side of the personality thunders "No!" to some rotten impulse, and rams it down and supposedly out of the mind, subterfuge begins. The lower level lets the idea tug at such parts of conscious thought as it can without betraying itself; and there, without stopping for unneeded exactness of definition, we have a *complex* which colors emotions, and, if strong enough, warps personality.

Now, if some gnawing dissatisfaction, like the narcissist's disappointment, lies behind such complexes and gives them nervous power, might they not be strong enough to poison personality and conduct, while the conscious personality stands helpless, because it does not know what really is wrong? Yes, says the psychoanalyst; so he starts weeks or months of patient work, studying the patient's dreams, hypnotizing him, doing anything and everything that will drag up and expose the rotten mess which the lower level is striving desperately to conceal.

With this done, the upper level can recognize its enemy; the festering pressure is relieved; and the upper level then can whip the trouble with its own power.

So runs psychoanalytic doctrine and practice; and properly applied, the method has been of inestimable benefit to a veritable army of tortured, unhappy people. The procedure, however, has one tremendous disadvantage. The treatment is enormously time-consuming—half an hour a day, several days a week for months on end. A few patients a day are the limit for a psychoanalyst; and if he is a first-class man, who expects an income commensurate with this ability, each patient must pay accordingly—fifteen dollars, twenty-five dollars, or more a half hour. Figure out cost over the entire term and psychoanalysis becomes, by and large, a help which is available to the rich alone.

Happily, however, psychiatrists have not been leaving the situation at that. Some of them have always believed that short cuts are possible; and in dealing with narcissism, they can point to an interesting success won some years ago, with a direct, brutal assault like those used for praecox. The sufferer was blotted down with drugs, and kept asleep or helpless for protracted periods. Without aid from attendants he would have died, and he knew it.

Under such conditions, overweening self-esteem crumpled, the patient became as willing as any faithful dog to ingratiate himself with those who gave him life; and when the doctor let him up, he had been remade. Weeks had replaced months in working time, in dealing with narcissism.

This drastic treatment was, of course, asylum technique; it never attracted much attention as a possible hint for attacks upon personality defect in the sane. The hint is there, nevertheless; and now that the whole subject is being opened up, workers may be able to develop it into tremendously helpful techniques.

The entire situation comes down to this:

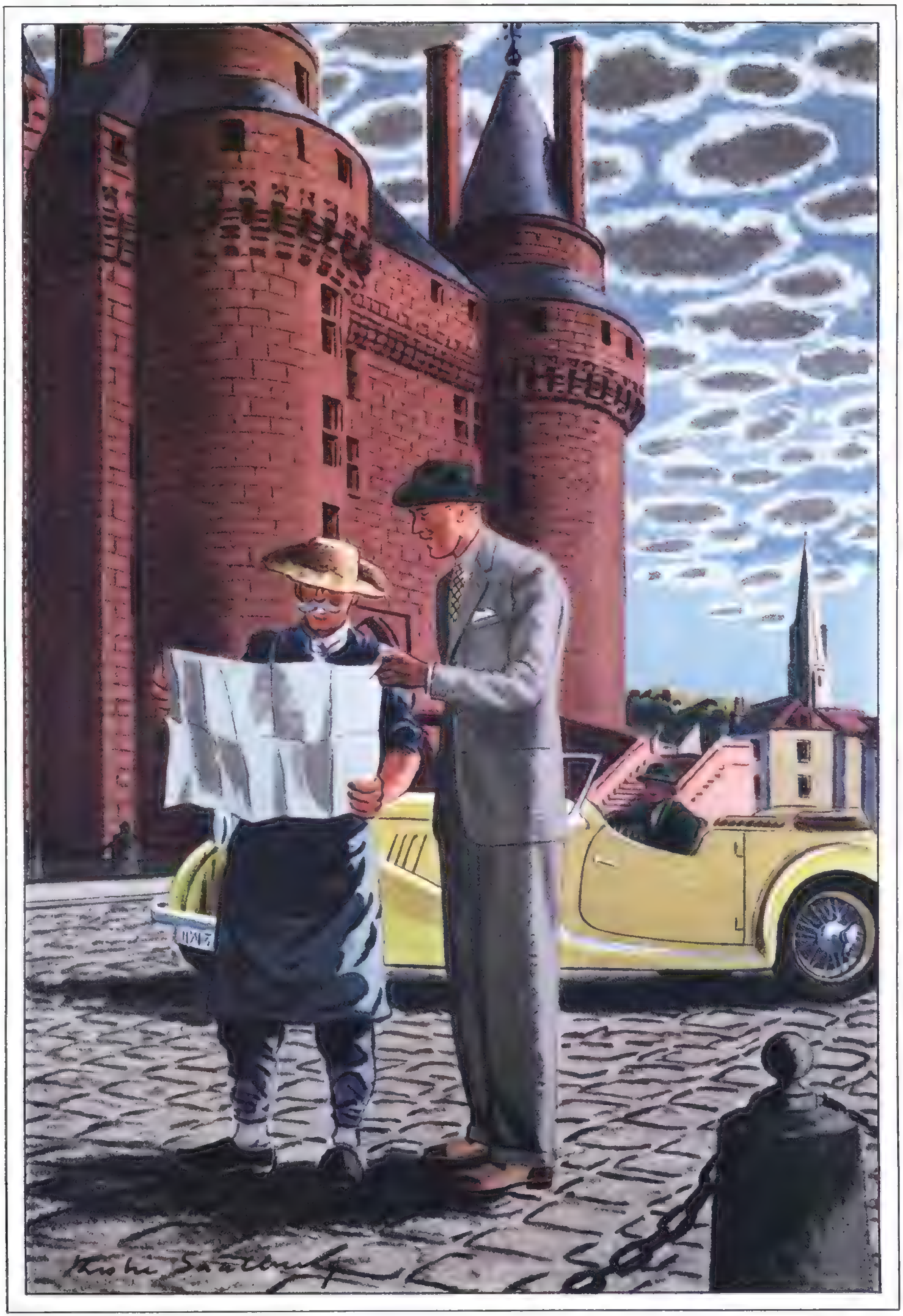
For several decades now, physiologists have been suspecting that thought, character, and temperament are at bottom a matter of balance between nervous impulses which behave as a sort of "bio-chemical electricity." In layman's language, we might say that the many centers of the brain, the seats of memory, judgment, emotion, and animal impulse, are so many nervous dynamos, continually generating charge. When some outside situation, or inner bodily state, stirs up the nerves to make a report, they send a current to the brain; and this current stirs increased output of nervous charge from appropriate controlling centers.

Some charges are positive, and others negative; thus different centers say "yes" or "no" to various impulses toward action. These charges are added up in the highest level of the brain, a balance is struck, and orders are issued accordingly to the muscles and organs of the body. Thus, for example, we obtain the difference between the level-headed fellow, and the hot-tempered one. In the calm man, the centers of judgment and self-control are strong; the current they furnish beats down the emotional charge supplied by rage. In the other chap, the emotional current is the stronger; it swamps reason, the man "sees red," "goes wild," and the fighting starts.

This was the theory. The trouble always has been to find proof—and even more difficult, to find anything that could be done to alleviate unfortunate conditions. Today, the new discoveries mentioned are breaking through this difficulty. Charges, currents, have been detected; the theory seems legitimate. But if so, does not science have its needed hint at last, for laying hold upon brain and mind workings, just as the psychiatrist comes to grips with schizophrenia and shatters it? And may science not hope to get results in time over the whole, wide field of mental action and trouble?

As the new knowledge advances, workers will be more and more able to replace cut-and-try methods with logical, tested procedures. Progress should be made with giant strides. And then future generations may well look back upon our day, and say, "Yes, that was the time when they got on the track. That was when Columbus discovered America in these matters of the mind!"

Our notion of Angus Whitworth at work is no idle dream. Something like his procedure may well be the working technique for dealing with all mental troubles in the days to come. #



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN FRANCE BY LESLIE SAALBURG

ACROSS THE CONTINENT VIA GREY FLANNEL

The man on the left is wearing—oops, pardon us. The man on the *right* wears an ideal outfit for summer travel, consisting of a single breasted grey flannel suit, grey madras shirt with collar attached, colorful foulard tie, dark green lightweight cavalier hat and shoes of reversed calf and natural color linen with leather soles and heels. This man, the one on the right, is touring through the château country of France, which is all very well, but it might be mentioned that the same outfit could be worn in town with the simple substitution of a pair of brown or black shoes or could serve appropriately for a week-end, preferably with white flannel trousers replacing the grey ones. But for general travel during the warm months, especially when journeying by automobile, a complete suit of grey flannel is one of the best bets by virtue of its comfort and seeming imperviousness to dust and grime.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The New Italy

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there, symbols of something. The Man of the Hour leans on the bundle of sticks-with-the-axe, and with his free hand caresses the mane of a lion whose eyes also bug out in the manner meant to be imperial; but conveying the impression that the animal is about to have cubs. It is a tableau with which to scare children, theatrical claptrap so obvious you wonder the natives don't guffaw. Hundreds of thousands of these chromos hang in homes and public places, advertising to the world that part of the Italian personality has failed to become mature.

If you want to go downtown by streetcar you have to allow yourself a time margin of half an hour for the unexpected delays which always happen, there being only one ex-American motorman on the line. The Italian thinks nothing of leaving his donkey cart on the tracks while he does inside errands. Once within and away from the job, he falls afoul of *vino* and talk, and forgets about his vehicle. Just as often a pitiful worn-out cob fails to pull its overloaded wagon out of a rut in the cobblestones. The motorman clangs his bell a couple of times half-heartedly, and then sits down to have a smoke. The passengers don't even notice. Somehow, bye and bye, the petty merchant emerges from a courtyard wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, or the spiritless horse is whipped into a successful lunge, and ching-ching!—the tram is on its way again.

Out near Capo Posillipo fascism decided to lay a new rail during the rush hour, the old one having curled up when a heavy truck ran over it. Ten cars were stalled on both tracks while sixteen men were laying a twenty-foot piece of iron. The sixteen were assisted by the entire neighborhood, and the accompanying commotion suggested that the houses of Capulet and Montague with all their retainers had come to a final showdown.

When a street is repaired in an Italian town, there is no mistake about it; none of your half-way measures, such as working one side of the street at a time. The place is littered from curb to curb with debris and paraphernalia. When the work is fairly started, all hands forget the original intention and go off to start repairing something else.

All over Italy street repairing goes on and the jobs are more instructive for the tourist spectator looking for "significance" than the National Museum or a new excavation at Herculaneum. So many cooks mix the cement that they are always tripping over one another. Boys carry it in buckets down narrow ladders, and an efficiency expert would have a fit noting all the time they lose waiting at top and bottom for this vertical one-way route to be clear. It doesn't occur to the foreman, the engineer, or Il Duce, that a second ladder would relieve the congestion.

* * *

One day we went up to San Martino, the monastery on a height above Naples, for the view. As we stepped out of the *funicolare* a twelve-year-old lad attached himself to us and began to work toward a tip. A nice boy, carefully combed and washed, he talked to us in mixed Italian and English of ambitions to go to the university, to study in Germany and America to be a great surgeon. As we stood there, far above Naples and the crazy-blue Mediterranean, talking of his future, suddenly we saw his hair move . . .

Italy is full of bugs. You can always tell a tourist from a native —he is the person who is scratching himself. The natives pay no heed. Mussolini has tried to start anti-fly campaigns, but the rank and file Italian regards it as some kind of joke. Bugs he accepts as a part of nature, and to put fly-paper around and swat insects appears to him about as reasonable as to try to change the color of the Mediterranean by pouring catsup into it.

On those trains that run almost on time, the baggage allowances are always exceeded, and on a through-train in the tourist season it is practically impossible to blast one's way through the aisle. The suitcases and trunks are everywhere, and on top of them Italians are sleeping. The country is full of *verboten* signs; everywhere something or other is *vietato* or *proibito*. But the man of the country doesn't let that worry him. He sits in a streetcar under a *vietato sputare* placard, spitting twenty times to the minute. Against the regulations he gets off the rear platform. He rides first class on a second class ticket, which the conductor forgets to collect.

High efficiency rating goes to the beggars, though. For all your no's, they cling to you for a mile or an hour. Mussolini's drastic attempts to cut beggary down have had little effect, and that little has resulted in an increase in hawkers and peddlers who differ from beggars only in that they offer you a worthless something for your coin. The chief drawback to the enjoyment of such beauties as Italy has, lies in this efficiency of "small business," an efficiency that has nothing to do with fascism.

Wherever there is an interesting building, a monument, a tablet, a view, there is a brigand whose vehement and unrelenting campaign amounts to assault and battery. "Do you want to buy a coral necklace?" "Look, tortoise shell!" "Carriage ride, mister?" "Want a guide?" "You got a cigarette, mister?" They have their own sales psychology, very simple: if you don't buy, you can't have the View.

Even here I have seen young America win out against Italy at its most efficient.

I had been outmaneuvered in Pozzuoli by the cab drivers, who, about twenty strong, kept yelling, "Meestair, do you want a guide?" until I gave in and hired the man among them who was least aggressive. These *izvoshchiks* are the robbers of whom the guidebook says in its polite way: "The carriage drivers of Pozzuoli are well known for their importunity. The traveler will get no rest from their solicitations until he hires a vehicle." What is true of the Pozzuolians is also true of the Capo Posillipoans, the Caprinians, the Camaldolians, the Amalfians, and so forth.

Well, we had hardly seated ourselves, the driver was on the verge of giving his nag the cluck, when a party of half a dozen American college boys appeared abaft the carriage stands headed for the View. The nineteen unemployed cab drivers of Pozzuoli opened their mouths to give the famous cry, when the college lads beat them to it. "Meestair, do you want a guide?" they kept shouting in college-yell order. The Pozzuoli cab-racket collapsed. The drivers sat stunned, the horses lowered their heads and pawed the earth with their forefeet nervously. As my wife and I were hauled out of there we noted enviously that the boys were enjoying the three-starred Baedeker view undisturbed.

"Mrs. M.," I said, "you have just seen what a hash American exuberance and initiative can make of the best organized and most efficient aspect of Italian economic life. We are old; *we* have to take it on the lam."

I missed all the views on that ride, because I was turning over plans of my own for circumventing that section of Mussolini's Italy which is organized against the tourist. I invented two ways of foiling the brigands, which unfortunately I never had the courage to carry out. Perhaps another can take up the torch where I must let it fall.

First, disguise yourself as a Neapolitan of the shabby stratum. Pair of run-down shoes three sizes too large. No socks. For trousers, a stained and torn pair of corduroys. Over these a shirt with tails dangling out; when the sirocco arrives, the undershirt alone is *comme il faut*. Let the bristles grow. Crown all with slouch hat which first you kick around the street. In this outfit, shuffle up wearily to the beautiful places. If outfit and posture are perfect you may get by.

Second, masquerade as a peddler. For this, tuck in the shirt-tails; otherwise, costume as before.

Buy a small stock of cameos, sun glasses, postcards, laces, or glass beads. Assault tourists until you feel you have been accepted, then sneak into the belvedere for the view.

The wealthier tourist can buy a horse and buggy and try to pass as a Pozzuoli Pirate.

The bell-ringers comprise the remaining group of Italians who deserve the award of efficiency. There are thousands of churches in Italy, and every church has bells. Every set of bells has a faithful ringer who believes that to serve the cause of religion and his soul he must shatter the over-baked atmosphere every fifteen minutes. After midnight the churches take turns in this high duty of keeping tabs on the trickling away of time. It takes at least four minutes to ring the quarter hour; five for the half; six for the three-quarters; while the full hour rates at least eight minutes of bonging. Twenty-three minutes of every daylight hour; and during the other thirty-seven minutes rags and tatters of sound hang on tremblingly in the air. Whether the trains run on time is in dispute, but no one questions that in Italy the bells are rung on schedule.

* * *

Although it is my observation that the things that go best in Italy are those which Italians have been at since the Middle Ages, it might be conceded that fascism has made some progress toward bringing the Italian, especially the south and central Italian, into the modern stop-watch, time-clock, corner-cutting world. (The Northerner was already there before Mussolini.) But not enough to matter.

If uniforms and parades and *giovanezzas*, stentorian bawlings from balconies and imperial conquest of Ethiopians could make snappy fascists out of the Italians, it would have been done in these fifteen years. By "fascists" I imagine I mean efficient robots glorying in the corporative state. But exhortations on a nation-wide hookup, trumpet calls to the legions from top to toe of the peninsular boot, triumphs in Abyssinia and Spain and equally triumphant beardings of the British lion—not even all together have they had this effect. To make the Italian a streamlined citizen of a streamlined state (fascism believes that democracy is lumpy and amorphous by comparison) would probably require a change in men's attitude toward property—and as these men, these Italians, are poor, change would mean greater expectations and rewards.

Men do not live by psychic income alone, and in Italy today there is no more Parmesan cheese on the spaghetti than before Italy's destiny-consciousness began to shake the world. In a comparable state, Soviet Russia, even soggier masses have begun an exciting trek, one hundred eighty million strong, toward a streamlined society adduced from different blueprints. It would seem that in spite of the flippant manner in which

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Stalin is classed with Hitler and Mussolini, some odd difference of functional design is operating.

Maybe when today's balillas have become black-shirted baboons the fascist ideal of a really efficient nation of ruffians will come into being. But the Italian hasn't the stuff in him, heaven be thanked, ever to become a Nazi. He likes to strut, he loves a uniform, but it is all play, grand opera, and he is the spectator too. The Italian is incurably romantic, and I will make a side-bet of ten lire that when Engineer Giovanni brings No. 999 in on time he does it much in the spirit of my ex-hatmaker at the streetcar controls, the spirit of Wells Fargo and the Message to Garcia and the wild-west horse opera in which the reprieve comes in the nick of time, saving the hero from the firing squad or the lynch rope. Il Duce himself is a grand opera figure. A mediocre baritone maybe was lost to the world when he engaged in Caesarian operations.

In the Church of St. Peter in Rome the humble in a long queue shuffle up to kiss the bronze toe of the saint. Millions of these abasements are wearing away the toe. Italy today is still organized around the bronze toe of St. Peter rather than around the lantern-jaw of Mussolini.

Maybe a better symbol still can be made of something any one may see as he comes into Venice from the Lido on the steamer. That is the way to see Venice—from across the water. Then that dirty, shabby, and smelly freak of a town is transformed and transmuted by the moist air into a fairy city of pastel shades which trembles on the surface of the sea. In the bow of the boat sits a little girl in a bathing suit. Her body is a mass of insect bites and welts. That is Italy, yesterday, today, tomorrow—a far vision of beauty, caught in a prism of poverty, ignorance, and neglect. #

Requiem in a Man Lock

Continued from page 37

him with a tarpaulin. Warner sat in the driver's seat on the electric motor and Kerrigan and Tuck sat on top of the battery cover. Warner released the brake and moved the control lever one notch. They moved toward the lock, very slowly, bumping at each joint in the rail.

At the bulkhead they could see that the gang were all in the man lock and that it was locking out. Warner and Tuck lifted Callagan and carried him up the narrow stairs to the emergency lock. This was a man lock set in the bulkhead above the other locks. It was much smaller than the regular man lock or muck lock, too small for a man to stand upright. There were no seats, just a small concrete floor. Warner and Tuck put Callagan on the floor.

"Are we going to go through with him?" asked Tuck.

"It wouldn't be right to let him go through alone," said Kerrigan.

"He's got a lot of pressure in him. Twenty tons maybe."

"So have we."

"He's been in it for six days and he's dead."

"What's on your mind?"

"The gauge reads thirty-six pounds. He's been under that pressure for six days, thirty-six pounds a square inch. It's in every tissue and organ of his body. If we reduce the outside pressure and the pressure inside his body can't escape, he'll explode."

"I never heard of it happening, did you?"

"No. I never had a job like this before."

"If the pressure escapes from our bodies it ought to escape from his. If we go through with him we can regulate the decompression, stop and wait if we have to. If we send him through alone we can't see what's happening to him. We might send him through too fast."

"I wouldn't want to have that to dream about."

"Neither would I. Besides it wouldn't be respectful to send him through alone. We'll all go with him and we'll take it easy."

There was no light in the lock but they each had a flashlight. Warner entered the lock last. He pulled the door shut and sat on the floor near the gauge and the air valves He held his light on the gauge so it illuminated his watch in his other hand. Kerrigan and Tuck sat on the floor further inside the lock, close to Callagan. Tuck held his flashlight on his knees so that it shone on Callagan.

"Take us down slow, Tom," Kerrigan said. "Ten minutes for the first ten pounds."

Warner cracked the valve a little. It was very quiet. The escaping air hissed very gently and the air pipes banged loudly once or twice. Warner stared at the gauge and his watch. Tuck watched Callagan. Kerrigan stared into space. Time stood still. They sat and waited. When the gauge read twenty-nine pounds, two low strange noises sounded in the lock. It sounded like tch-whoosh. Kerrigan looked up. Tuck moved his flashlight so that the brightest rays were on Callagan's ear. The core of wet sand had been forced out of his ear and stood oddly away from it like a half-drawn cork.

"His eardrum broke," Tuck said.

They sat and waited. Kerrigan watched Callagan for a while. He showed no change.

"Twenty-six pounds. We've been in ten minutes," said Warner.

"I wish to Christ we could go faster. He seems to be all right. But go ahead. Ten minutes, ten pounds."

They sat and waited. The hand of the gauge dropped slowly and the watch in Warner's hand ticked loudly. Single grains of sand on Callagan's face came loose and trickling down his cheek, fell to the floor. Kerrigan and Tuck sat watching. Callagan's outthrust arm that had been as stiff as a bar of iron, fell suddenly and hit Kerrigan in the knee. Kerrigan jumped. He took the arm and, bending it, placed the hand gently on Callagan's chest. They sat and waited. They could hear each other breathe as they watched the little grains of sand come loose, roll down Callagan's cheek and drop off.

After a long time Warner said, "Sixteen pounds. We've been in for twenty minutes."

"Leave the valve the way it is," said Kerrigan, "but keep your hand on it."

They sat in silence. The sand particles were running off Callagan's face in little cascades. Then the sand began running off his clothes. His face was puffy and the knuckles of the hand on his chest were swollen.

"Ten pounds," said Warner.

They sat watching Callagan in silence. His cheeks were clear of sand now and the skin was shiny because it was stretched tight. The chest seemed to heave a sigh and his whole body became bigger. It was expanding like a balloon.

"Stop!" Kerrigan threw out his hand. Warner shut the valve. "Open his belt before it cuts him in half," Kerrigan said to Tuck.

Tuck pushed up Callagan's jacket and pulled at his belt. It was sunk deep into his belly and so taut that Tuck could not unbuckle it. He took out his pocketknife and cut the belt. It flew apart with a loud snap.

"Cut his shoelaces too," said Kerrigan.

One shoelace had already broken. The other was straining at the leather and sunk deep into the swollen foot. Tuck cut it.

Kerrigan looked at the air gauge. It read six pounds.

"We'll stay at this for five minutes. You keep time, Tom."

They sat in silence watching Callagan. He showed no change. After an eternity Warner said, "Five minutes."

"Open the valve, just crack it a little," said Kerrigan. Warner opened the valve. They stared at Callagan. He seemed to shiver.

"Five pounds," said Warner.

Callagan was growing bigger. His torso was enormous. Every feature of his face was swollen and enlarged and the skin was stretched tight and shiny. The hand on his chest did not look like a hand at all. Some small pool of air pressure in his body let go and the sharp exhalation blew the sand away from his lips and nostrils. His body grew larger.

"Stop!" Warner shut the valve. "Four pounds," he said.

"He won't stand another ounce," said Kerrigan. "Take us back up again."

Warner opened the other valve and the air pressure in the lock increased. At ten pounds some of the tension went out of Callagan's body. He shrunk a little.

"We'll wait five minutes," said Kerrigan, with marked finality.

They sat in silence, staring at Callagan. Five minutes ticked slowly away. Kerrigan nodded to Warner and Warner opened the decompression valve. Callagan started to swell at once, the inner pressure getting stronger, ballooning his body, increasing the intensity of the strain on his skin. When it could stand no more, Kerrigan threw out his hand.

"Stop!" Warner shut the valve. "Six pounds," he said.

"Jesus! We were down to four before."

"How about taking him back into the tunnel and sending him through alone?"

"He'd never be able to stand the pressure now. He'd crush."

"We've got to get out. We've been in here for fifty minutes."

"There's nothing to do but go ahead. Maybe he can take it. It's only six more pounds. Go ahead, Tom. Open the valve."

Tuck and Kerrigan rolled over on their sides, lying against the curved side of the lock, each with an arm over his face. Warner pushed himself further into the corner of the lock and pulled the wide collar of his sheepskin coat in front of his face. He opened the valve.

Callagan trembled and shook and then his body burst. There was a sharp report, a sound like that of a paper bag full of water hitting the ground, and a crackling like that of boiling fat. The three men in the lock fainted where they lay. The valve hissed gently as the lock took itself out.

Jim Watson was standing in the shaft when the door of the emergency lock gave a little pop and came open. Then, shielding his eyes and nose with his coat, he went in and dragged out Warner, Kerrigan and Tuck.

Although Kerrigan and Tuck were important men on the job and they did not come back to work for three days, the job went along without them. The heading was under control the next morning and they were building iron lining the next night. The sand hogs knew what had happened to Callagan but they were not afraid of the heading. They worked the way they always did though some of them grumbled about the smell that hung around the shaft for almost two weeks. #

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Pity the Umps

Continued from page 34

course, this was impossible, and the lone official had to sink or swim (and run) on his own responsibility.

Jimmy Dykes, manager of the Chicago White Sox, does recall a game, however, in which an umpire consulted him, much to his discomfiture. He was playing second base for the Philadelphia Athletics, and since the contest wasn't very important, he was trying his hardest to be chased out so that he could get an early start to keep an important engagement. Dick Nallin, long since retired, was umpiring and Dykes began disputing almost every play which came up. Nallin paid no attention.

Finally there was a close one at second base. Dykes thought he had missed tagging the runner, but without waiting to see what Nallin was going to call it, rushed at him. The ump looked at Dykes and said:

"All right, Jimmy, my boy, what was he?"

"He was out, of course!" Dykes shouted, expecting an argument.

"You're right, Jimmy, my boy," smiled Nallin. "You're right for the first time today. He *is* out!"

"How were you going to argue with a guy like that?" asked Dykes, in relating the story. "I gave up and stayed in the game."

Dykes' failure to be thrown out of the contest recalls two other famous baseball incidents in which players with far less cause were chased from the scene of action.

Back in 1906, the Tigers were to play a test game on a Sunday to determine whether or not Detroit was to have baseball on the Sabbath. Before the contest, Thomas J. Navin, owner of the club, called the players together and cautioned them not to argue with the umpires or create any other disturbance which might hurt their cause in court.

Addie Joss was the pitcher. Jack Sheridan, famous old umpire, was working behind the plate and apparently had had a tough night. Davey Jones, Detroit's left-fielder, came to bat. Joss's first pitch curved out and missed the plate, but Sheridan yelled, "Strike one!"

Jones turned around to give the umpire a debate on the matter, but suddenly remembered Navin's instructions. Instead of cutting loose with references to Sheridan's eyesight, he laughed. It was a big mistake. Sheridan, startled by the player's unexpected attitude, shook his finger fiercely at him and shouted:

"You can't pull that stuff on me. You're out of the game!"

The other occurred in the Pacific Coast League when Wade Killefer was managing Los Angeles. Umpire Ed Finney called a close one against his team and Killefer rushed over to protest. Before he could open his mouth, Finney ordered him from the game.

"But I didn't say a word," argued Killefer.

"G'wan, get out of here," insisted the umpire. "I know what you're thinking!"

Umpires, for all their abusive attention, are what Ford Frick, President of the National League, once called the "forgotten men of baseball." More than that, they're the "great unknowns" of the national pastime. Fans can quote batting averages, minor and major league records of the various players, tell of their families and associations and offer other intimate details, but to most of them the umpires are a group of mysterious men who appear on the field just before a game and silently fade away when the final out is made.

As a matter of fact, umpires try to maintain that tradition. By their very aloofness they endeavor to cultivate the feeling that like Caesar's wife, they are above suspicion, even though their integrity has never been questioned in the long history of the game.

An umpire's life, during the playing season in the major leagues, is rather a restricted one. Assignments are made about sixteen days in advance, although there was a time when they didn't receive more than a few days' notice of their next stop. They still do not know, however, with whom they are to work, until they report.

Umpires are permitted to pick their own hotels, but there is an unwritten law that they must avoid stopping in the hostelries which house the ball clubs, although there is no penalty if they should do so. Under no circumstances, however, may they fraternize with players, either on or off the field.

They must be unusually circumspect in their choice of amusements. They can't afford to be seen at a night club or at a bar for fear some rabid fan or club official would claim that social activities were interfering with their work. Most of them don't like to go to movies or read too much for fear it will dull the keenness of their eyes. As a result, they sit around and talk to each other—about baseball!

At some of the stops, however, they find a bit of recreation. American League umpires in Chicago always get a meal or two at the home of Emmett "Red" Ormsby, a fellow-arbiter. For years in St. Louis an undertaker used to send his auto to meet the umpires and entertain them during their stay. Since his death recently, his son has been carrying on the unusual program. In Washington, Bill McGowan, another family man, entertains his mates.

On the whole, though, they lead a rather lonely existence. An hour before the game starts they report to the park and start roughing the forty-eight balls with which they begin the game.

A mixture of sand, loam and resin is available for this task, the purpose of which is to remove the factory shine from the horsehide and make it easier to grasp.

The umpire behind the plate is always the one in charge of the game. With few exceptions, at the start of a series they take their positions in order of seniority. The oldest in point of service works behind the plate, the next at first base and the youngest at third base.

Umpires buy their own suits, shoes, masks and other paraphernalia, and also pay their own expenses other than railroad fares. Salaries vary, but the average pay for one breaking into the major leagues is around four thousand dollars. Others range up to twelve thousand dollars, with the average around seven thousand eight hundred for the season of six months. The rest of the time they can augment their income in any manner they desire, provided it is consistent with the ethics of the profession.

These off-season jobs are about as varied as the personalities of the various major league umpires.

Ernie Quigley of the National League is a breeder of fine hogs on a big farm in Missouri, as well as one of the leading basketball and football officials in the Kansas City area. Albert "Dolly" Stark coaches the Dartmouth basketball team. Bill Stewart formerly was a hockey referee and last winter managed the Chicago Blackhawks. "Red" Ormsby uses his experience with his twelve children to sell toys. Charley Moran formerly coached the Centre College football team. "Beans" Reardon dabbles in the movies in Hollywood. Bill McGowan writes for a newspaper, while George Moriarty, who used to scribble poetry and songs in spare moments, now lectures with the American League "missionary" film. So does John Quinn. "Brick" Owens, who retired last winter, formerly conducted a flower shop. Bill Klem does a bit of real-estating. Harry Geisel officiates in boxing and wrestling matches, as do several others.

All in all, they're not a lazy group, although a few are content to spend the off-season resting for another strenuous campaign.

There is no rule that umpires must be clad in somber blue when they appear on the field, although one would scarcely expect a loud-checkered pattern to be in keeping with the dignity of the job. Still, Bill Klem once forgot to change hats and came out on the field in Cincinnati wearing a brown derby.

The American League, however, does have a rule which requires that chest protectors be worn outside the coats. The National League does not instruct its umpires on this sartorial problem, and most of them prefer to wear the mattress inside their blue coats.

The two major leagues use slightly different methods of securing their new umpires, although the importance of getting good men is so vital that prospective candidates are not considered unless they can meet every one of the most rigid requirements. Knowledge of the rules, good eyesight, tact and ability in handling players, the knack of being in the right position at the right time, personality and absolute impartiality—all enter into the judging of potential major league umpires.

The American League likes to develop its own men, some from among its retired players, others from promising minor league umpires discovered by Tommy Connolly and others who scout for them as thoroughly as "ivory hunters" look for playing talent. The National League uses a system similar to that by which players are drafted, moving umpires up through various classifications until it considers them ripe for a chance in the majors.

A ball player who handles a dozen chances in a game without an error is considered outstanding. An umpire may be called upon to make twenty times that number of decisions in the course of a contest. An accurate check was kept on the chief umpire behind the plate in a recent world series. The total averaged two hundred sixteen per game. Most of them are rather obvious. The close ones, however, are usually the important ones—the decisions which rouse thoughts of mayhem in the minds of the more rabid fans.

Brick Owens, when he was working in the old Western League, gave a tough decision one day against the home team which cost the game. That night he was getting a shave. The barber, it seems, had made a big bet on the contest and was considerably angered by the verdict. He didn't recognize Owens, who has a most authentic Irish face, but Brick became more and more uncomfortable as the razor-wielder continued his tirade against umpires in general and Owens in particular. About this time a bellboy came through the shop, paging a Mr. Nathan Goldberg.

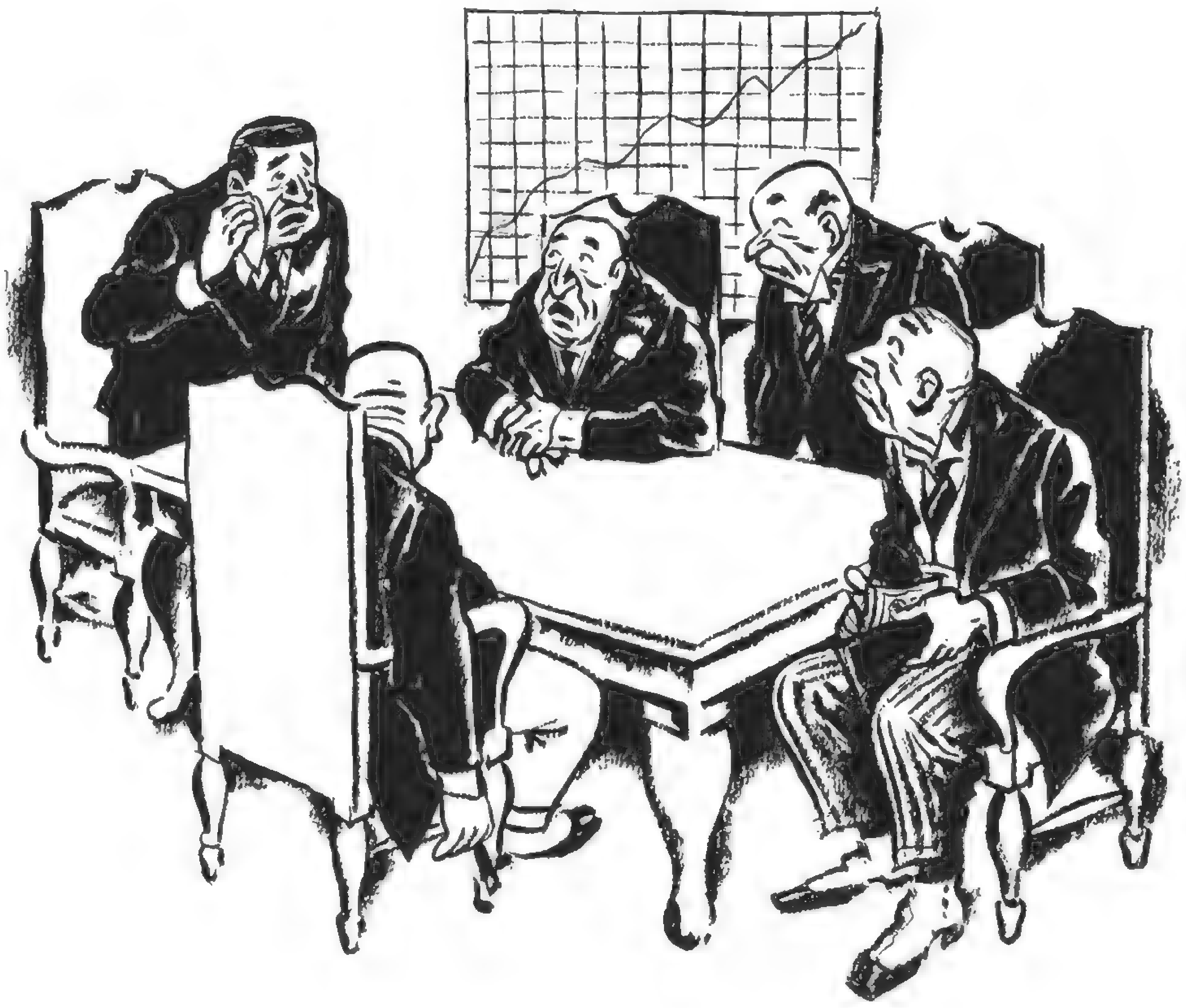
Quickly Owens leaped out of the chair, jerked the towel from around his neck and said, "Never mind the shave, barber. I'm Mr. Goldberg and I know that call is urgent. I won't be back."

He wasn't.

Some of the old-timers seem to think that baseball is growing soft so far as the players are concerned. Strenuous campaigns by major league presidents and stiff fines have almost eliminated the fighting ball player who considered it a personal insult if an umpire didn't agree with his version of every play. Frankie Frisch and Burleigh Grimes of the modern crop of managers are among the most persistent of umpire baiters, although the arbiters have a dull time of it as compared to the era when John McGraw, Hugh Jennings, Frank Chance, Miller Huggins, Fred Clarke, Pat Moran and similar fire eaters made life anything but monotonous.

"Seems to me there isn't enough fight in the game today," recently

Continued at top of page 129



"Gentlemen, we are in grave danger of peace"

The Board of Directors of a huge munitions company was in session. Conditions had been great. War scares filled the air, nations were busy insulting each other, good profitable hate smouldered in every breast. Naturally the company's factories ran day and night, and dividends were fat as pampered hogs.

But the past month had been disturbing. People began to show a distressing tendency toward tolerance. Threats were giving way to reasonableness. War scares were subsiding. And the Chairman of the Board made the historic remark to his fellow-directors.

"Gentlemen, we are in grave danger of peace!"

• • •

They say that in Europe munition moguls deliberately stir up war scares in order to sell more of their dandy devices for killing people.

There are a lot of Americans, too, who think there's big money to be made out of war. But history proves that war profits are "fool's gold." The evidence pops up time after time in the pages of history—and nowhere does it prove that more convincingly than in the last War.

As a neutral nation, we sold billions of dollars worth of goods to our future allies. We loaned them out of our own pockets the money to pay for part of this war material. We put the rest on the cuff. And so heavily did we involve ourselves that we were inevitably dragged in, to spend more billions on our own account.

When the war was over, it was naively assumed that the loser would foot the entire bill for *everyone!* The only drawback was that the loser was dead broke. So were the victors. So were we—only it took us until 1929 to find it out. And the world is *still* broke. How could it be anything else after squandering on the waste of war an estimated 337 *billion* dollars!

It is extremely doubtful if the economic structure of any country could survive another war. Our only hope of preventing complete economic catastrophe is to stay out of war and the dealings that lead to war. And our only hope of doing that is an enlightened and determined effort to stay at peace. We're making such an effort, and we'd like to hear from people who would like to help us. Write to WORLD PEACEWAYS, INC., 103 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNO VADAS
FROM THE JULY ISSUE OF CORONET

This evening . . . play truant

There are all sorts of things you *ought* to do this evening—but why not play truant for once? Get yourself a copy of the July Coronet . . . leaf through the fascinating portfolio of master photographs . . . dip into some of the excellent fiction . . . chuckle at the amusing satirical sketches . . . divert yourself with a few of the stimulating articles . . . refresh your vision with the full color art reproductions . . . meet some of the unique personalities of our workaday world . . . read a poem . . . then go to bed, a happier and intellectually richer man.

Pity the Umps

Continued from pages 34-126

commented Bill Byron, who earned a reputation as the "singing umpire" during that era. On the theory that music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, he would pacify irate ball players by humming such ditties as "You can't get a hit with the bat on your shoulder" or "Don't let your angry passions rise" and similar tuneful sentiments.

"We always expected at least one good argument a day," he continued. "The lively ball and the attitude of the modern player has changed things, I guess. It doesn't look like the same game they used to play twenty years ago."

Perhaps it doesn't. That old argumentative spirit was perfectly illustrated by that occasion in Washington which John McGraw used to delight in telling about. At one time, play in that city started at 4:30 in order to give government employes a chance to attend. Unless the pastime was unusually fast, darkness would envelop the last few innings, but umpires were loathe to call games because of poor visibility.

One afternoon a hard-fought contest reached the final frame with two strikes on the batter and the bases full, but so dark that street lamps were beginning to twinkle around the ball park. The pitcher and catcher met in consultation.

"I'll tell you what you do," said the catcher. "I don't think the ump can see the ball. I'll keep it. You wind up and go through all the motions of pitching. I'll smack the ball into my glove. Maybe he'll call a strike and end the game."

The catcher returned to his position. The batter stepped up to the plate. On the mound, the pitcher wound up and with terrific energy tossed the phantom ball homeward. The catcher pounded the pellet into his glove.

"Strike three!" yelled the umpire.

The batter turned and gave him a withering look. "Why, you blind chump," he snarled, "that ball was three feet outside the plate!"

No matter, however, whether the umpire is right or wrong, it's a mighty poor one who doesn't come up with the last word. Probably the most appropriate reply ever given a ball player was the one with which Bill Guthrie squelched an argument. Bill wasn't the most polished linguist in the world, but he had few equals in baseball for expressive language. When the batter snapped at him that he was all wrong in considering the previous pitch a strike, Guthrie quickly whirled on him and in his most sarcastic manner declared:

"Listen, fellow. When I call 'em they stay called. They're either dis or dat. And dis is dis. Play ball!"

Scores of volumes couldn't give a better description of umpiring's finality and technique! ⧻

The Mystery of the Heart

Continued from page 70

to forego such an occasion. After all the fight he had been obliged to make to obtain from Mohammed-bey-Mahmud the permission to watch the miracle that his master, Sheik Abd-el-Khadek, would perform that day?

"Come on, be a sport," he said to his wife with a paternal air. And the Major and I naturally supported him warmly.

So, a moment later, we found ourselves occupying the space that our guide with a few words had opened in the circle of burnooses.

It was then that for the first time we saw the powerful Sheik. Kneeling on a small carpet in the center of the place, he raised toward us his grave triangular face. For a fraction of a second, his burning eyes were fastened on us. Then immediately he resumed his genuflections and prayers toward the far Mecca, and from that moment he never looked at us again, seemingly oblivious of our presence.

For a few minutes the silence was complete, as if those hundreds of burnooses covered ghosts instead of men. Then a light rhythm of drums reached our ears, apparently coming from far, far away. Quickly it increased in tempo and volume, until we saw in surprise that it emanated from a group of four adolescents sitting cross-legged near us. Soon to the hammering of the drums were added the tones of an Arabian flute played by a fifth youth, and his art seemed to superimpose a strange dance of shrill, high-pitched notes upon the bass theme of the drums.

The circle silently parted to give passage to two men who carried in a child of perhaps twelve years, his body completely naked and worn away by some severe malady. Obviously, the dying boy whom Mohammed-bey-Mahmud had told us the Sheik had promised to heal. In silence they laid the boy down over three wooden boxes near the carpet on which Abd-el-Khadek continued his prayers. And like shadows they swiftly retired.

The music rose higher and quickened hysterically until my heart beat in my breast as if I had made an exhaustive run. My companions must have been in the same condition, for I distinctly heard their labored breathing. And I want to state that when, in the following days, we discussed from every angle what we had seen, trying to understand it in some way, all four of us agreed that that accelerated beating of the heart and that difficulty in breath were the only abnormal physical sensations we registered, either before, during, or after the ceremony. Only while the strange music was played, were these physical disturbances manifested, and they appeared to be caused solely by the music itself.

Sheik Abd-el-Khadek had risen and approached the boy, and he began now with sinuous gestures of the hand to make hypnotic passes over the child's forehead and eyes, intoning, meanwhile, some sort of prayer, the only words of which I could understand here and there were Allah, *môt*, *kalb*, *hayát*—death, heart, life.

Soon the boy grew rigid, so much so that when one of the assistants returned and took away the center box, his frail body extended stiffly, resting only upon one box beneath the head and another beneath the feet.

"If we have come way up here only to see buffoonery like this!" the Major whispered in my ear. "I have seen this done hundreds of times. . . ."

But he stopped short when the Sheik produced from the folds of his burnoose an enormous Berber knife with a handle of chiseled silver. Then with extraordinary rapidity one thing followed another, each more unbelievable than the last. I can only relate just what my eyes, as well as those of my three companions, saw. What my ears, as well as those of three companions, heard.

The flute and the drums suddenly ceased, and a dead silence fell. The Sheik with a sure and skillful stroke of the knife ripped open the body of the boy from the abdomen to the throat—with a rending sound which I can only describe as the sound of strong cloth roughly torn—and the bright blood gushed forth. Then, while the music began again more frenziedly than before, the nervous brown hands of the Sheik were plunged into the gaping wound.

Instinctively I had raised my arm to wipe away the sweat from my brow, when a small feminine hand clutched my arm painfully. I thought in a flash that the sensation of those sharp little nails digging into my flesh proved that I was fully conscious, and not, as I had begun to believe, lost in some fantastic dream. I wanted to look at the lady at my side, but I could not force my eyes to leave the figure of the Sheik. Nor could I tear them away when a piercing, piteous cry sounded in my ears, and the clutch on my arm was loosened.

"She has fainted," I thought, but I was incapable of movement. There at six yards from me I had seen those nervous brown hands emerge from the wound. Between them was a reddish something connected to the rigid body by some purplish cords.

In sudden startling silence, once more the voice of the Sheik was uplifted, and again I understood here and there the words, *môt*, *hayát*, *kalb* . . . while his supple, snake-like fingers caressed and massaged the little heart.

How long this operation lasted, neither myself nor my companions were ever able to say. All that I know is that I had the time to think a thousand times of the poor lady who had fainted at my side; of my duty of helping her; of the impossibility of making any movement, and of the Doctor who surely would have sustained her.

Again the nervous brown hands, which seemed at that moment to constitute all my world, disappeared with their burden into the body of the boy, and reappeared empty and *immaculate*. Once more they began to weave their sinuous passes, quickly, untiringly moving above the wound until the blood had ceased to flow, the wound began to close and the reddish line that marked the path of the knife slowly began to fade, while the music rose to a furious crescendo and with it the beating of my heart and the panting of my lungs.

Violently, at the height of its crescendo, the music broke off, and my heart and my respiration, obedient to its rhythm, seemed to undergo a suffocating pause. Then the music recommenced, slowly descending in pitch and docilely the beating of my heart and my breathing quieted.

The assistant reappeared and replaced the box beneath the rigid body of the child. A few more passes, and the boy rose, rubbed his eyes and stared about him in amazement. Then swift as a gazelle he ran to the arms of a veiled woman, the only one in the place, who clasped him in a feverish embrace. But quickly as the end of the scene had come, we had been able to see very clearly that the brown chest of the boy was marked by a tiny strip of color a shade or two lighter; the scar which ran from his abdomen to his throat.

I expected to hear an explosion of fanatic enthusiasm from the crowd. But not a sound. The music died, faded gently, apparently into the distance. I saw the surrounding passages and corridors swallow the silent ghosts in burnooses. The five adolescents sat as immobile as statues, their faces drained and exhausted, their empty, dilated eyes staring into space. And below the boxes lay that significant pool of blood.

The lady? It was Mohammed-bey-Mahmud who lifted her from the ground where she had fallen between her husband and myself, both of us having been equally unable to make a move toward her rescue.

On the small carpet Sheik Abd-el-Khadek had resumed his fervent prayers toward Mecca:

"Allah, Allah, Amdullallah!" ⧻

And Still They Come

Continued from page 57

enigmas, in that logic doesn't enter. Ability to picturize is the prime factor. I may add that the above ability has to be strained some to get the correct answer: there is a cube of wood, painted black on the outside, and measuring three inches on each edge. It is cut into a number of cubes each one inch on a side. One is requested, without resorting to pencil and paper, to state:

1. How many of the smaller cubes will be made?
2. What is the minimum number of cuts required?
3. How many faces of each of the small cubes will be painted black?

Of course a knowledge of elementary arithmetic will carry one safely past the first question—a cube three by three by three contains twenty-seven cubic inches, or twenty-seven cubes one inch on a side. A great many people will hastily assume that four cuts are required, forgetting the fact that six is the minimum number necessary. Then comes the difficulty—picturing the resulting twenty-seven cubes and their black and white faces. Well! The small cubes are located at the corners of the larger cube, in the middle of the edges, or in the middle of the faces. A cube has eight corners, twelve edges, and six faces. Every corner cube will have three faces painted black, every cube in the middle of an edge will have two faces painted black, and every cube in the middle of a face will have one face painted black. Correct. But wait! Eight and twelve and six add up to only twenty-six. That's where most people fail. They forget that there are twenty-seven cubes to account for; and the twenty-seventh cube is nestling coyly in the center of the original cube, and has *no* face painted black.

And then there is the business about the architect who built a studio for a noted sculptor, who was extremely cranky about the amount of light on his work. The architect arranged for a square window, eight feet wide and eight feet high. The sculptor didn't look at the work until after the building was finished. Then he let out a howl.

"That window's too large! Much too large! Twice too large! I won't have it!"

"Well, I'll make it smaller," said the architect pacifically.

"You bet you will! But I won't have the proportions of my room spoiled. You make me a square window just half the size of the original one—and it's got to be eight feet high and eight feet wide, or I'll tear up your contract."

The architect succeeded. How did he do it?

It should be pointed out that "window" means the clear glass opening; otherwise someone will try to black out the upper or lower half of the glass and claim that the "window" is still eight feet wide and eight feet high. . . .

You may have noticed that I did not use the expression "eight by eight." If you noticed that, you have the answer in your pocket. The architect filled in the four corners of the window, so that the clear glass opening left was still a square, but standing on its corner, like a diamond; the opening is just half the original size, but it is still eight feet high and eight feet wide.

One more and we can call it a day. Try this one: an architect, a lawyer, a doctor, and an author sat down to lunch together. They hadn't met for a month. All of them were very fond of coffee. After taking the orders for the rest of the lunch, the waiter said "—and three coffees, gentlemen?" "That's right," said the group simultaneously.

Of course, prospective victims *will* ask questions. No, one of the group hadn't sworn off. They all answered "That's right," and if they hadn't met for a month it is extremely doubtful if all would know about a sudden resolution of abstinence. And the waiter said "Three coffees," too. He wouldn't know. Moreover, no one had already ordered coffee. The phrase "after taking the orders for the rest of the lunch" is supposed to imply that. If the implication wasn't sufficient, that's just too bad. Anyway, there had been no previous order for coffee on the part of any of the group. Give it up? All right. Of the architect, the lawyer, and the doctor, one of the three was an author. Nothing very remarkable about that. In fact, in these days it would be remarkable if one of the three wasn't an author.

I said we'd call it a day, but there is still the classic of our youthful years in the little red schoolhouse, "If one man can mow a field in three days, and another can mow it in two days, how long will it take both together to mow it?" Silly? All right, did *you* say to yourself "two and a half days"? If you did, I'd like to remind you that that is half a day longer than it would take one of the men working all alone! Don't worry; lots of people go off the deep end in the same fashion. The correct answer, of course, is one and one-fifth days.

Let the Day Perish

Continued from page 33

others do the same. The crackle of my companions surrounds me. All face death; all keep going forward. Why? Trained old line soldiers go forward on orders—without reason.

Two men go down on my right. One throws arms high in a cheer leader style and glides down like a ballet master finishing a difficult step, the other is suddenly stopped with a thud, as the slug grunts into him, and turns quickly, surprise in his wide blue eyes, and he hits the ground a hard blow, turns over on his back, and eyes the sky slack-mouthed. All seem to die on their backs. I look around. Yes, all the dead are on their backs. I make up a game—I hunt for a dead man lying on his face. I see none. Suddenly I find I am hovering over a machine gun nest, tucked into a brown leaf-strewn hole. Three men lie in a small stale hole, digging and caressing the steel secrets of a water-cooled machine gun. Under coal-pail helmets, their dirty red fingers coax the belts of bullets into the clattering tool and keep up a steady burst against my friends. Suddenly, I flex all over in a deadly game. I am calm now.

I tug with numb fingers and pick a grenade from my belt. The metal ring tastes salty in my mouth as I pull the firing pin and release it. I slowly count to four—then, with a wide walloping heave, I throw and grind my whole being into the soft ground until my face is mashed deep in the dusty mold. I smell decay and the sweet stench of shallow graves.

Far away, and like in a fairy tale of long ago—there is crimson rumple and I think of Jack and the Beanstalk. Clouds of black earth shower down on me and I wish they would bury me and I could sleep like the Babes in the Woods. All is over now except the heavy sharpness of smoke.

A scream floats over and I am on my knees peeping ahead. The nest of the three gunners is gone. The sun is gone. Only a few pink shreds of flesh are seen and the pale dirty face, deeply freckled, of a long-armed torso. Legs, there are none—only bloody rags. The Thing lifts itself up on its arms and the deep red mouth screams at me. I come in fast, my bayonet first, and aim for the throbbing throat. I gag—but push the steel home and down with a professional twist of the wrist. The steel flicks out bright rusted and I stumble on, wondering why life seems so simple. Kill or be killed.

I throw the rest of my bombs. I yell and far ahead see the yellow trenchcoat of my sergeant darting in wild glee among gun barrels. Demons yell around me and I yell back and pour flames down on flushed faces in a shallow trench. They swallow fire and sag down to the floor. Tanks, small ones—like mailed nervous whippets, come toward us. We go down gasping, and wait, as they clank like cheap iron pots. Big Stomach reaches for pint bottles of gasoline and winks. He yells at me and laughs. I hear nothing but grin back and nod. Big Stomach is a card—and an anti-tank expert, self-taught.

Big Stomach stands up and thumbs short stubby fingers to a broad pock-marked nose and wriggles his pinkie with glee. A tank glides toward him. He roars with joy; he is very happy and his mirth is almost beyond control. With perfect calm, he throws three fast bottles under the tank. The glass flashes in shattered fragments against the sun's rays and then Big Stomach throws a nicely controlled bomb and we all stop and wait.

The tank disappears in a blinding roar of flame. It rears back like a bronco and plops down and opens like an oyster as the flight of fast flames shrouds it like a holy ghost in fire. . . . Two men, banging fire out of their hair, are propelled from the tank and Big Stomach grins and calmly shoots them down with two expert tosses of his Luger. We hate tanks. We see something unfair in their use—we make no move to stop Big Stomach.

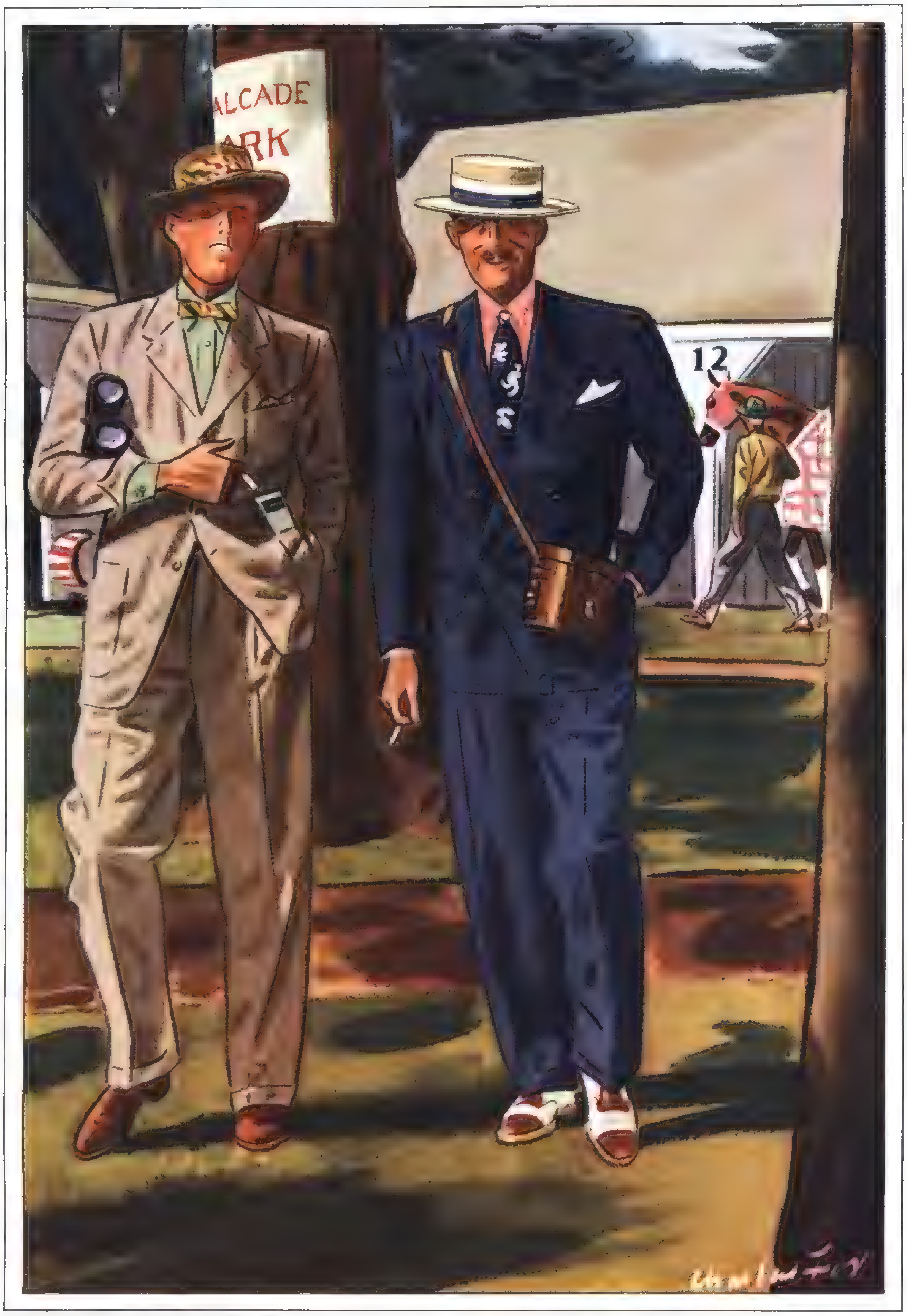
Two more tanks are blasted out in flames and the others turn tail and rattle off with much noise—but little urge to fight the gasoline pints.

We go on with thinner ranks; many old comrades are down. I swear and swing my gun butt at a hand aiming a pistol at me. The bone cracks and the fingers fan out. Someone behind me sends down a bayonet and finishes my work for me with a slither and grunt.

I can get no air. My mouth is wide open as in lockjaw. I gag and gasp—only fire glides down my throat and I dream I am drowning—but I stop in mid-pleasure and fling myself forward as the sinister warning of concussion announces a shell. I am slapped hard down until I mouth the hot leaf-molded dust. I am shaken like a rat in a terrier's teeth, I bounce against the ground, turn over on my back and stay there looking at the hot dome of the blue sky. Cotton clouds mass and move—but no birds sing. I am dead like all dead today—dead on my back, waiting for the burial squad—if the hill dogs don't scent me first.

I will not die and I fool them by turning on my stomach. My heart is still pumping and I am amazed that a dead man should have such a wonderfully active organ. I am a marvelous dead man indeed. Blood sings in my ears; my lungs flap air like a fresh caught trout; I can even feel the bite of sour wine from my last meal. Every little nerve stands on end and begs for attention. I am dewed in sweat. For a dead man, I am very much alive. Too much. The world is a red daze of fire and nothing seems to be in focus. Little brown leaves float lazily down on me as the shears of yellow gun fire clip them in ragged patterns and peel the twigs

Continued at top of page 135

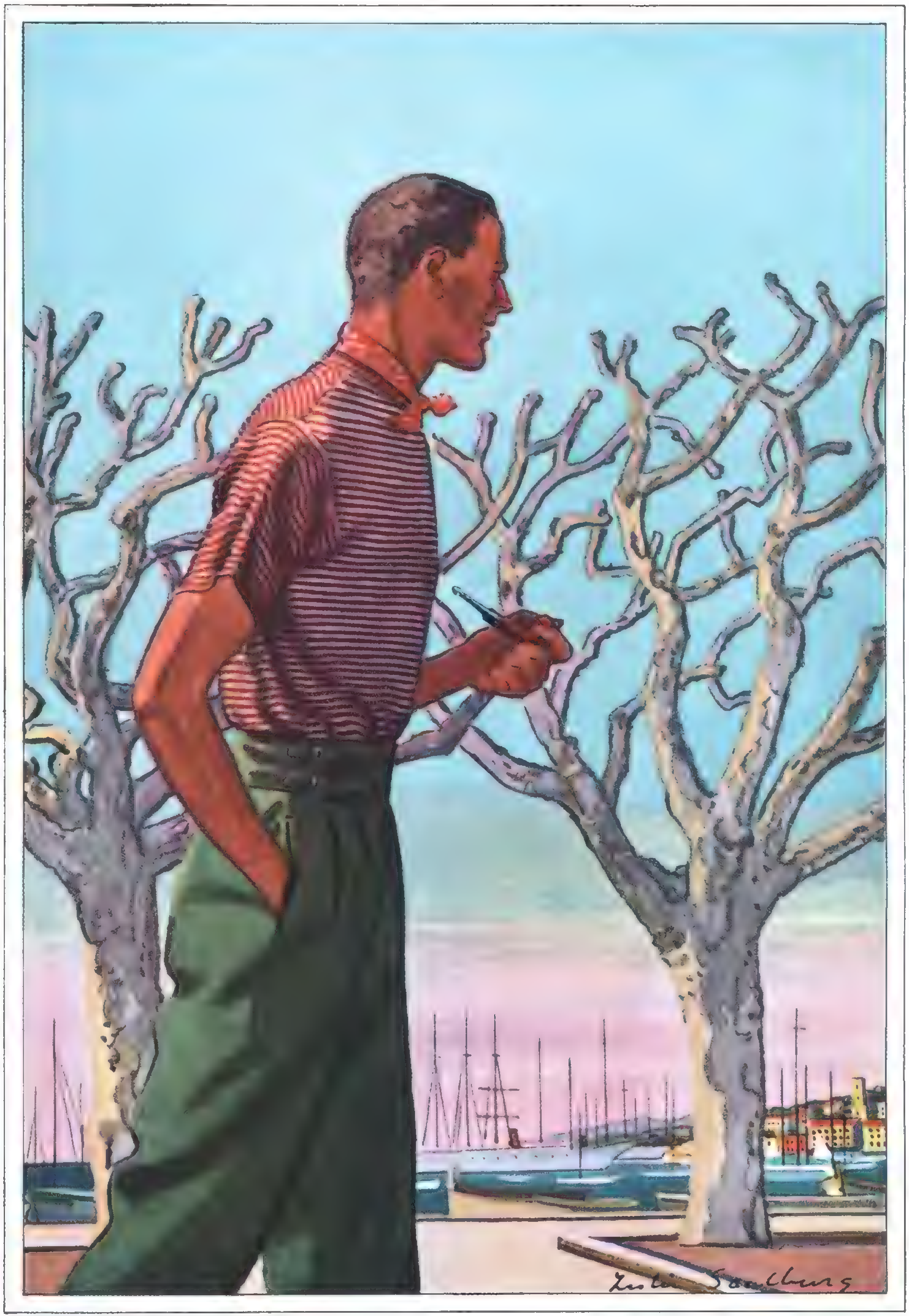


PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT SARATOGA BY CHARLES FOX

AT LEAST YOU MIGHT WIN A COMPLIMENT

If you can keep your mind off the ponies and concentrate on these fashion tips, you'll be money ahead. We know. The man at the left wears a single breasted lightweight bone color silk suit. (Tips: the smart new bone color for summer suits, the idea of fastening the two top buttons of a three-button suit, the single button and buttonhole on the sleeve cuffs.) The accessories are madras shirt, India madras bow tie, coconut straw hat with India madras puggree band, and reversed calf monk front shoes. The other man wears a double breasted marine blue suit of Palm Beach cloth, tropical worsted or flannel, oxford shirt, Charvet pattern tie, sennit straw hat, and brown and white sport shoes with crepe soles. (Tip: you can easily make a three-in-one outfit out of this—[1] as is, [2] by changing to plain shoes for more formal occasions, [3] by switching to grey flannels for more informal occasions.)

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT CANNES BY LESLIE SAALBURG

WHAT TO WEAR FOR GOING NEAR THE WATER

Admitted. The beach at Cannes is a bit out of your way for a casual dip in the surf. How about Cape Cod, then? That's a trifle remote too? Very well, you pick the spot. Does it have a beach? So all right, you can still wear this going-to-the-beach outfit. No more arguments, please, while we itemize—lightweight crew neck half sleeve shirt of lisle in a fine red and white horizontal stripe; linen beach slacks of seaweed green, made with a wide waistband that has a long extension with two self-buckles; lightweight colorful neckertie. Any appropriate type of beach shoe would complete the outfit. The lisle beach shirt, in addition to being worn en route, is ideal for wear after a swim, for lunch and cocktails, and for general lounge wear. The waistband idea on the slacks makes a man's waistline look a little more trim and adds a touch of neatness that is very much in order.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

EVEN IN ARCTIC CIRCLES

Hiram Walker & Sons
Hiram Walker
LAKE
TKA

IN 87 LANDS WHISKY-WISE MEN ASK FOR

"Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD

1932
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville Ontario Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF

THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR THE UNIQUE FLAVOR OF "CANADIAN CLUB"

"Imagine needing a 'cooler' in Alaska," reads a letter from Sitka. "But our summer is surprisingly warm, so our guide invented what he calls an Alaskan Cooler. Its main ingredient is 'Canadian Club', which accounts for its absolutely unique flavor. I'm sending the recipe so you, too, can enjoy an Alaskan Cooler."

3,000 MILES AWAY

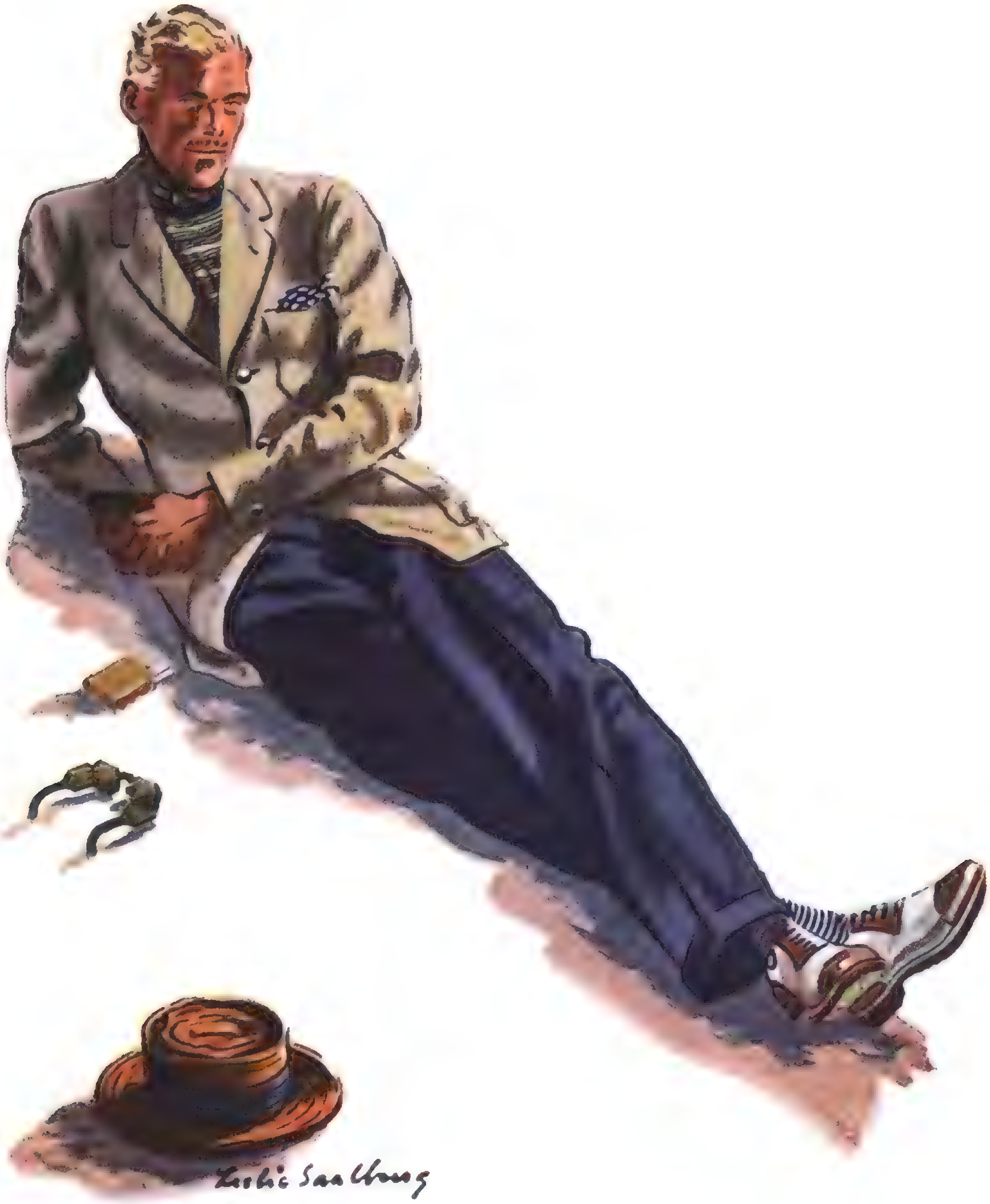
from home "Canadian Club" is as much a favorite as it is here. And until *you* taste "Canadian Club" you cannot imagine how *different* it is! For, although there are several choice Scotches, a few great ryes and bourbons—since 1858 there's been only *one* "Canadian Club." Unless you try it, you'll miss one of the world's great treats. This whisky is 6 years old. 90.4 proof. At leading dealers; and at clubs, bars, hotels throughout the world.

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois. Distilleries at Peoria; Walkerville, Ontario; Glasgow, Scotland.

HOW TO MAKE AN "ALASKAN COOLER"

1 jigger 'Canadian Club' • Juice of ½ orange

Use tall glass and fill with finely cracked ice. Sprinkle a pinch of powdered sugar on top of ice, and over this pour the 'Canadian Club' and orange juice.



FASHION OF THE MONTH: SUMMER RESORT WEAR

If you take your fashion seriously, this is your page. The subject is informal resort, week end and general vacation wear and the object is—well, frankly, how to do it up brown. You take a single breasted lightweight Palm Beach jacket in a deep hemp color with plain back and patch pockets. Don't forget the nickel buttons, either. Then you don a pair of marine blue lightweight flannel slacks. Under the jacket you will be wearing a crew neck lisle half sleeve shirt in fine blue and yellow horizontal stripes, supplemented with a colorful silk neckertie. Incidentals are the cotton breast pocket handkerchief and the regatta striped hose of lightweight wool. The foundation is provided by the brown calf and white buckskin (easy to clean) shoes with heavy soft crepe soles, and you top it all off with the Nassau coconut hat, in the style woven by the natives, with blue puggree band. The sun glasses are optional.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Let the Day Perish

Continued from pages 33-130

until the pale green of the underbark shows.

I feel my arms glow as they rub my face, and with dainty care I explore my torso and the soft dimples of my numb stomach. The lean legs are solid and no red seepage announces any wound. The shell was close, but not close enough. I get up and stagger on toward the fight. Why, I know not, nor care much. Soldiers are silly sheep and once the first few battles are over, will keep going, come what may, as long as they can draw breath and move limbs to fire and walk.

A bitter acrid wind strikes me and the sun draws blinking tears from my eyes that taste salty in the tight corners of my mouth. The top of the hill at last. Cadavers lie about—and I find one at last on his stomach—he doesn't count—a tank has flattened him out and I inspect the results with interest—then gag. A few shapes stir and the sting of gun flashes twitches them into stillness. Three men pass—green-faced—their pink dirty hands high, mouthing silly words of mercy from between blue lips. They pass and I throw myself down between Cherrynose and Big Stomach. The stench of trench odors comes to me and I hug a soggy sand bag and look over the horizon of sky and deep dropping plain. Heat shimmer shows a few old rag bags, running fast. One trips and falls in a pinwheel of arms and legs as the sudden concussion of bullets flings him earthward. Far off some tanks rumble their heavy steel buttocks to the rear and we lie, breathing and waiting for the counterattack. A barrage is firing behind us—but as usual, it is short and falls too near us. We curse and duck.

Yellow Trenchcoat comes around the corner of the trench, a flap of face-skin bloody over his eyes. He flings his head back and roars down into a hole. An officer comes out and leers at Yellow Trenchcoat. He is a pretty officer—his thin tailored uniform red-clayed and tight-fitting. His pink-shaven face is girlish and his gloved hand holds a heavy .45. The Royalist colors flutter at his breast and a slim silver cane is looped to his other wrist.

"Drop that gun," Yellow Trenchcoat says dryly.

"No."

The officer is calm. Yellow Trenchcoat is calm. The bright blue erection of their gun barrels are calm. Yellow Trenchcoat fires and a nasty hole appears in the midst of the Royalist colors on the officer's chest. He lies down and dies like a gentleman. Yellow Trenchcoat bellows for a first-aid kit.

A plane whines overhead and the Captain eats his cigar and says. "Get ready for a counterattack."

"With what?" asks Cherrynose. "I've got three rounds left."

"Use your hands. We must wait for the 75's."

"Thank you, sir."

"You can skip the 'Thank you.'"

"If they skip the counterattack."

We smile—why, I don't know—except we all admire Cherrynose—he has a sassy tongue with officers. The Captain also grins and waves a finger at him. The Captain was trade union head before Franco came blustering out of Morocco with foreign machines and his Moors.

I feel very sick now and my stomach is in knots. I seek the cool shelter of a pine tree and Big Stomach yells.

"Here they come—and it looks as if they are silly enough to try tanks against *me* again." #

A Standard Tennis Court

Continued from page 31

follows, the amount diminishing in proportion to the number constructed.

KIND OF COURT	COST
Grits	$ 350—$ 750
Clay	500— 1,000
Cement	1,200— 2,000
Quick-Drying	2,000— 3,000

There are half a dozen fast-drying courts upon the market today, and the exact price depends on the firm and the maker, but rarely can one be built for less than $2,000, and usually you must spend from $2,400 to $3,000. The cost of a good grass court—provided you had the patience to make one—would probably not be much greater.

The chief drawback of a quick-drying court then, is the price. The second drawback is maintenance. This brings to mind a dialogue about maintenance costs which was printed in England.

"Q. Can I get a cheap tennis court?

"A. Yes, cheap to buy but expensive to maintain.

"Q. Why?

"A. Because in spite of claims to the contrary, loose surfaces such as red rubble or semi-loose courts need constant watering, rolling and dragging. After each winter they need redressing.

"Q. Is that expensive?

"A. Yes, and more expensive than you would imagine before you became owner and had to foot the bill."

Now there's sense in that. Some players imagine that if a court of this kind is properly situated and well laid, no further attention is necessary. Actually if you are unable to keep a sprinkler constantly at work during the dry period of mid-summer, and if you haven't men to caress them daily, these fast-drying courts are not for you or your club. Delightful as they are to play. Any court needs attention? Certainly, but no matter what sort of sales talk the manufacturers give you, the quick-dryers need more than others.

These courts are expensive to build and expensive to maintain. They can be made hard by rolling, or soft by neglect, they can be altered overnight and so changed that they can never be standard in any true sense of the word. They have an advantage in that they tend to make the game slower, and therefore easier for the dub to play. On the other hand this is a disadvantage for the man in the First Ten. Don't forget that our champions have all been nurtured on speed. Except Tilden who was brought up on grass, when close-cropped almost the fastest surface of all, every one of our champions since 1911 except R. N. Williams has been bred on an asphalt floor. That list would include those who have made a name in tennis here and abroad, McLoughlin, Johnston, Vines and Budge. On a cement or asphalt court there is no time for deliberation. The player has to make his stroke, and quickly, too. There, fierce services and drives and volleys are the trademark of the game. This is the nursery that produced the great stars of this country, men who have won titles at Wimbledon and Forest Hills, who have held and regained the Davis Cup. Men like these aren't going to be helped by the slow-playing surface of a quick-drying court.

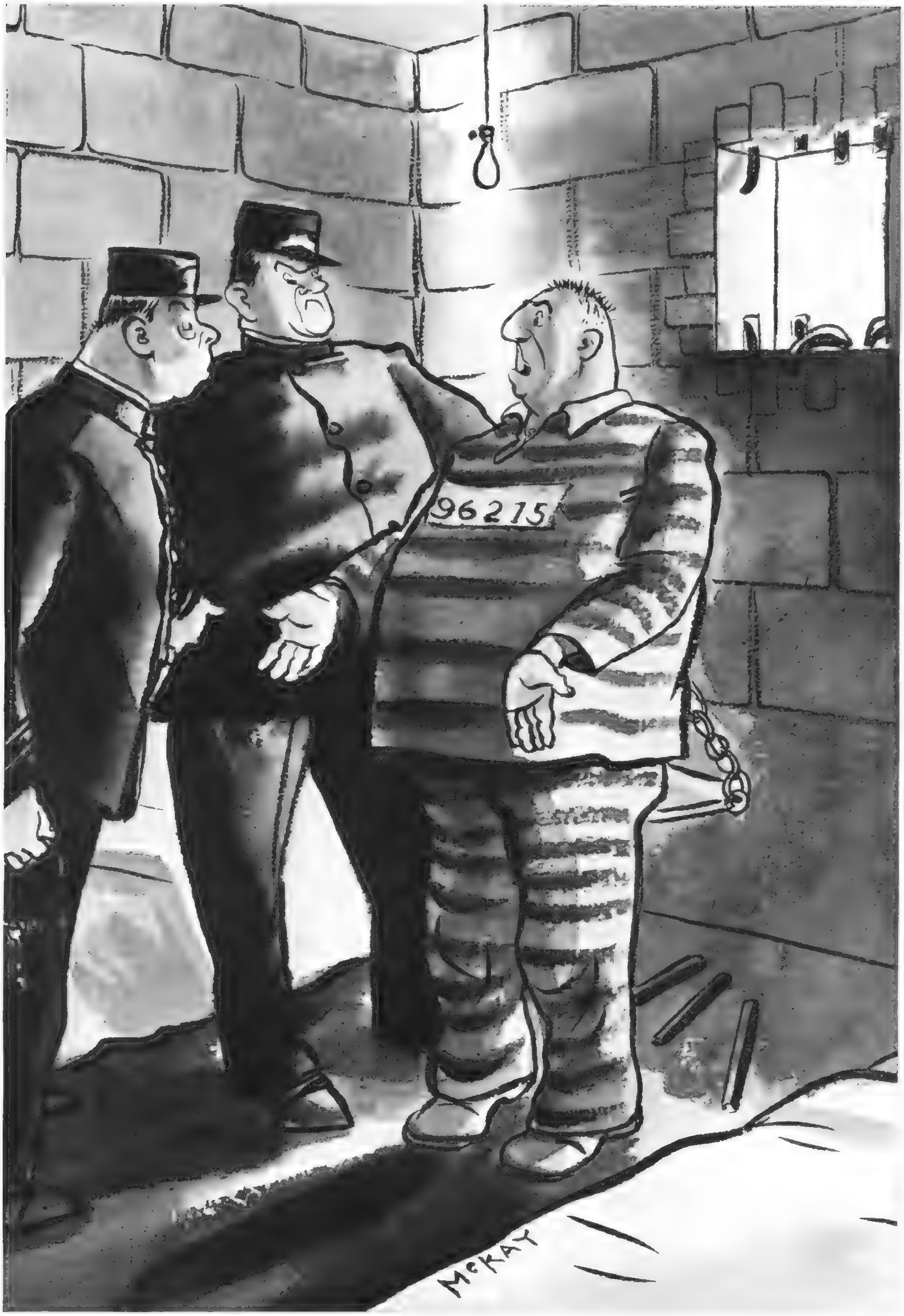
Consequently with the growth of these courts throughout the country, we can look to a gradual decline in the mass production of champions in which the United States, and California particularly, has specialized. Why has England had but one really top-class player, Perry, since the days of the Dohertys? There are many reasons, but one is that much of the playing in that country must for climatic conditions be done on these quick-drying courts. There are over twenty thousand of them in the British Isles, and they are distinctly inimical to the growth and development of champions. A bad thing? Personally it seems to me not. Because I believe the mass of players are more important than the mass production of stars. And any court which makes the game popular, which makes it fun and easier for the dub to play is valuable. We are probably going to have fewer Budges and Tildens in the future in this country, and more persons playing tennis, which is the important thing.

No one needs to stress the advantages of some sort of uniform court surface. Everyone would learn the game on the same kind of court and therefore would be able to play immediately anywhere in the world. Players traveling from one nation to another would have an equal chance in any tournament. Nor would they be at a disadvantage, as the Californians are now, when they come east for the first time and have to learn to play on grass. A standard court would also help in the selection of Davis Cup teams. Playing conditions would be standardized the world over.

The truth is, however, that today we are as far away from any standard court as we are from a standard golf course. The Standard Court Committee was organized in 1933, and has been actively functioning ever since. In these five years no advances have been made or claimed in the discovery of a practical court that has the advantage of good turf, and can be made uniform. No solution of the problem in the near future seems likely as long as the cracks continue to prefer grass. From the researches of the committee it was plain that only one substance has any similarity to good grass, and yet cannot be altered. That is an asphaltic cork mixture which must be laid over a concrete foundation. The price of this cork mixture without the base, is two thousand dollars, which is prohibitive for most of us.

Unquestionably the use of all these various patented surfaces is growing. One firm alone, the oldest, has built nearly thirty thousand quick-drying courts. The number will increase rapidly in this country with the money spent by W. P. A. funds and park construction. Until recently there was only one court of this kind in Los Angeles, at the Beverley Hills Tennis Club. In five years they will probably be in the majority, and in ten years there'll be few other kinds used on the coast. That's going to have a tremendous effect on the game of the champions. But it doesn't mean these courts will be standardized, or that we have found a standard court, however desirable that may be.

Undoubtedly as these fast-drying, all-weather courts grow in popularity, the price will come down. Suppose the cork-surfaced court were produced, as it doubtless could be, at a reasonable price. Would it ever be possible to adopt this surface as standard the world over? If you think there is any chance of such a thing you don't know human nature. And you certainly don't know the manufacturers of the other patented courts. Naturally they'd oppose the selection of any rival court for standardization, because that would give the other man a practical monopoly of the business. And no matter how good that other court might be, they wouldn't enjoy that. You can hardly blame them. It's business. One of the results of what we like to call the competitive system. The boys have another name for it. They call it rugged individualism. #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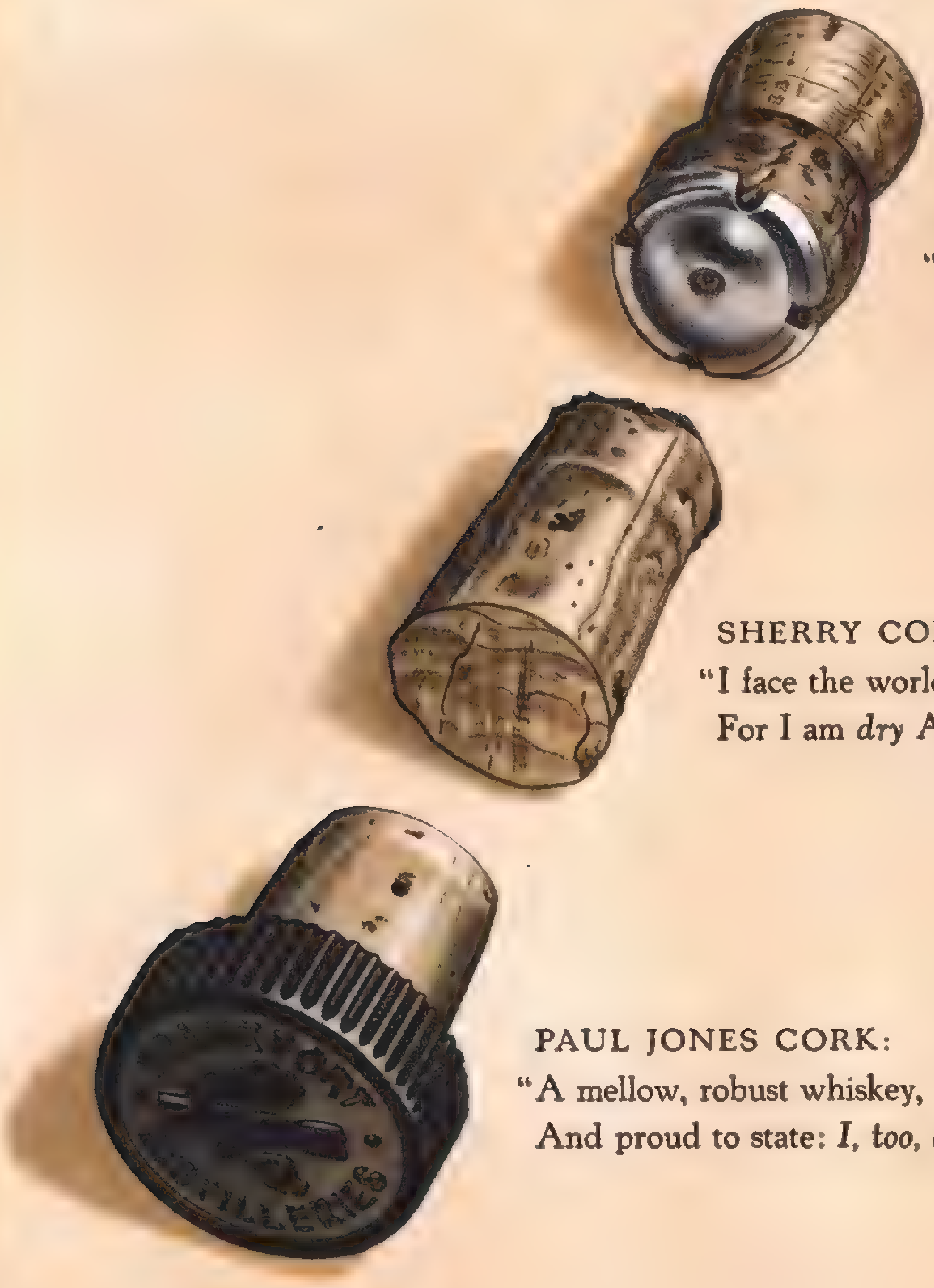
"I was perfectly contented, but he said the place wasn't big enough for both of us"

The story of the 3 wise corks



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New Faces, Quack Style

Continued from page 75

the quack does is to slit the skin at the outer corners of the lids, giving the eyeballs a greater area of exposure.

This work is an insult to Nature, and she often retaliates. When "big eyes" tries to laugh, she weeps. Tears roll down her cheeks due to a permanent disturbance of the tear mechanism by the quack's hasty knife.

Dimples are another stock-in-trade of the quack. What he does is to excavate some of the natural tissues to create a sunken appearance. Very often, however, his dimple comes out in the opposite direction of a natural dimple, and it always looks just what it is—false. The work is done within the mouth and there is serious danger of infection.

Any gullible lass who tries to buy Cupid's bow lips is probably buying a lifetime of regret. The quack may do the job in one of two ways, both unsatisfactory. He may remove a piece of skin just above the margin of the upper lip and bring the under surface up to meet the new skin margin. There is, of course, an inevitable scar, light or heavy depending on his skill.

The second method is tattooing. It is hard to get a dye substance that exactly matches the lips, both as they are and as they will be. The result is ludicrous instead of luscious, lipstick doesn't always help, and heaven help the lady whose quack is color-blind!

The quack will also tattoo a permanent blush on missy's cheeks. That too is an open door to regrets. The surrounding skin colors may and do change, but the tattoo is a permanent shade, and a blush that is lovely at sixteen, may be an eyesore at twenty.

Removal of tattooing is never easy. If the tattooing dye goes into the deeper structures of the skin, it may be necessary to remove the entire structure and do a skin-grafting. If it pierces only part of the skin, it may be possible to remove it by deep peeling. But there is always this difficulty; the tattooing needle goes deep in some places and not deep in others. So the removal is likely to be spotty.

Sometimes it is necessary to re-tattoo the tattooed spot with tannic acid and rub it with silver nitrate to cause a scab, which is lifted, taking with it the dye substance; but if all layers of the skin are penetrated, the operation leaves a permanent white scar.

A subject in which women have begun to be interested in a big way is skin peeling, which lies on the borderline between surgery and beauty culture. Although nobody cuts the patient open, the process has an important medical side, and in the hands of quacks is sometimes dangerous.

The subject lends itself to sales talk. A snake sheds its skin and gets a nice fresh one. Why not you and I? Sounds logical. And is. We do shed skin when we peel after a sunburn. In fact, skin shedding is always going on invisibly in human beings. From the ballyhoo it might seem that a brand new scientific way of becoming beautiful overnight had been discovered, and charlatanism has gone to such lengths that the would-be beauty can order her skin-peel lotion by mail and apply it herself.

A proper lotion properly used, in conjunction with other methods, does hasten normal skin-shedding. It will remove scores of surface wrinkles, as well as pits, blemishes, and large pores.

But some women are poisoned by some lotions. A test must be made before use. The quack disregards this, nor does he take into account that certain areas of the face require specialized treatment. In characteristic slap-dash style he undertakes a job which, when done reliably, must be approached with a full medical understanding of the patient.

It does little good to warn against the quack if he can't be recognized when seen. These are some of the signs. He will say that:

1. All deformities can be corrected simply.
2. You don't have to go to a hospital.
3. Corrections are done in his office and you can go to the movies the same evening.
4. Bandages and dressings are unnecessary.
5. You'll lose no time from work.
6. You ought to round out the hollows with "fat:" question him and he may admit it's not *human* fat.
7. The fee can be arranged ("How much have you got?").
8. The photographs he shows of work done on other patients have not been retouched (but take a photographer along just to be on the safe side!).
9. Utopia is behind his office door.

Know him by these signs. When you recognize the quack, stay not on the order of your going: grab your pocketbook and go!

He will not take a thorough medical history, he makes no blood tests, and he does none of the tiresome things that others find necessary. ⌗

One-Eyed Poacher of Privilege

Continued from page 44

some boulders, he got a reflection from two gleaming orbs not fifty feet away. Uncle Jeff tells it this way:

"Them Christly eyes was at least one axe-handle apart, and right out in the open field. I figured the deer was standin' behind a little patch of brush. All I could see was them eyes, an' a set of horns as big as a single-hoss hayrack. I had a white rag wrapped around Fannie's nozzle so's I could line up good in the dark. I up an' let fly, an' them eyes never budged. I give 'em the other barrel, an' they never went down, nor I didn't hear no thrashin'. 'Jesus,' I says to myself, 'I bet it's an old rauncher of a buck.'

"Then I throwed out the empties, loaded Fannie, an' dumped her agin. One eye went out, but the other one stayed there, swingin' an' glarin' at me. Thinks I: 'Christ A'mighty, I've blowed one side of that buck clean off an' left the other side a-standin'.

"I didn't have no more buckshot ca'tridges, so I took off my light, held it low ahead of me, an' snuk up. Jesus, you know what I'd done? I'd shot the handles clean off'n Stub Weatherby's cultivator! Seems two drops of water had froze on the handles, and it was them I'd shined with my light!"

With a snort of distaste, Uncle Jeff usually concludes this tale as follows: "Next mornin' I had to go to a butcher an' pay twenty-five cents for a pound of Western beef—to eat at my own table!"

The year of the two-bit bounty on porcupines, Uncle Jeff Coongate was in clover. In March there came a big thaw, and the porcupines were still in their dens. Uncle Jeff made him a telescope gaff out of different-sized sections of iron pipe. The business end was equipped with a gaff-hook fashioned from a bent nail. With this device, he would reach into a den, hook out a porcupine, cut off its nose for bounty-evidence, and go on.

He started on his hunt alone, in mid-March, carrying a crocus sack, his homemade gaff, and a pound of salt pork. He was dressed in overalls, a blue denim shirt, a crownless straw hat, and an old pair of river driver's boots, without socks. He had no sense for proper care of himself, which accounts for his developing a slight rheumatism at the age of seventy.

On this expedition, he slept in trees, and ate fresh larded loin of porcupine. He had good luck, and after a couple of days his crocus sack was half-full of noses.

On the morning of the third day, Uncle Jeff came out of the woods at Elm Stump dam on the main river, twenty-six miles from Privilege. The Mopang Lumber Company was driving the river that spring. The ice had just gone out, and the deadwater above the dam was choked with logs. Neilly Winslow, the river boss, tells the rest of the legend.

"We was all ready to start sluicin' logs, when an apper-ation appears out of the woods in the form of Jeff Coongate, who used to be a teamster for the Mopang. His one eye is bright an' merry, he's got a bloody sack slung over his shoulder, an' is luggin' a kind of iron ramrod-lookin' thing with a hook to the end of it. He's soakin' wet from head to foot. He's shakin' like a twig in a current with the cold, an' what clothes he has is hangin' in shreds.

"'What you been up to, Jeff?' I says.

"'Porky-hoggin,' he says. 'What *you* doin'?'

"'Makin' ready to sluice logs,' I says.

"'Jest you wait a minute,' he says.

"Then he steps to the edge of the pool below the dam and looks her over careful.

"'Ketch many trout here?' he says.

"'No,' I says. 'Season ain't open yet.'

"'What's the matter? Ain't you got no fishin' line?'

"'No,' I says.

"'Well, by Jesus! Drivin' the Mopang an' ain't got no fish line. You got danna-mite, ain't you?'

"'Sure,' I says. 'We blow a jam now an' then.'

"'Well, you gimme just one stick, Neilly, an' I'll show you how to ketch trout.'

"So I thought a while an' finally give him a stick, a cap, an' a foot of fuse, just to see what would happen. First he cut a limber alder pole about six feet long an' trimmed off the branches. Then he cut two inches off the fuse an' throwed the rest away. He fitted the cap over the short piece, crimped it with his teeth, stuck it into the danna-mite, an' tied the danna-mite to the end of the alder with an old piece of grocery twine.

"Then the old coot walks out on a big log which lays part on the bank, an' extends out into the pool. He lights a match, an' the danna-mite dancin' up an' down on that limber alder like an apple on a willow switch, an' Jeff chasing the fuse all around with his lighted match! Finally he made contact, an' the fuse give a sputter.

"He shoved the alder into the water upstream of the log, but the current kept pullin' it. You could see old Jeff out there on the log puzzlin' whether to let the alder go downriver, where the blast wouldn't do no good, or stay there holdin' it himself an' get blowed to hell. He decided to stay with her, an' about that time she went off.

"The pool, the log, an' old Jeff went into the air a rod or two. They all come down separate. Jeff landed feet first in water to his armpits.

"We could see him peerin' around on the surface for trout, his arms spread to catch any that floated up. Finally a little feller about seven inches long come belly up, an' Jeff scooped with his hat. But the hat didn't have no crown, an' the trout slipped through. He finally caught it with his hand, held it up to us, an' then says:

Continued at top of page 140

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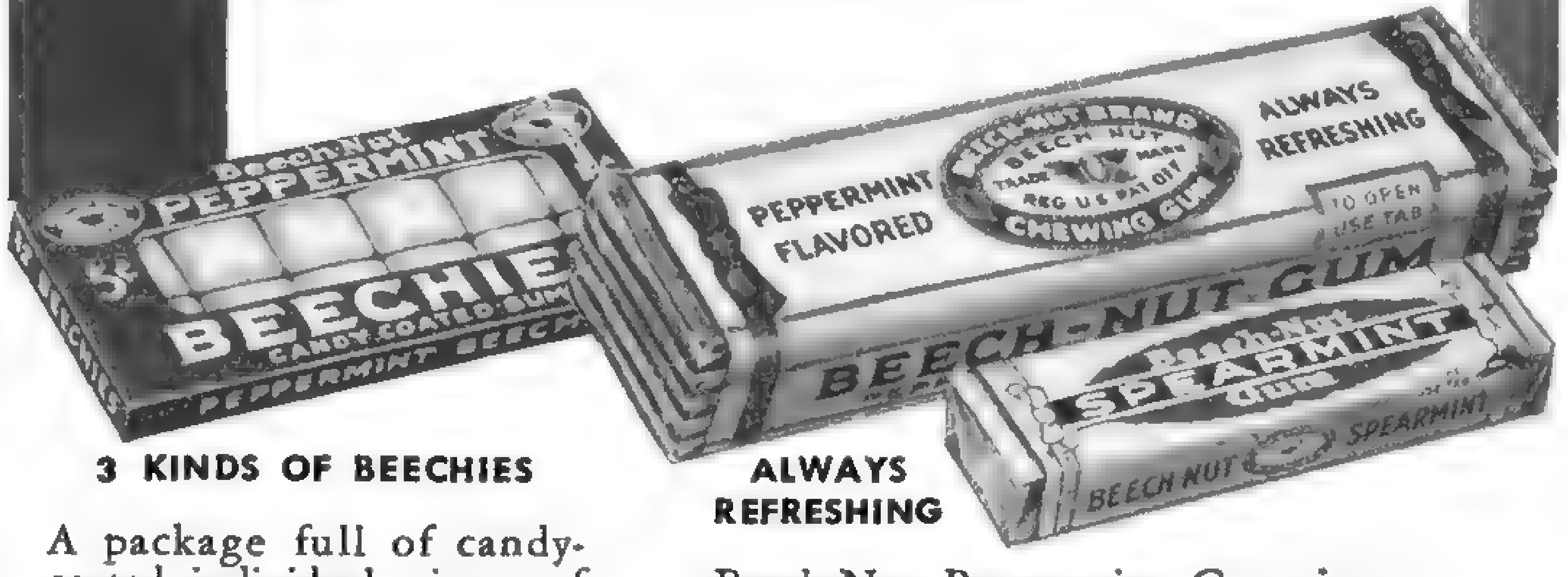

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1½ oz. Don Q *(Gold Label)*; juice of ½ lemon; ½ teaspoon powdered sugar; shake well with ice; pour into highball glass; add soda, sprig of mint.

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DON Q RUM comes in two kinds: White Label for cocktails, Gold Label for tall drinks. Both same price—duty free.

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One-Eyed Poacher of Privilege

Continued from pages 44-139

"There by Jesus! Din't I tell you?'

"He waded ashore, borrowed a dry match from Pidge Emmet, lit a fire, an' cooked his trout on a green switch. He swallowed it whole, wiped his mouth, said 'So-long, boys,' and took into the woods, gaff-hook, sack an' all."

A marvel with horses under all conditions, Uncle Jeff was at sea with anything mechanical. Once he bought a Model T Ford in Bangor, but he never got it home. He had been patiently instructed by the salesman in the car's operation, but the names of the various gadgets were strange and forbidding to the old teamster. "How do you snub her down to a walk?" Uncle Jeff had asked the salesman.

"Right here, Mr. Coongate—just pull the emergency brake all the way back, and she'll stop."

On the old Air Line stage road, coming down over the big hossback, the car got away from him. "I reached for the snubbin' pole," he says, "an' rared back full stren'th, and pulled the son of a bitch clean out by the roots."

The car and Uncle Jeff went off the ridge into a hackmatack swamp. Uncle Jeff got into Privilege afoot the next night.

Noblest of the Coongate legends is the hearing which took place in the courthouse at Mopang. Uncle Jeff had shot a game warden in the foot, and while public opinion strongly favored the shooter, the state's duty was clear. The entire population of Privilege journeyed to Mopang to witness proceedings.

Uncle Jeff was charged with assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill. His defense was simple and convincing. He asserted that he had not assaulted the game warden with intent to kill. In support of his statement, Uncle Jeff offered the game warden himself, who was present on crutches. "If I'd intended to kill him," said Uncle Jeff, "he'd be dead."

This much of the legend is pretty thoroughly authenticated by witnesses to the hearing. What follows is unofficial. The prosecution pointed out that Uncle Jeff's missing a vital spot on the warden was poor shooting, and not intent. Outraged that his marksmanship should be publicly impugned, Uncle Jeff offered to give an exhibition. The offer was accepted, a rifle procured, and court adjourned to a large field a quarter of a mile away.

It is alleged that as the group searched for a suitable target, a startled deer bounded across the field. Just before the deer entered the woods, Uncle Jeff let fly. His bullet connected at a point just behind the ear. Since it was August, he was promptly arrested for killing a deer out of season, and sentenced to thirty days.

These and forty other escapades are ascribed to Uncle Jeff Coongate. While most of them are hazy as to date, location, and personnel, there is no doubt that they have at least a basis in fact.

Before he retired from forty years of teaming for the Mopang Lumber Company, the younger rivermen had begun to plague Uncle Jeff unmercifully. They twitted him about how he had lost his eye, a point on which he was extremely sensitive. No one but Uncle Jeff knows exactly how he came by his loss. The spring he quit teaming, a brash young river driver got the only explanation he ever gave.

"A game warden done it," said the old man.

"In a fight?" inquired the river driver.

"Fight, hell!" snorted Uncle Jeff, scrubbing the empty socket with the back of his hand. "I was chasin' the son of a bitch down the Tomah road, gainin' every jump. He tried to git away by dodgin' across the old Number Seven choppin', an' jest as I was about to mount onto him, a chip flew up from his heels an' took me in the eye."#

The Ails of Clonbocketty

Continued from page 38

wonderful place for sickness.'

"And, bedad, by the time he done, the young fella must have thought it was to a plague spot he was after comin'.

"'It's glad and thankful I am,' says Thady, 'that it's a clever young fella the like of yourself is come, who'd have the knowledge to treat the people. I was in dread we'd get one of them ignorant country doctors,' he says, 'wouldn't have the knowledge to find out what ailed us at all.'

"Thady left the young fella then, very friendly: and when he come back he was smilin' all over his face, and very pleased.

"'It's all right,' he says. 'It's all right. He'd eat out of your hand,' he says. 'Leave it to me, now.'

"And then, after a little pressin', he tells them his scheme. They let gasps.

"'By the holies,' says they. 'Did yez ever hear the like o' that?'

"'Sure,' says one of them, doubtin' like, 'yez'll never get away with that. Them lads at Clonboyes will put the stopper on it.'

"'Clonboyes how are ye,' says Thady. 'Why don't yous keep yourselves up to date? Don't ye know,' says he, 'that the whole organization is changed? It all goes up to headquarters now,' says he, 'and Clonboyes has nothin' to do with it any more.'

"The next thing was, about three months later, two o' the officials was talkin' in the headquarters office in Dublin.

"'Where the divil is Clonbocketty?' says one of them to the other. 'I never heard tell o' the place till a couple o' months ago, but now, bedad, I never hear anythin' else. Did you ever hear tell of it?' says he.

"'Indeed and I did,' says the other. 'I spent me holidays there, a year or so back. Why,' says he, 'what ails it?'

"'Everythin' ails it,' says the first chap. 'What with unemployment and sickness, 'tis a fortune it's costin' the country. Is it a large place?' says he.

"'It is not,' says the other.

"'Well, look at here,' says the first chap. 'Listen to this, now.' And he turns up some papers he had. 'There's twenty-three domestic servants drawin' sick pay, for a start.'

"'Ah, go on!' says the other. 'You're coddin' me.'

"'I am not,' says he. 'Here's the figures.'

"'Twenty-three!' says the second chap. 'Why, there's not three of them, let alone twenty-three.'

"'There's twenty-seven laundresses is out of employment.'

"'*That's* no surprise,' says the other fella. 'For all the washin' I see when I was there, there wouldn't be employment for one.'

"'Five dressmakers,' says the first fella, still readin' from his list, 'is after runnin' needles into their hands. Seven cooks is after strainin' their insides liftin' coal.'

"And he goes on with a list as long as your arm, endin' up with ten hairdressers and a massoosie.

"'Ay,' says the second chap. 'This'll want lookin' into.'

"So, bedad, a couple of inspectors comes down, and they finds rare old alligations goin' on. The whole village was on public money. Each one of them took on the others to do their washin', their hairdressin', and the Lord knows what.

"And then either they sacked each other, and them that was sacked drew the dole: or else they went sick, and drew the sickness benefit. Them as was lettin' on to employ them reported they were sick; Thady done the writin' and the claims; and the new young doctor done the certificates. He was easy codded at first, bein' over-anxious and ready to please. He began to get suspicious after a while, but everyone kicked up such a fuss, sayin' he was after certifyin' their cousin or their sister, and why wouldn't he certify them, that he went on with it. Anyway, he wasn't in it long, for the old lad come back from his holiday.

"He was a bit nervous, was the old lad, in case he'd left anythin' bad for the young fella to find.

"'I hope,' says he, 'ye didn't find anything very serious.'

"'Well,' says the young doctor, 'I didn't find anything *serious:* but there has been rather a lot of slight cases.'

"'Mercy on us,' thinks the old lad. 'He'll be showin' me up, if I'm not careful!' 'Ah well,' says he, 'you mustn't be too hard on an old man,' he says. 'My eyes was very bad,' he says, 'and I hope you'll see fit to pass over anything I may not have noticed, and say nothing about it,' says he.

"The young lad, who was in a bit of a stew himself, takes heart at this.

"'There's nothing serious,' he says again, 'but a good many small things.' And he shows the old doctor the lists.

"Of course, the old lad got a shock, when he seen how many there was on the lists. But he was in an awkward position. He didn't like to say anythin'. 'I'll ease them off gradual,' he says to himself. But, bedad, before he could ease them off, the inspectors come down, and the fat was in the fire."

Doherty spat again.

"'Twas a wholesale case o' fraud," he said, "and nothin' more to be said. One ould fella had three parlormaids, and he livin' in the one room, and drawin' the old-age pension. A widow woman with no more hair on her than she could screw into a knot had two hairdressers, one ladies' maid, and had sacked three cooks. And so on, from one end of the village to the other.

"Well, there was nothin' for it but to arrest the lot o' them. Fifty-seven women, Thady, and one young fella they took up, and packed them into three lorries, and drove them off to the gaol. To see them goin' off, you'd have thought it was to a school treat they were goin', with the laughin' and the singin', and every village they passed through turnin' out to cheer and wish them good luck.

"There was no proper accommodation for them all when they got to the gaol, and the gaoler and the polis were at the telephone ringin' up Dublin with their complaints. The women terrorized the place. They wouldn't do a thing they were told, and they only laughed at the polis and chucked them under the chin. When it got to a dozen of them waylayin' the gaoler and kissin' him one by one, the polis give up altogether. There was no assizes for a month and more, and, when they reckoned out in Dublin that it would cost as much to keep the women in the gaol as all the money that had been paid away, bedad, they let a curse or two and telephoned through to let the whole lot o' them go.

"All except Thady, that is, and the young fella they had for aidin' and abettin' him. The young lad got off with a caution. Thady got eight months, but, when he came out, bedad, you'd have thought it was royalty comin' back to the village: and he'll have all the parlormaids and the cooks and the hairdressers he wants for nothin'—aye, and the massoosie too." ⧻

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A Flight of Fancy

Continued from page 26

broken by loud laughs on the Editor's part—echoed by Mr. Sweeney—and exclamations of "Swell!" "Great!" "Good stuff!")

The Editor: (Putting down the manuscript.) My boy, that's a knockout! Of course I'm a little puzzled about the ending. I mean whether the point is—

Mr. Sweeney: Er, don't you remember what I said about my pieces having a point?

The Editor: Oh yes, of course. How stupid of me. Well, young man, you can consider yourself a contributor to *Anybody's* from now on. I'll just hold the others, and read them later if you don't mind.

Mr. Sweeney: Oh certainly not. No use in rushing things I always say. But now I really *must* be going. Believe me, I just can't thank you enough.

The Editor: Thank *me!* You mean I can't thank *you* enough. (Grasping his hand warmly.) Well, so long, my young find, and be sure and come in and see us soon.

Mr. Sweeney: I will. Don't worry.

(Exit Mr. Sweeney. For a minute or two the Editor glances at the other manuscripts. Suddenly he looks alarmed, and frantically rings for his secretary who enters hurriedly.)

The Editor: Miss Williams, has that fellow gone?

The Secretary: Yes, he just left.

The Editor: Oh my God! That's terrible. He didn't put his name and address on his manuscripts. What am I going to do? How'll we ever get hold of him?

The Secretary: (Calmly.) Don't worry. He just got mine—and my phone number too.

She arranges her hair as the curtain falls swiftly. #

Midsummer Morning

Continued from page 54

brazen impulse, jerked off his heavy field shoes and let them clatter to the floor. In the silence that followed, he visualized her in an attitude of prolonged listening, and sat without moving until the first long sweeps of the well-lathered wash cloth, up and down her thighs, came to him as clearly as if he were in there with her.

He skinned out of his shirt and pants and got into bed, shaking the ancient bed and creaky springs. The scrubbing stopped. Jim came to his elbow and listened carefully. Nothing. Yet he felt that the girl sensed his straining toward her, as much as he sensed hers toward him. Or had he? He heard the wash cloth duck under her arm and out again, followed immediately by a vigorous and audible definition of the young but ample breasts. Had she called to him through the wall, Evangeline couldn't have told him any more.

He began to sweat.

* * *

That was why he had to bring it to a head. Today. This morning, while the old woman was in town. Before she kicked him off the place.

Jim turned the house corner slowly, keeping a watchful eye on the back door. At the pump he went through the motions of filling the jug. On seeing no sign of the girl, he ducked his head under the stream, shook part of the water off and went in for a towel. Evangeline was nowhere about; yet she had been at the window. Slightly perplexed, he went to his room to rub his head dry.

A faint "Oh!" from the open door behind him brought Jim around with a start. Half in, half out of his room, Evangeline stammered, "I—I was going to make the bed." She started to back away.

"It's okay . . . it's okay," he hastened to reassure, "it was pretty hot down there and I thought I'd come up and sluice myself off. . . ." He poured the words out like the very devil to hold her, but she went. At the bureau, he cut a hasty white furrow in his hair, but before going to look for her he took a last look in the mirror, forced himself to brush down a cowlick, murmuring, "Take it easy. Take it easy."

She was sitting in the front room, pretending to read.

From the door, he offered tentatively, "It's nice and cool in here."

Evangeline looked up, started to answer, but nothing came.

Jim tried again. "Too bad you couldn't go last night."

If she agreed, the assent fell below hearing. Her reply seemed directed at the oatmeal-papered wall. But it was something.

Jim went in and sat down beside her. "That's a pretty dress you've got on."

"You like it?"

"I'll say." He caught a ruffle of—voile, was it?—between a thumb and forefinger, and in the gesture brushed her thigh with the back of his hand. She edged away.

The clock struck half-past ten. Eleven-thirty, at the latest, would see Mrs. Tupper back from town. And so far Evangeline hadn't looked directly at him once. That made her tough to figure out. She opened up about as easily as an ice house door.

Jim pointed to the magazine in her lap and asked, "Good story?" The two words were strangely hard to dislodge.

She seemed to be having similar difficulty. "I guess I was just . . . looking at pictures," she giggled, and threw the magazine aside.

Jim draped an arm carelessly along the back of the davenport. As he let it fall by degrees to her shoulders, he weighed her reaction closely. She stiffened perceptibly, but offered no protest. Gradually, Jim pulled her closer.

At last she objected, a stifled gasp. You're mussing me up!"

In answer, he dragged his other hand slowly to the front of her dress. Her fingers tightened about his wrists. When he held firm, she dug in with her nails. Like a cat's. In some ways, she seemed stronger than he. But Jim had been in this spot before. He waited. As Evangeline twisted to get away, she turned toward him and, for a second, lost her balance. He met her head coming up, lips parted and panting, and kissed her hard. Harder as he drew her closer, watching for the instant when her eyes would close and she would go limp in his arms.

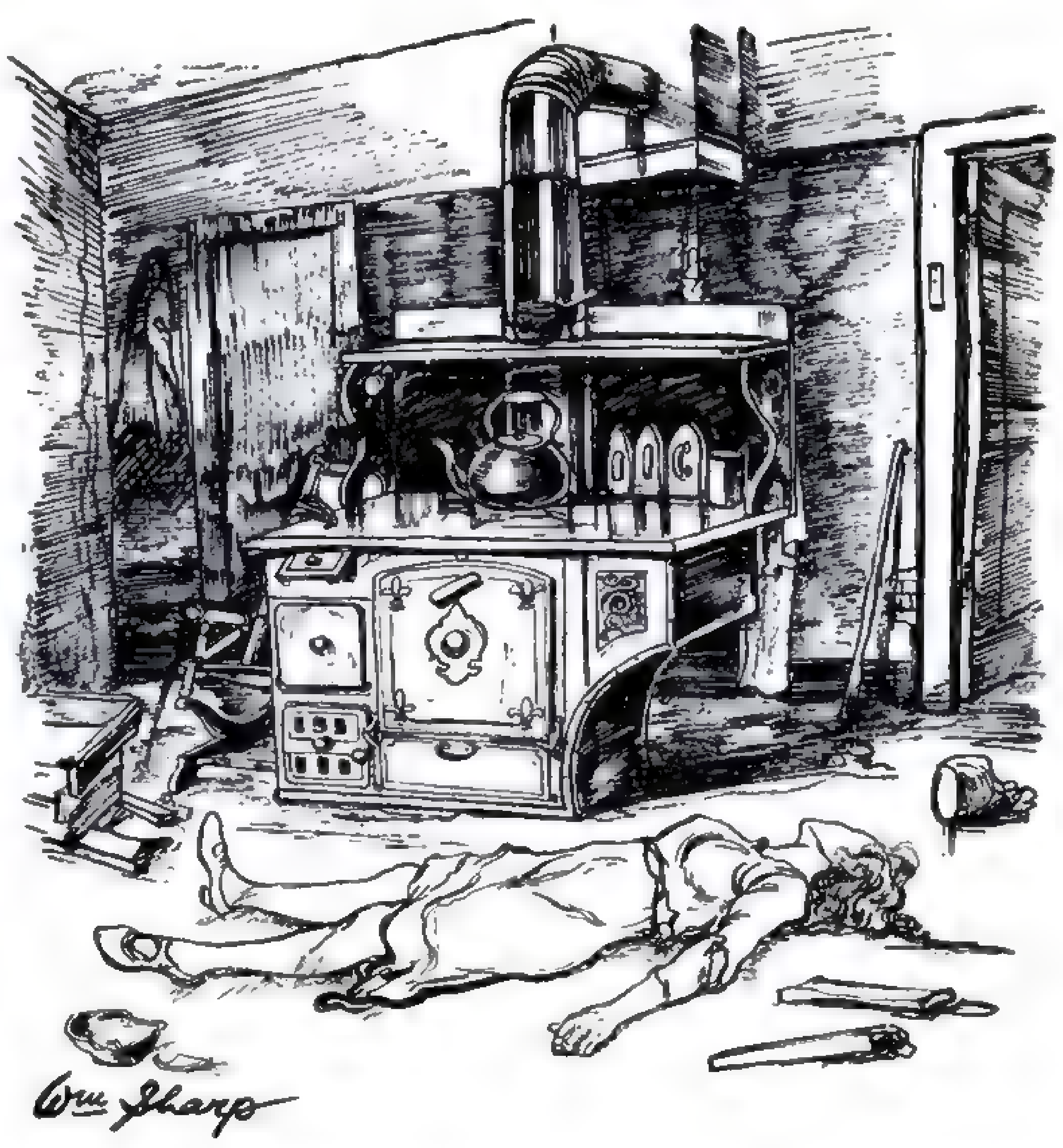
He thought he had her, but she suddenly tensed. Her lids fluttered, and in half-open eyes Jim saw her pupils dilate with belated panic. This real fear he met savagely with an overwhelming torrent of passion. She recoiled, kicking and going for his face with her nails—sobbing, "I hate you! I hate you! Get away from me!"

So that was it? After last night, first on the porch, then in the bathroom. What did she think he was, anyhow?

He tore into her, whistling under his breath, "All right, you asked for it." She needed a good mauling.

They slid to the floor. A small table in the way of Jim's feet went over. The crash brought him a moment of alarm. He must be losing his mind. The thing to do was to get out. Then he realized it was too late to turn back. She'd squawk. A big heifer bragging how she had been attacked.

He winced as a knee jammed into his groin. So she wanted rough stuff! He slammed her down on her back, holding her flat with a shoulder under her chin. He felt her gather for the scream, and clapped a hand over her mouth. She tore it away, but he got it back again. Then her teeth sank into his palm. Deep. The pain crawled along his arm to his elbow Jim had to beat her head against the floor to make her let go.



Somehow, Evangeline got to her feet and ran for the door, shrieking murder. He had to stop her. Anybody passing on the road would run for a shotgun—Jim could see himself staggering off the place with his guts in his hands. He grabbed her around the middle and carried her to the far side of the room. A fine how-do-you-do, this, with the old woman due to drive into the yard any minute.

"For God's sakes, shut up!" he ordered hoarsely, but she screamed louder than ever. He slapped her face, and she went crazy. Nothing did any good.

He had to do it. Only when her knees buckled and her eyes rolled back, leaving the whites showing like a pair of bloodshot bird's eggs under the lids; only then was Evangeline quiet. Jim took his hands from her throat and she slid to the floor. Except for a few black and blue spots to remember him by, he hadn't hurt her. She would come out of it. But before she did, Jim Rich was dusting.

Should he stop to pack? His hesitation, although measurable in seconds, was long enough for the girl to regain consciousness. He heard her get to her feet, raising a howl to the whole world.

She saw him coming, grabbed a flower vase from the table and smashed it across his mouth. Jim barely felt it. Rage stiffened his fingers as he caught her, bubbling, "You bitch . . .!" over and over through lips that were salt-sweet with blood. He choked her, shaking her rapidly with all of his strength and with uncontrollable ferocity, until her head wobbled like an apple. This time, when he put her down, Jim realized dully that Evangeline would scream no more.

Breaking glass in a guy's face. . . . !

His brain was still fogged when the warning scrunch of rubber on the pebbled driveway brought him to. Rigidly alert, he watched Mrs. Tupper get out of the car and come toward the house.

Visions of a posse, of being hunted with dogs, captured, tried and condemned—these came to him. His face froze in resolution. Avoiding the wreckage, Jim tiptoed swiftly across the room and flattened himself against the wall near the door.

Let her come. He would take care of her, too. #

"The sailor's home from the sea"

By land and water—thousands are getting pictures of living beauty with a movie camera

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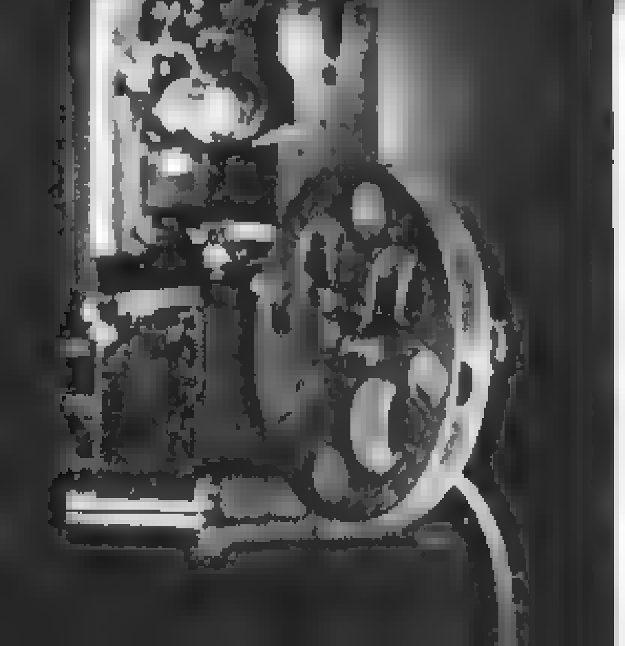

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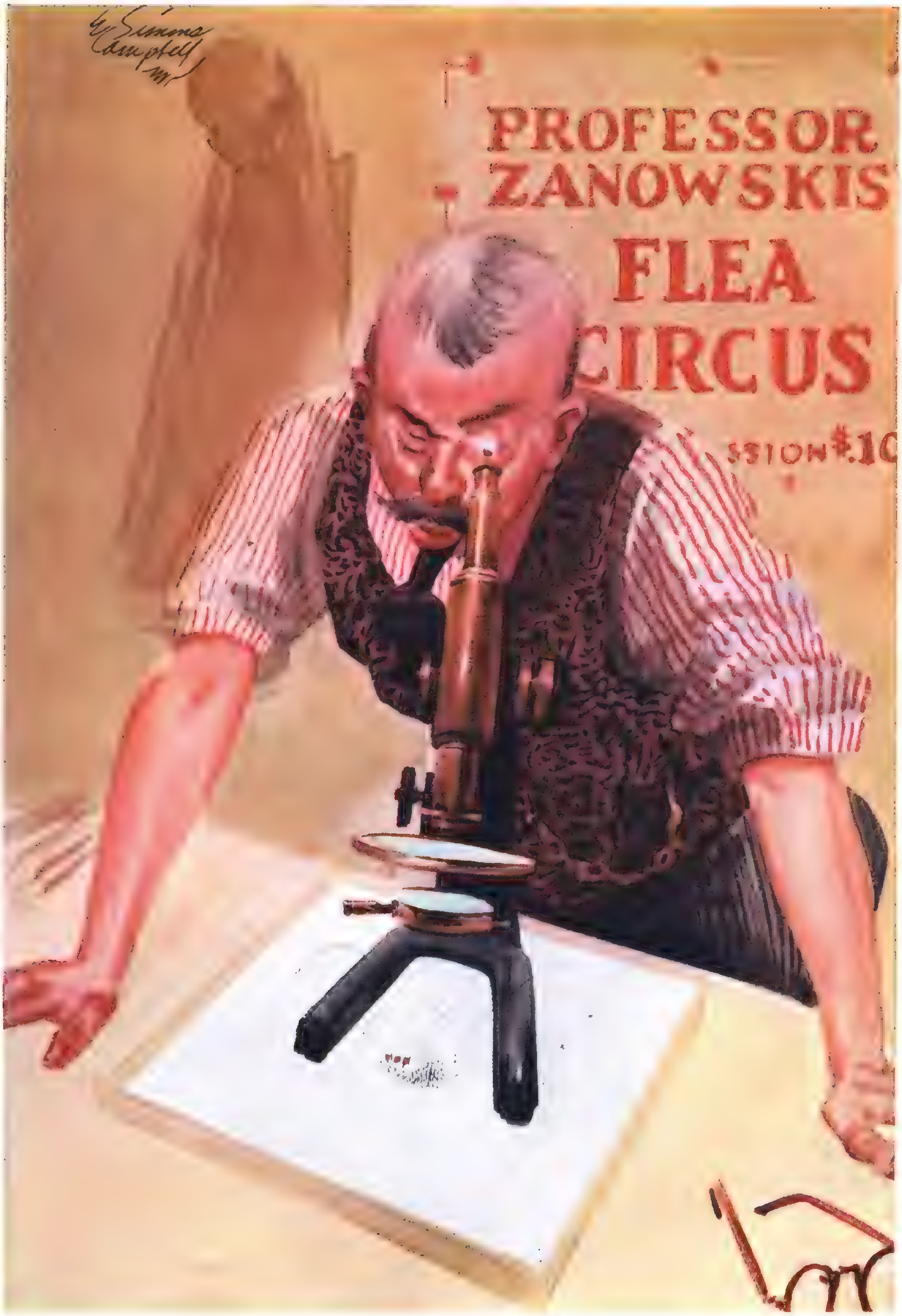
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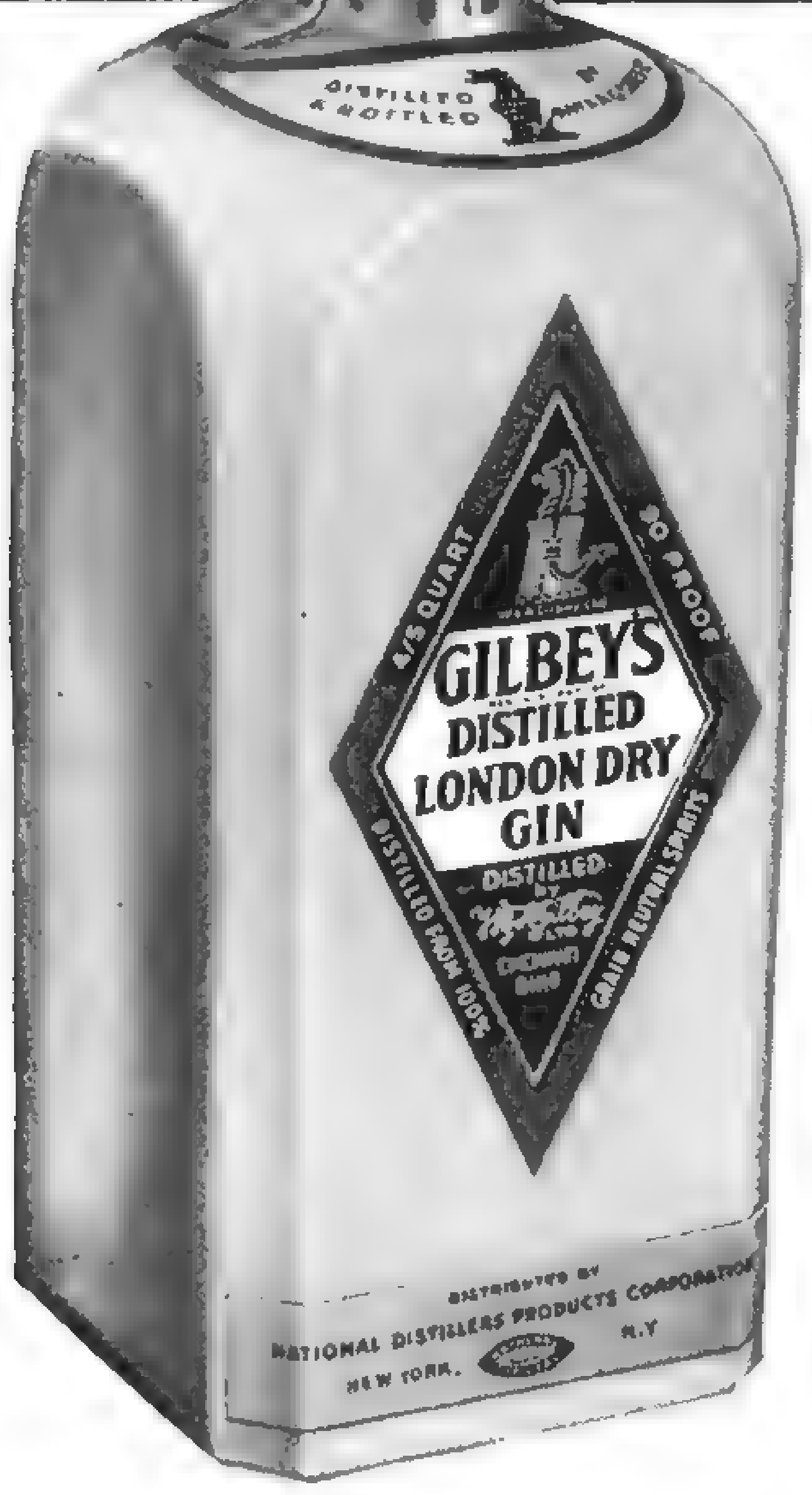
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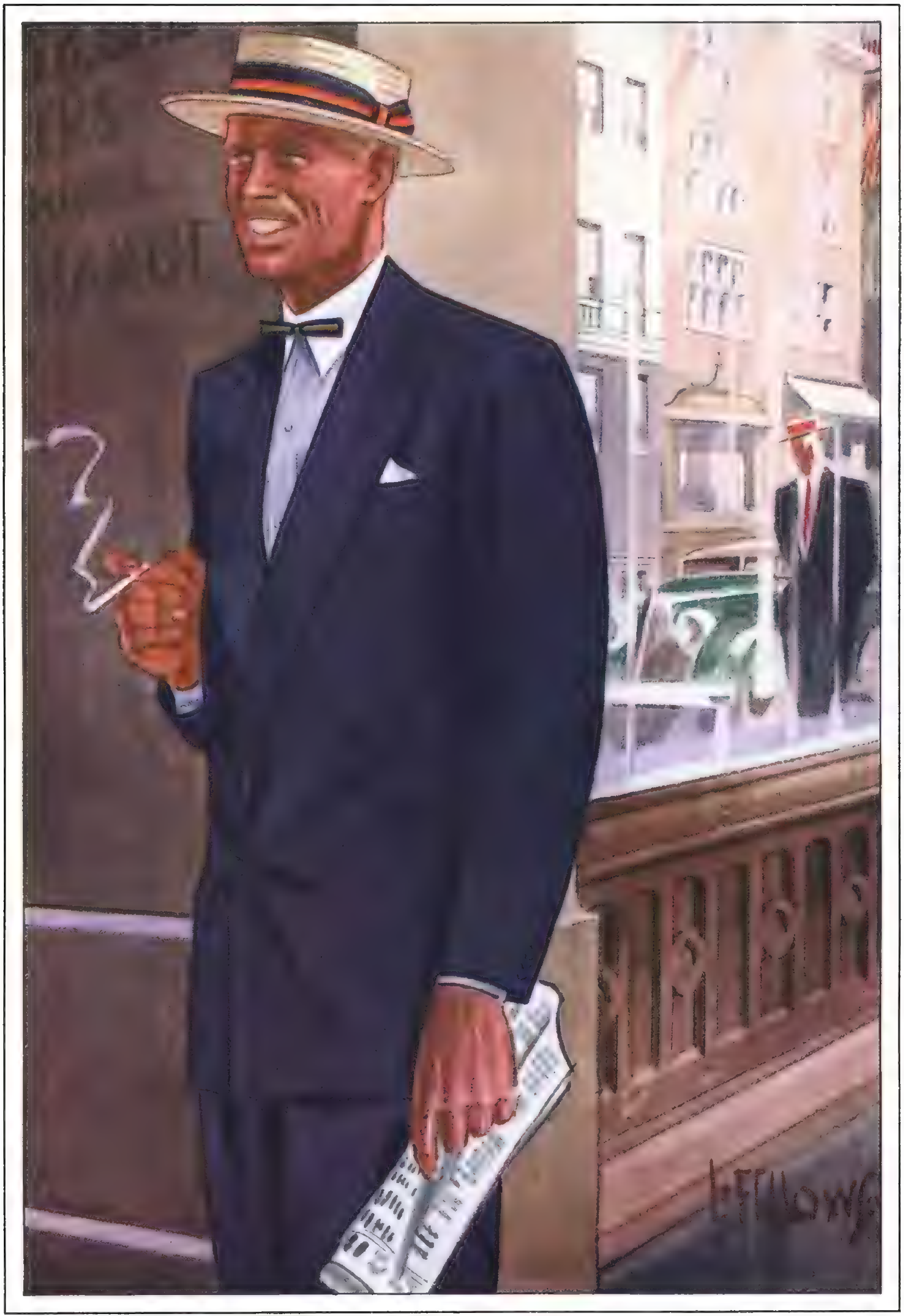

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OUTSMARTING THE WEATHER—1938 EDITION

We know you're literally panting for our latest lowdown on how to wear clothes this summer and still be cool and look smart, especially the former. The suit, of course, is the thing and you can see that this four-button model in self-stripe pattern with long roll lapel is not exactly shabby-looking. Equally to the point, it is made up in a tropical worsted fabric of extremely light weight, it is only half lined and its double breasted cut facilitates the elimination of a waistcoat. The shirt is of lightweight broadcloth with separate semi-starched white collar and soft French cuffs, and the regimental bow tie is in the new ribbon shape. Other visible items are the sennit straw hat with regimental band and the white linen pocket handkerchief. Invisible to the naked eye are the lisle hose which harmonize with the suit and the town model shoes of lightweight brown calf.

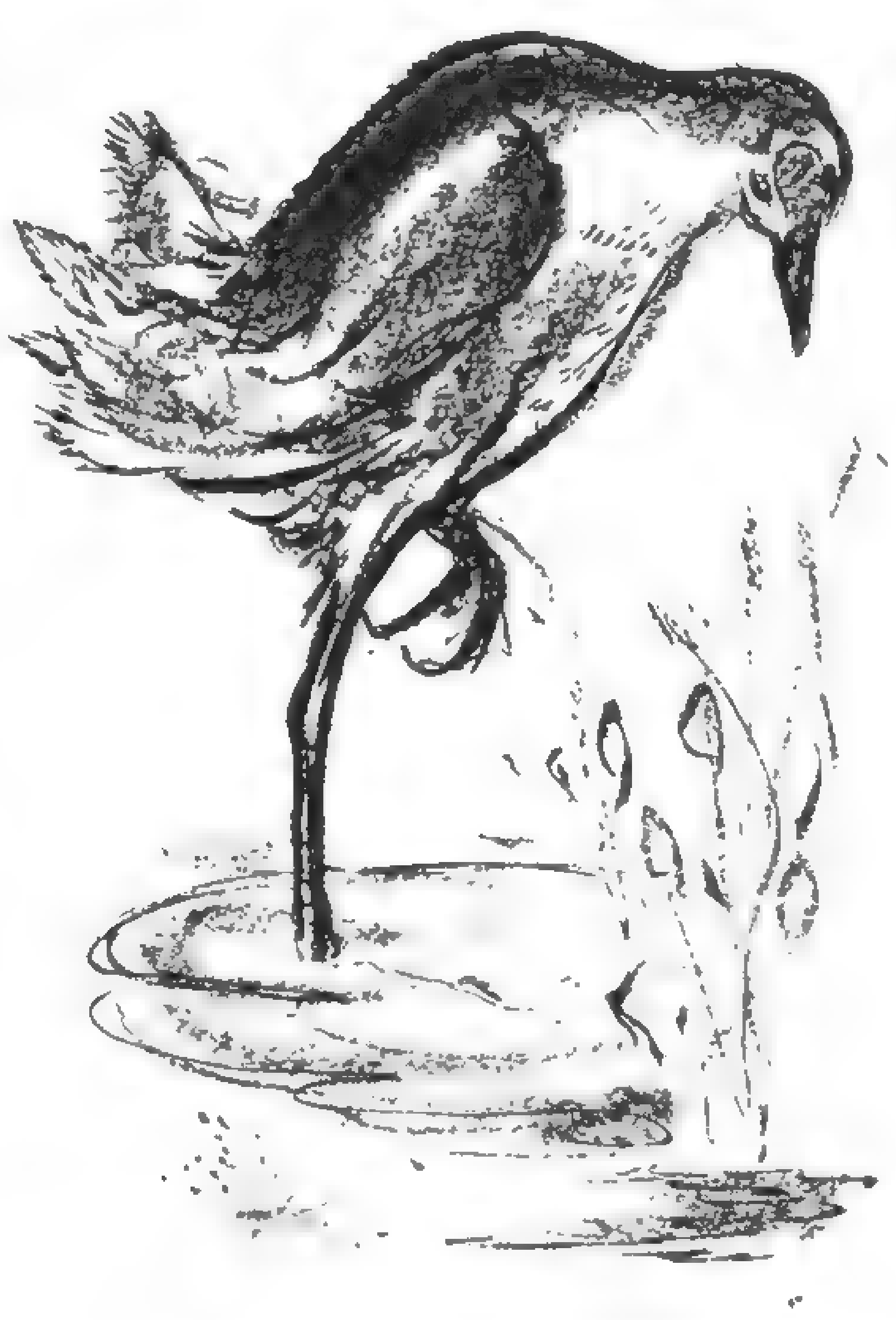
(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Water Hen

Continued from page 59

of spring. The hen felt it on her body. All morning she had felt it, since she found a spot among the reeds where she wanted to lay her eggs. It was when she lay down on some broken reeds and gathered more with her beak around her breast and sides that she felt it. Their harsh dryness against her body started the fever. Now it was more intense, making reaction automatic and indifferent. She was no longer aware of the big cock. She was only aware of the spot among the reeds, where it was exciting to lie down upon the broken dry reeds and turn about and feel their harshness against her. She wanted to abandon herself.

She began to cluck almost inaudibly as she walked slowly along the edge of the lake toward the mud bank. She walked drunkenly, pausing frequently and blinking her eyes. She kept stretching out her neck and bobbing her head, as if she were trying to swallow something big that had stuck in her throat. She raised her wings and fanned her back with them. Her tail feathers moved spasmodically. When she came to the water's edge to wade across the narrow passage to the mud bank, she halted and stared at the water as if afraid of it. Then she suddenly plunged into it and rolled herself from side to side, lying on her belly and fluttering her wings. She ran a little way and rolled herself once more. Then she ran around in a circle, dipping her neck and lashing the water with her wings. Now both cocks watched her excitedly.



The little cock had come forward to the middle of the bank, where he kept running back and forth in a frenzy, afraid to come nearer, his little feet making delicate patterns on the dry mud. The big cock came stepping arrogantly to the edge of the lake, clucking angrily. He paused now and again on one leg, thrust out his breast and shook his comb. He paid no attention to the hen that was madly thrashing about in the water. He was warning the little cock not to approach. The latter, however, did not heed these threats. He was made bold by the distance and by the hen's mating dance in the water. He called to her frantically.

Then she stood up in the water, tidied herself and waded hurriedly to the bank, with her head lowered meekly. Losing all fear of his rival, the little cock ran into the water to meet her. This time she did not turn from him. She kept moving at the same pace until she reached the bank, while he danced about her, exactly as she herself had done. The big cock now uttered a shrill cry and came scurrying across the water towards them. The little cock, roused to valor by his apparent conquest, abandoned the hen and turned to meet the enemy. He set himself and charged head foremost before the big cock could steady himself. The big cock fell and the little one leaped on him, striking him with beak, wings and feet. The hen, as if nothing were happening, walked on quickly until she came to the reeds. She went in among them and lay down in the rough nest she had gathered that morning. Then she raised her neck, turned her head to one side and listened to the noise of the battle. She shuddered with delight.

It was cool here among the tall reeds. As the cocks cried and their wings swished in the charge, she felt the rough, dry reeds press against her and the fever mounted into ecstasy. Suddenly there was no more sound and she started anxiously, half raising herself. She listened in agony for some seconds. Then she heard a strident clucking at a distance. It was repeated several times, growing more distant. Then it faded away completely and there was silence. Unable to bear the torture of waiting, she got fully to her feet and strained her neck. She heard a faint, angry cluck near-by and she sat down suddenly. Now she trembled and closed her eyes, with her neck drawn down into her back, pretending to hide. The clucking approached, short and sharp. He was calling her. She made no answer. Now there was the sound of feet and the light brushing of a body passing through the reeds.

She could contain her curiosity no longer. She raised herself, turned her head and saw that it was the big cock which was coming for her. His head was bleeding and some of his feathers were hanging loose. She stood up fully and uttered a cry of pretended fear. He saw her, arched his wings and rushed towards her, clucking amorously. She pretended to run from him, farther into the reeds. But she only went a little way and then lowered her head and waited for him. ⧺

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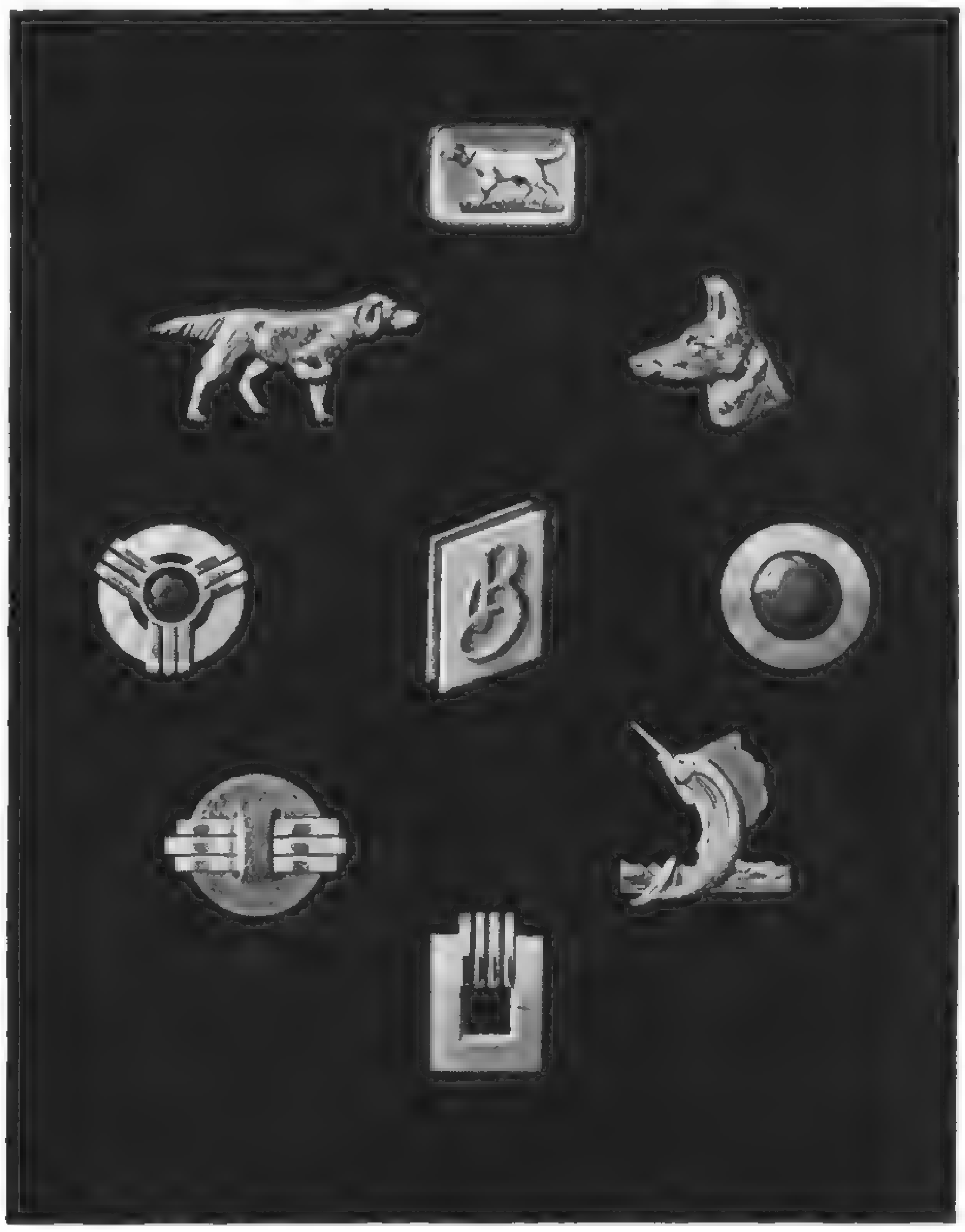

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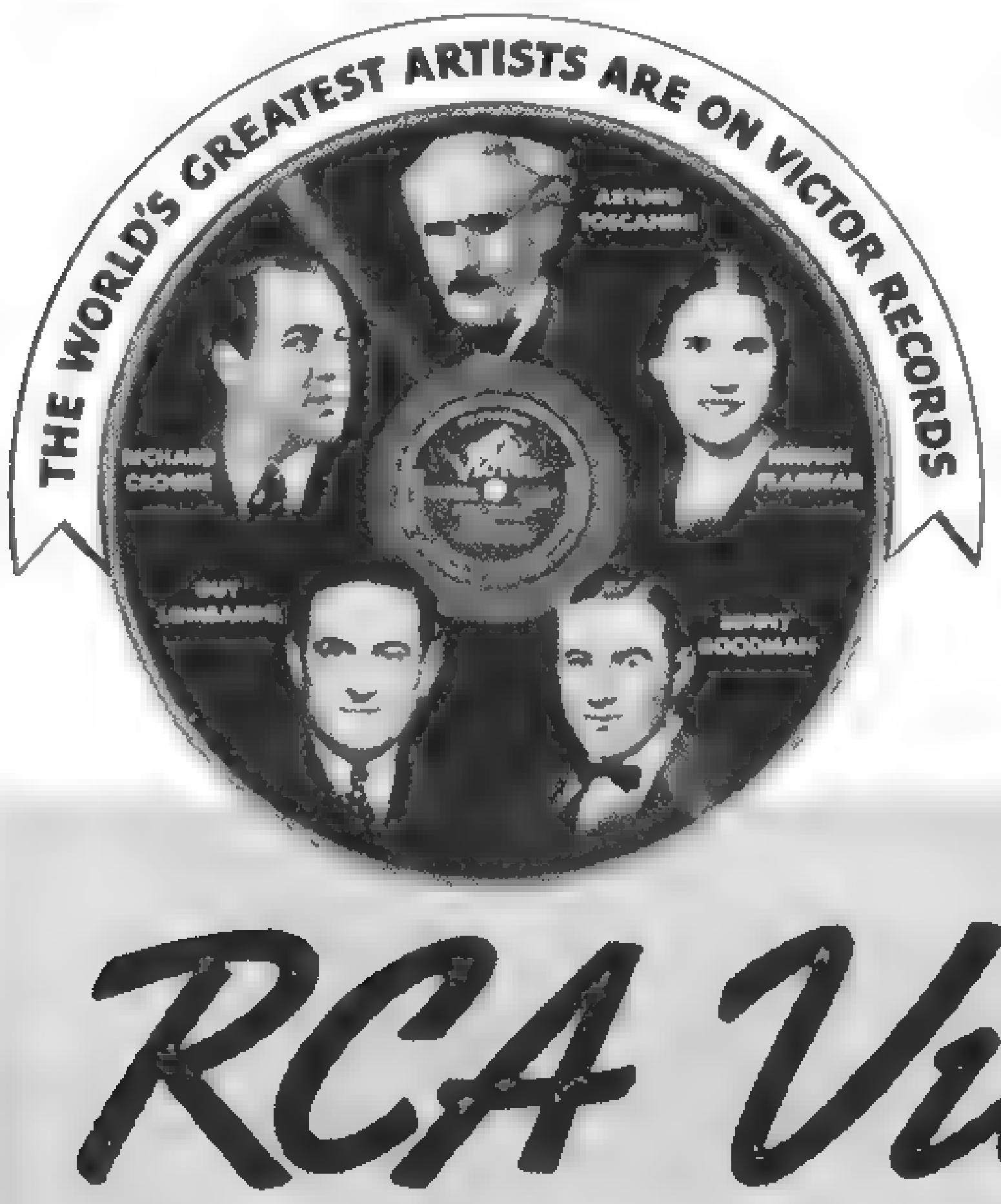

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• RECORDS •

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The other week end I visited my fraternity house. There in the smoke-filled library a dozen undergraduates were lounging in their pajamas. I caught my breath as I passed by. It wasn't *I Married An Angel.* It was the *St. Matthew Passion* recorded by Koussevitzky and the Boston forces. Such music, I am told, is the rule in college dormitories East and West. It takes its place—as it should—alongside the music of our day, as created by Benny Goodman, Andre Kostelanetz, Tommy Dorsey, Leo Reisman, "Fats" Waller, *et al.*

Opera, chamber music, symphony and vocal record clubs exist in off-the-road communities. One Pennsylvania mining town has a formal gramophone concert every Friday evening with a hundred in attendance. Records are in demand today as never before. If you spend an hour near any metropolitan record counter and watch businessmen, lawyers, doctors, preachers, plumbers (incidentally, eighty per cent of record sales are to men) packing off album after album, you will see that dance, swing, and all so-called popular records represent less than one-fourth the total with classical recordings on the up and up every month.

For an unexplained though obvious reason, the taste of the record-buying public is leagues ahead of that which suffocates in the concert hall. The discs pioneer for contemporary music . . . and the discs alone make known masterpieces of the 15th and 16th centuries. Such divergent talents as Sibelius and Milhaud, Delius and Hugo Wolf . . . such unique treasures as des Pres' *Ave Coelorum Domina,* Jannequin's *Chant des Oiseaux,* and Monteverdi's *Lagrime d'amante al sepolcro dell' amata* came to life by aid of the gramophone. It made Mozart available to a world that knows too little of him.

Of course, there are variables to separate the record-reviewer from his readers. There is the place where you listen, the acoustics of your room. Second, the age and type of machine, the quality of its sounding board and loud-speaker —sometimes I think no two are identical. Third, the needle you use.

You can pay two dollars for a single needle or you can have one hundred for ten cents. Some have oil-soaked points. Others are washed with soap. They are available in steel, tungsten, chromium, kacti, prickly-pear thorn, and sapphire. They come in top-hats, are shadow-graphed, called Permo-points and everything in the thesaurus.

In time we'll have something to say about them, and other mysteries, such as why records should be priced according to the amount of wax used instead of according to the quality of the interpretation. Why should Jeritza charge two dollars for singing Brunnhilde's *Ho-Jo-To-Ho* (Victor 7268) when Flagstad gives it to us (V1726) for one-fifty? Why should Stokowski ask and get ten dollars for recording the Brahms *Fourth* (Victor M-785) when Bruno Walter and the B. B. C. Symphony do it (Victor M-242) for seven-fifty? Or why should John McCormack and Richard Crooks want a dollar-fifty for *The Rosary* when Nelson Eddy sings it for a buck?

We'll have other *why's* and *when's.* —For example, *when* are the scientists and business moguls going to let us hear full symphonies and operas recorded on film? But, for the moment, we'll list some recent records we like to have around. ⧺

BEST SELLERS

Permanent	*Transient*
Gramophone Shop, New York	
Symphony in G minor, K-550 (Mozart); Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia 316	*Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* (Walt Disney's Film). Victor 25735-25737
Excerpts from Parsifal (Wagner); Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M421	*Week-End of a Private Secretary; Please Be Kind;* Red Norvo and his Orchestra. Brunswick 8088
Norma (Bellini); Complete Opera with Gina Cigna, Eve Stignani, Transcredit Pasero, conducted by Vittorio Gui. Decca	*Ti-Pi-Tin; Please Be Kind;* Benny Goodman and his Orchestra. Victor 25814
Lyon & Healy, Chicago	
Ah, Perfido! (Beethoven, op. 65); Kirsten Flagstad with Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M439	*Ah So Pure* (Martha); *Home on the Range;* Connie Boswell with Bob Crosby's Bob Cats. Decca 1600
Excerpts from Siegfried (Wagner); Synthesis by Leopold Stokowski and Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M441	*I'll Dream Tonight; Cowboy from Brooklyn;* Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra. Victor 25832
Symphony No. 6 in F major, Pastoral (Beethoven, op. 68); Arturo Toscanini and the B. B. C. Symphony. Victor M417	*Feelin' High and Happy; I Let a Song Go Out of my Heart;* Benny Goodman and His Orchestra. Victor 25840
G. Schirmer, New York	
Ah, Perfido (Beethoven, op. 65); Kirsten Flagstad with Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M439	*Love Walked In; The Moon of Manakoora;* Leo Reisman and His Orchestra. V25790
Symphony No. 6 in F major, Pastoral (Beethoven, op. 68); Arturo Toscanini and the B. B. C. Symphony. Victor M417	*Please Be Kind; Moments Like This;* Maxine Sullivan. V25802
Excerpts from Parsifal (Wagner); Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M421	*The Donkey Serenade; Giannina Mia;* from *The Firefly;* Allan Jones. V4380

Garner—FDR's Friend and Foe

Continued from page 25

He argued against intervention in Cuba in 1933. The President asked on this occasion:

"But suppose an American citizen is killed?"

Garner replied:

"I would want to see who the American citizen was."

Secondly, he was the most forceful influence against Rexford Guy Tugwell's proposal to buy up all the delinquent farm lands of the country and operate them under a Planned Economy for the unemployed.

But the wishful thinking of the Conservatives which represented him by turns as being unhappy and a restraining influence, jumped eagerly to reports of friction when in the Summer of 1937 he got wrought up about sit-down strikes and economy. He importuned Roosevelt to do something to get the sit-downers out of the plants, and when Roosevelt said it couldn't be done without bloodshed, he ejaculated:

"Then Mr. President, John L. Lewis is a bigger man than you."

With that he returned to the Capitol and got his friend, Senator Byrnes of South Carolina, to introduce a resolution condemning the strikes. Although it was somewhat toned down before passage, it served to express the Senate's disapproval. About this time Roosevelt asked Congress to give him discretionary authority to reduce any government department's appropriation by ten per cent. Garner and Byrnes didn't think this economy gesture was sincere, so Byrnes inspired by Garner, made a fight for a mandatory reduction of fifteen per cent. They lost this but succeeded in holding down the year's relief appropriation.

The President had precipitated the Supreme Court issue in February but contrary to published reports, it did not anger Garner. He had no feeling on the question of Supreme Court reform one way or the other. He did become disgusted when it developed that the issue was splitting the party and Roosevelt would brook no compromise. And the opposition took considerable comfort from his wisecracks in the Senate cloakroom.

Some writers began putting his attitude on sit-down strikes and economy and his wisecracks about the Supreme Court bill together to build up stories that he was leading the Conservative revolt against Roosevelt. So in midsummer he packed up his baggage and returned to Uvalde, Texas, to fish. He went to Roosevelt and explained that if he remained in Washington these stories would spread to the detriment of the party. Roosevelt agreed.

Garner was called back when Senator Joe Robinson died suddenly, and he came back in a belligerent mood. Both factions of the fight had gone to Robinson's funeral on a special train. Garner boarded it at Little Rock after the funeral, pushed a button for the porter and ordered:

"Boy, bring me some *crik* water."

He brought out his bottle, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and called the embattled senators to him one by one.

When he arrived in Washington he went direct to the White House and reported to Roosevelt that his Supreme Court plan was beaten, no need to beat around the bush about it, it was beaten. Roosevelt told him to take charge of the situation and do the best he could.

He returned to the Capitol, called in Senator Burton K. Wheeler, leader of the opposition, learned Wheeler was in no mood to compromise, and said abruptly:

"All right, Burt, write your own ticket. Let's get it over with."

A few days after the matter had been settled the Leftists decided they had been rushed off their feet and they began telling Roosevelt that Garner had double-crossed him, that the situation was not as bad as Garner had represented it. Stories to this effect and also representing Roosevelt as feeling bitter towards him appeared in the Washington gossip columns over a period of two weeks. Observers, experienced in the way "poison" is spread in Washington to play upon the prejudices and vanities, wondered whether Roosevelt would have Garner in for a visit to offset these reports. Roosevelt made no gesture and Garner finally called on him to complain:

"Chief," he said in effect, "we shouldn't permit these fellows to build up a cleavage between us in the public eye."

To his amazement, Roosevelt replied testily, indicating he thought there was some basis for the stories. As a result when Congress adjourned a few weeks later Garner left town without even telling Roosevelt good-bye. He had told his friends that never again would he tell Roosevelt a thing.

When Congress returned for an extra session in November, not only Garner but Senator Pat Harrison and to a lesser extent, the House leaders had become determined that henceforth they would have to have a more prominent part in the President's councils. They went to him in what might be called a "laying down the law" mood and insisted that in the future Son Jimmy, Tommy Corcoran and other so-called presidential emissaries must stay away from the Capitol, that they caused misunderstanding and confusion. The leaders, instead, would call at the White House at stated periods and programs and policies would be worked out in the happy family. Roosevelt agreed and Garner went back to the Capitol to tell the more bitter senators that "the Boss is going to be all right from now on." He counseled teamwork.

But as winter came on, those intangible forces over which neither man has any control, began to operate. Garner was frequently represented in print and in gossip as the strong man at Washington, the Conservative influence who could be relied upon, the man who would keep Roosevelt in check. Naturally, the Leftists would cite these reports to Roosevelt for the effect they might have on him. Rumors to the effect that Roosevelt was in bad health circulated all over the country and they were intensified when he went to bed with an ailing tooth. When he got up to go on a Southern fishing cruise in December, rumors circulated that he had told Garner to "take over the government, I can't get things straightened out."

While he was away on this trip an inspiration came to a high Conservative influence that it would be splendid to have Garner photographed shouldering a deer to show what a strong, virile man he was. Garner gladly accepted the resultant invitation for a deer hunt in Pennsylvania and was duly portrayed with a deer over his shoulders. He thought it was just an ordinary news picture. It did not occur to him that there was any propaganda behind it.

Many days later when Garner and several senatorial associates sat down to a deer feast Roosevelt wrote a letter to the gathering suggesting that it was really a cow that Garner had killed. Although he was kidding he knew the significance of the deer-killing episode. In the same mood Garner let it be known that he had to have a tooth pulled, too. So deeply was he in sympathy with the President, he chided, that he had had a sympathetic toothache.

Some of Roosevelt's friends think Garner is responsible for the defeat of the reorganization bill. After the Senate had passed its bill, Garner made a ruling which necessitated its going back to the full House membership where it was known it would encounter trouble. The House had previously passed a skeleton bill and Roosevelt's lieutenants wanted the Senate measure to go to conference where only three or five House conferees would have to pass upon it. However, one of Garner's closest friends, Senator Byrnes, led the fight for the bill and another Garner ally, Pat Harrison, voted for it. Parliamentarians say Garner could have made no other ruling than he did.

The most recent reports of friction concern Roosevelt's new spending program. Garner told him that he thought the country needed to be let alone for awhile. He gave an allegory picturing the cowboys, after riding the cattle hard, as letting them alone to fatten up. When, after it appeared in a newspaper, Roosevelt took him to task in a tone as if to ask "what sort of friendship is that?" Garner retorted that he had not seen the correspondent who printed the story in several months. This was true. Garner had told in the Senate cloakroom of his conversation with Roosevelt and one of the senators unfriendly to the President, had told the newspaperman. This is an example of how difficult it is for the men to get along. Unless Garner is prepared to be a sphinx, his every worthwhile utterance will find its way into print.

Roosevelt knew that Garner was against his spending program. But what got his goat was the thought that Garner would repeat the allegory of letting the cattle fatten up to a newspaperman.

Of apparent significance is the fact that Roosevelt is now much more sensitive over reports of a split between him and his vice-president. Last summer the sensitivity was all on Garner's side. Roosevelt didn't know Garner had the influence he has turned out to have.

On every public or semi-public occasion at which they both appear their heads are close together most of the time and they frequently burst into laughter at one or the other's jokes. It's genuine, too.

It is ironic that the man whom the Conservatives insist upon making their symbol now was the one to bear the brunt of the Republican attack in 1932. In their early strategy of that campaign, the managers decided that charges of radicalism could not be made to stick on Roosevelt. He was cultured, an aristocrat. Garner was the wild and woolly man out of the West. It was an approach similar to that made against the Davis-Bryan ticket in 1924. John W. Davis was conservative, the Republicans admitted, but "Brother Chas." as they called the brother of William Jennings Bryan—he was a radical.

The attack shocked Garner and it hurt him to the core. He could not for the life of him see how Republicans who had known him, who had associated with him, how Republican colleagues in the House where he had been a buddy of Nicholas Longworth, could even in the bitterness of a campaign call him radical. He was so hurt the Democratic managers had difficulty getting him to appear in the campaign.

The attack was based on his conduct during the eight months he was speaker of the House from December, 1931 to the middle of July, 1932. As a minority leader he was not nationally known, not even generally known in Texas. Catapulted into the national spotlight when Hoover lost control of Congress, his hectic record defies analysis. With Congress in confusion he quickly brought about order and set out to co-operate with Hoover. The Conservatives applauded loudly and acclaimed him as the man of the moment. He forthwith announced that the budget had to be balanced and that a sales tax was the thing to

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Garner—FDR's Friend and Foe

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balance it with. The Conservatives cheered again and his Presidential boom was launched—all in the period of a few weeks.

The contract of a Hearst writer was expiring and wanting an idea for the boss and admiring Garner, this writer persuaded the San Simeon sage to come to Garner's support.

But when he came out for the sales tax, the "Little Flower" Fiorello LaGuardia, then in Congress, led a revolt against him. Garner dropped the sales tax, turned completely around and walked in the opposite direction. In no time the radicals were cheering and the Conservatives were groaning.

In quick succession he sponsored a bill for cash payment of the bonus, a straight-out currency inflation bill and the greatest pork barrel grab the country had known up to that time. With the Senate and House wrangling about relief he sat up one night and whipped together a bill carrying an appropriation of $2,300,000,000 and so arranged that every member of the House would get some of the money for his district. Naturally the bill was quickly passed. The Senate held it up and straightened it out.

By nature, though, he is thrifty. And he is an expert on governmental finance. As a member of the House Ways and Means Committee he used to cause Andy Mellon constant worry. Wealthy, his philosophy is that of a squire. He doesn't like Wall Street and he doesn't like Big Business. But he does want to let the cattle fatten up before the government goes riding them again. #

Battle of the Century

Continued from page 51

modern fighter, and he was wont to make pointed remarks comparing the sissified ten- and fifteen-round championship of today to the twenty-five- and fifty-round marathons of his time. His manner toward Johnson was far from cordial, and yet not pointedly unfriendly.

How the feud began I cannot say, although I have it on fairly unreliable report that one night a wag in the audience asked Sharkey how he thought he would have stacked up against Johnson, and that Sharkey's surprised and annoyed retort was not what might have been expected from a colleague and fellow artist. At any rate, I do know that the wrestlers, with the whimsy that characterizes their profession, took up the cry. Almost as if delegated by lot, some one of the stable would approach Tom each day and ask him what he thought his chances would have been and would be against Johnson, and soon, although it wasn't as much fun ribbing the pleasant mannered black man, they began to ask Johnson, too. Sharkey couldn't take the harmless drollery, and reacted like a baited bull. He got so that he would snort and fume whenever Johnson's name was mentioned.

It was not long before the entire show was playing the game, and the boys would lay bets among themselves as to how many seconds it would take Sharkey to bump the stratosphere. Johnson, too, began to exhibit signs of strain, for some of the boys who devoted all their spare time to carrying tales were none too scrupulous as to what they whispered in his coal-black ear. Even Barry joined in the fun.

One day it was settled. Sharkey had reached the stage where he was willing, nay, eager, to fight Johnson any time, any place, anywhere. Johnson, although pretty warm beneath the chin by this time, never did seem over-anxious to go through with it, but could not, of course, withdraw with honor. Rubber-eared and ring-scarred heralds bore the tidings and date from camp to camp, and it was decided that the test of supremacy would take place on the following Saturday, as the feature of the evening program. It was a tough week for Sharkey, for he was tearing chunks from the bit, and when his path crossed Johnson's he would barely respond to the other's still genial, "Mornin'," or, "Evenin', Mistah Shahkey." Neither deigned to train for the bout in any way, but for tottering ancients, as fighters go, they were both in excellent condition.

That Saturday was quite literally the biggest washout of the Exposition. Beginning about six o'clock in the morning it rained steadily all day, and the few sightseers who splashed through the midway must have led very unhappy home lives. The paid attendance at the Garden that night could not have covered the cost of the electricity used to light the arena for the evening. There were just barely enough ducks clustered about the ring to necessitate a show, so the boxers and wrestlers listlessly pawed and clowned through their routines. Barry and Coulon were more than willing to postpone the fight to some later and more prosperous date, but neither of the opponents would conceivably have allowed themselves to be the first to suggest or even agree to a postponement. Besides, the rank and file athletes, incensed because the meager attendance had disrupted the day-long poker and crap festival, were eager for the fray.

And so, with due pomp and circumstance, and to applause that was both vociferous and puny, the fight went on as scheduled. Sharkey entered the ring first, wearing his faded old blue robe and trunks, a powerful, if paunchy, bear of a man. His brown hairy legs were limned against the canvas like young trees, and his arms and shoulders seemed still to carry their ancient brawn. He was a tough-looking customer, all right, with his jellied ears, furrowed brow, and heavy underslung chin. Even his beer-belly could not mar the picture of brute strength. In contrast, Johnson was almost unmarked, and, unlike the other's hirsute coat, his black hide was sleek and shiny. Of course, he too, exhibited a protruding tummy.

They shook hands, and went to it. The first round was quite a gentlemanly affair. Sharkey wore his habitual warlike scowl, but his initial blows seemed to carry no lethal intent. Johnson came out with his sunrise smile, which, incidentally, he did not discard throughout the battle. Johnson's style was peculiarly his own: grab and jab, grab and jab. With one black tentacle in a loving embrace about the other's neck or shoulder, his other arm would flick out like a snake's fangs and caress Sharkey's features. Johnson had another trick of grabbing his opponent's right elbow, gently shoving him off balance, and then bringing across his own right. He was ambidextrous at it, too. And although Sharkey did not try too hard at first, as the seconds fled by his inability to land a punch perturbed him. Near the end of the round he was crouching lower and rushing a great deal more violently, but with little success. When the round ended, Johnson was still cool and relaxed, but Sharkey was already breathing rapidly.

The second round was a humdinger. Sharkey was very mad, and from the gong he inaugurated a series of thundering bull-like rushes, bent almost double, his arms flailing the air in all directions. Johnson was caught by surprise, for several of Sharkey's blows bounced off his face and body, and he received a vigorous pounding along the ribs and back in the first clinch. Thereafter, still smiling broadly, he was on the *qui vive.* Contrasting with Sharkey's crouch and rapid, if heavy, footwork, his stance was upright, his long black arms weaving in and out like antennae, his flat feet shuffling smoothly along the canvas, generally in a backward direction. Like a bull deluded in the maze of the veronica, Sharkey would plunge in, meet the gentle deflecting tug of Johnson's paw, find himself facing an empty ring, veer, and pound off in pursuit of the black shadow. Pressing angrily, fiercely, he attempted to force Johnson into the corners, and when he succeeded from sheer force and bulk it was a beautiful thing to see Johnson weave like a metronome, penetrate the whirlwind with snaky arm and glove, and escape. And when the boys connected there was a satisfyingly robust crack of leather on flesh, and neither of them was funning.

In the third and final round, Sharkey tossed aside what little science he had ever possessed. Thundering across the ring, he threw punches from all angles and directions, including the floor, blindly flinging haymakers that might miraculously land and bring about the knockout he craved. It was all too simple for Johnson to sidestep and duck the viciously whistling but wild blows. In the silence of the arena you could hear the contrasting thump and shuffle of their feet, and Sharkey's grunting and wheezing as he floundered in the ebony web. Johnson, the upper part of his body oscillating in the fluttery nervous motion that was individually his, was fighting a purely defensive battle, and it was almost pathetic to see his craft delude and befuddle the panting bewildered Sharkey.

When the round was over, Johnson seemed hardly less fresh than when the fight had begun, but Sharkey had put in a rather strenuous twelve minutes, and was a pretty tired boy. Barry held a consultation with himself, and the bout was "officially" declared a draw. The fighters shook hands, and the audience was cordially invited to go home.

But the incident was not closed for Sharkey, for he was rather broken up by the outcome of the affair. In gloomy majesty, he waited until Johnson had finished his ablutions before he entered the shower room, and it was more than two weeks before he was sufficiently recovered from his pique to talk to Johnson at all.

It was rather childish on Sharkey's side to take the thing so much to heart, for the fight proved nothing, not even the superiority of boxer over slugger. Both men were long past their primes, and Johnson was a good deal younger than the ill-fated ex-navy. Too, the brevity of the distance lessened whatever significance the bout may have possessed, for some may claim that over a longer route Sharkey (if still able to navigate) might have tagged a bored and careless Johnson, and rocked him to sleep. Also, the roof might have fallen in. But these are but vain tergiversations. Twenty or thirty years ago, if time could have been rearranged to suit the boxing fan's heart's desire, a fight between Sharkey and Johnson could easily have been the battle of the century. But in 1934 it was, at best, a battle of ghosts, an echo of what might have been.

It may seem to some that I have been unfair to one of the fighters. I carry no brief for the black race; I have reported the fight as I saw it, and if Sharkey doesn't like it, let him sue me. #

Micropterus—America's Game Fish

Continued from page 41

weather is warm, the bass content themselves by swimming around near the bottom in the deepest pools along the river, or in the holes below the rapids. By fishing a wet-fly (one that sinks underneath the surface) and adding a silver finished spinner it is possible to attract bass. The lure should be cast well into the pool and retrieved at a medium speed either across the pool or toward the edge of the rapids. When the fish strikes the lure in deep water there is a sharp tug, then a vicious pull. After that it is well to be prepared for a real sight, for the fish usually shoots for the surface and leaps clear of the waters, its glittering sides quivering in the sunlight. They appear to dance momentarily on the tips of their tails, then with a splash and swirl they disappear into the whirling waters of the darkened pool.

Your rod bends and vibrates, your line cuts the waters like a knife, and the gurgle of the flowing rapids is obliterated by the pounding of your heartbeats. The bass bores deeper and deeper, then stops. But in a second he is again on a rampage and in a whirling motion he breaks through the surface again and cups himself for a spinning dive that strains the tackle and causes you to fear he might break away. But eventually you manage to work the bass within reach of your landing net and the sight of the gasping fish in the mesh is one of the most glorious that we know, for it signifies that you have won the battle and chalked up another for the pan.

While we prefer to take all our bass on artificial lures and flies when possible, we are aware that conditions sometimes make it necessary to alter the general methods of angling. Black bass are finicky fish at their best. They are moody. There are times when they refuse to strike the most tantalizing tidbit offered them. On other occasions they strike freely—and at almost anything from a wooden plug to a cigar stub. As a rule the bass is no sulker, but Lord help the fisherman when he is. Nothing can move him when he desires to lie still and pout. That's why it is necessary to vary the methods of angling for him.

One of the most deadly baits we know of during late August and through September is the small green meadow frog and a spinner. He will take a small minnow, too, but the frog is usually the best. Either the river or lake bass will gobble all the frogs you toss them, and they also relish a crawfish during mid-summer when the weather is warm and they feed deep.

A world of fun can be had by taking large-mouth bass on a floating bass-bug. The best time to use a lure of this kind is at dusk and early in the evening. Row as silently as possible along the shore line where the lily pads and rushes are thick. Cast the artificial bass-bug close to the water vegetation, permitting it to land upon the surface with a light "spat." Let the lure remain motionless for a few moments, then by a couple of twitches of the rod tip cause it to perform like a natural bug attempting to regain its power of flight. If nothing happens, draw the bug slowly across the waters for a few feet, then permit it to lie still again. Repeat the operation over and over again until the lure is close enough to the boat for another cast. The mistake many fly-rod fishermen make when using a bass-bug is fishing it too rapidly. A natural bug which falls into the waters usually is in a stunned condition after striking and it lies perfectly still before attempting to make a getaway. That's the theory of fishing the bass-bug in a similar way.

Both large- and small-mouth black bass love to stalk their prey. A large-mouth bass will lie directly underneath a large lily pad for a long time stalking a frog that is content to sit silently on top of another near-by pad in quest of mosquitoes and flies. Immediately when the frog hops off the pad and into the waters the bass makes a quick dart for him and in a jiffy the unfortunate amphibian is swallowed and safely tucked into the stomach of the fish.

Such habits of the bass telegraph another good idea in angling for them. Cast the artificial bass-bug or frog upon a lily pad and permit it to rest there a minute or so, then jerk it off into the water. Be ready for the strike, because the fish comes with plenty of speed and will tear up the lily stems after feeling the prick of the hook. Hold the rod high so that the bass cannot swim into the maze of lily stems and weeds where he is almost certain to tangle your line. Work the fish over the surface to clearer waters before giving him line.

I like to cast a weedless lure over the lily beds. You can see the bass as he rushes for the lure and when he strikes he is immediately out of water shaking his head in an effort to throw the hook. Any weedless hook used in connection with a spinner and pork-strip is good for weed-bed fishing, or for casting among the rushes and shore line grasses. Bass generally leave the deeper waters toward evening and seek frogs, crawfish and minnows in the semi-shallows. That's the time to have your weedless lure ready.

Small-mouth bass are not found in among the lily pads and rushes as a rule. The place to look for them is in the darkened waters which form around sand or rock bars. Deep waters around rocky shores are also very likely locations. During the bright of day the fish are usually near the bottom in fairly deep water, but late afternoon and evening finds them in the shallows feeding. It is then that the surface lures are the best. Bass feed very late, especially on

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[also made for 6 or 32 volts]

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Schick KNEW!

BEFORE Colonel Schick sold the first dry shaver to the public, he experimented with dozens of different shapes and types of cutters, some of which are shown in the photograph above. These cutters represent twenty years' thought, much labor and money. Schick spent a fortune (derived from another invention) making these and other cutters.

Eventually he evolved the cutter with the thin upper plate of such precise dimensions, such accuracy, that there were no known methods to manufacture it in quantities.

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Colonel Schick spent years trying to invent a better cutter than the present type.

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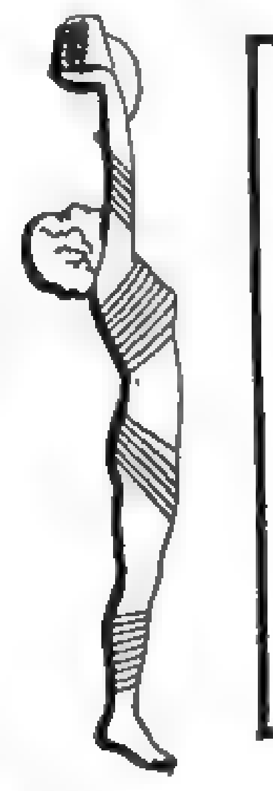
In white cavalry twill, the latest must have in the well-dressed wardrobe wagon. Ranking polo players are enthusiastic over the difference "Lastex" makes. They emphasize these three prime advantages. *On the leg,* snug fit without the bother of buttons, laces or fasteners, presenting a smooth surface under the boots. *At the knee,* a glove fit without binding, giving the most flexible knee action at all times. *In the seat,* freedom and comfort for the body and unrestrained leg movement, making it easier to maintain the posture good riding form demands. Ask about the new polo breeches made with "Lastex" yarn at these shops, or write to address at the very bottom of this ad.



Polo Breeches made with "Lastex" are being featured this season at these and other famous New York shops:

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Lastex REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ...THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Products, Inc., 1790 Broadway, New York City

Micropterous—America's Game Fish

Continued from pages 41-151

moonlight nights and many fine catches are made after dark during mid-summer.

When the seasons are normal the bass are found in the following locations during the year. During December and January they are in the deep spring holes. The northern black bass goes through a so-called period of hibernation during these months and lies dormant in the mud or in a cavern near the bottom. Sometimes a hollow log is the winter sleeping place of the northern bass. The southern bass does not go through a hibernation period, thus feeds the year around, which is one reason why he grows to a larger size than the northern variety.

Late in February and March the bass work into other waters, but still in the deep sections of the lake or river. In April they are in mid-depths and commencing to think of spawning. By May they are in the shallows building nests and hatching their eggs. The fish are still in the shallows during all of June and the early part of July. Then during August they seek the cooling waters of the deep holes to get away from the mid-summer heated surface waters. In mid-September they again seek the shallows and by October they live there altogether. In November the fish gradually works into deeper waters, but the fore part of the month still finds him good quarry for the fisherman.

By following these migrations from shallow to deep water it is possible to govern your fishing methods. Fish with the dry-fly and surface lure during the periods the bass is in the shallows and semi-shallows, then change to semi-surface and underwater baits when the fish seek the deeper holes. However, throughout the summer months it is well to bear in mind that it is possible to fish surface lures in the shallows early in the evening and after dark. On overcast and gloomy days the bass frequent the shallow waters during the day time. Another barometer one can use successfully is gaged by picking the day. If cool breezes blow for a day or so they tend to lower the temperature of the surface waters and the fish leave the chilly deep holes and swim near the surface. Try your luck then, but in the event the bass are not around it is necessary to fish deep with natural baits or artificial lures that travel near the bottom.

Both large- and small-mouth black bass are gluttons. When they are in a feeding mood it is not difficult to capture them, and it matters little what kind of bait you offer them. If the fish are feeding on minnows and you toss them a nice green frog they won't pass it up. Brook and rainbow trout might be a bit particular about what fly you cast in their direction at times, but not so with the black bass. I have taken bass on live minnows when the fish were feeding ravenously and it was not uncommon to hook a fish that had portions of another minnow protruding from its gullet or mouth—but they seemed so greedy and anxious to gobble everything in sight that the fact that they still held a half-swallowed minnow mattered naught.

The stream angler, I believe, finds bass fishing more interesting than the average lake fisherman for he is in contact with swift moving waters and surroundings that change in character on every turn. Every rock, every sunken log, every overhanging branch, every tuft of water grass, every pool, every rapids, proves a new and unique situation. Such locations to the stream fisherman are what the lily pads, rushes and dark bays are to the lake fisherman.

The deep pools of a fast-water stream are usually paralleled by submerged rocky ledges. Underneath these underwater cliffs are found havens for small-mouth black bass. When the experienced angler spies shore line rock that rises precipitously from the stream's edge he knows that it is a good place for bronze-backs. The small caverns or pockets worn in the sides of the underwater ledges are excellent locations for the bass to station himself, for there he can rest and keep an eagle-eye on guard for particles of food that are washed downstream. Small insect larvae, minute crustaceae and waterbugs float into the pockets to be snapped up immediately by the waiting bass. The fish leaves his abode on occasions when he sees something of interest floating along a few feet from the pocket. Out he darts, gobbles the morsel, and then swims back to his original stand.

In angling such spots the fisherman should use a wet-fly and spinner or any of the small underwater lures. Permit the lure to float naturally downstream a foot or two out from the ledge. If the bass sees the lure it's a ten to one shot that you will experience a quick, vicious strike. The fish always swims back to its hiding place after catching a mouthful of natural food, but the prick of the hook may cause him to perform otherwise. Rarely do they swim into the fast water of mid-stream. The trout seems better equipped to battle the white waters of a fast flowing stream than the black bass. The latter stays in his rock pocket home of the ledge or in the waters along the shore and in the pools, or at the edge of the fast water—but never directly in the flow of the stream.

Among the artificial lures we prefer for stream fishing are the smallest and lightest bait-casting wobblers. We have found the coal black plugs ideal for the river bass—and have also taken many on the natural scale finished baits, so as to color combination we cannot recommend any particular lure. Perhaps the bronze-back is satisfied with the action of the lure and pays no particular attention to the colors. The lure the fisherman is always safe in using when fishing the deep waters along the ledges is a spinner and fly, or spinner and pork-strip.

The black bass of the river is not always the small-mouth species, even when taken from the flowing rivers of the north. Streams that have muddy bottoms and weed beds and rushes along the shores are quite likely to produce large-mouth black bass. The sluggish streams of the south are typical large-mouth bass waters. There are, as we know, many stream fishermen who know how to take bass in the various locations of a stream, but we still feel that many more have still to master this phase of angling in order to be able to catch bass under all conditions and to be able to recognize the most likely-looking locations. The taking of lake bass is perhaps more simple than the catching of river fish, but either place is thrilling enough provided the angler uses lightweight tackle and angles according to the better ethics of the sport.

The brief vacation of the average office toiler or tired business man usually comes at a time when waters are blooming, days are sultry and warm and everything pertaining to good bass fishing seems out of gear. Most of the fishing has to be done in frequently fished waters and the time to hike off the beaten trail to some hidden lake or stream that is rarely fished is not on the schedule on account of limited time. Well, what are we to do about it? If it is impossible to select your own time—a time when the bass are supposed to be striking, such as June and early July, or late September and August—then it is necessary to acquire more knowledge of how to take bass during mid-summer and when the aquatic vegetation is casting off a green slime, causing the waters to bloom.

To begin with, it is well to remember that mid-summer is the time when the bass are in deeper waters and with the exception of a few rare days they stick fairly close to their cool spring-fed spots and remain indifferent toward baits and lures offered by the angler. August is still-fishing time, unless you happen to be a wizard at casting deep traveling lures and making the dormant bass sit up and take notice. As a rule August bass are minus. However, there are ways and means of catching a few and here's how we do it:

The warm lazy days of mid-summer call for a lazy man's method of angling, therefore we will recommend that you scare up a so-called bait fishing rod. An ordinary bamboo pole of about fifteen feet length will suffice. Place a thirty-feet length casting line of about fourteen-pound test on the pole, then attach a Cincinnati bass hook to the line. Now attach a medium weight sinker and a large cork float. The position of the float depends upon the depth of the waters you are about to fish.

Before starting to fish you might scramble along the banks of the lake and catch a few small green frogs or some crawfish. A can of angleworms or night-crawlers will also fill the bill, or a few lively shiner minnows or chubs. Bait your hook with whichever natural bait you select and toss it out behind the boat, permitting the bobber to hold the hook at the correct depth. Now row or paddle around slowly and wait for a nibble. You might get one, and you might not—but that's August bass fishing. Still-fish in a certain spot if you desire, it is just as well and in the event the hot sun does not drive you back to camp you might connect with a lunker bass that happened to stay awake and missed his afternoon siesta.

Some lakes bloom more than others, of course, and any waters that are covered with a scum of greenish vegetation are a pain in the neck to the fisherman. A high wind might clear certain sections of the lake temporarily and the casting of a bait will be possible without reeling in a line covered with sloppy green slime, but even such days are rare occurrences during the month of August. Some rivers might be in better condition than most lakes during August, but our experience has taught us to select other periods for fishing black bass.

Frequently a weedless hook and pork-strip used in connection with a spinner will turn the trick, especially when fished among the weeds close to the bottoms. There are spots in all lakes that harbor bass that are little known by the average angler. Underwater weed-beds are difficult to locate and unless your guide reveals the secret—that is if he knows, himself—you may not be able to find the best spots. It is possible to catch bass in most "fishy" spots when conditions are right, but the fellow who manages to bring in the best catches throughout the season is the angler who has studied the habits of the fish and then governed his angling methods according to the way of the fish, not according to tackle and casting alone. The proper use of fine tackle, to be sure, is an important factor in successful bass fishing—but it is necessary to know the waters and the habits of the fish if the two are to connect.

We can sum it up by relating a bit of chatter between a guide and fisherman from the city. It goes thus:

"Hey, mister, there ain't no fish out there in that clear water at this time of year. Why don't you cast in among those snags and lily pads in that bay across the point?"

"Yah, mebby so, but I always snag my hook when casting in there."

If you hope to make a good catch of black bass it is necessary to angle where they are supposed to be. Different seasons alter their biting habits, as we have said. So go now, ye follower of the angle, and catch a bass—it will add zest to a tired body and help brush the cobwebs from a foggy brain. I wish you fisherman's luck! ⵌ

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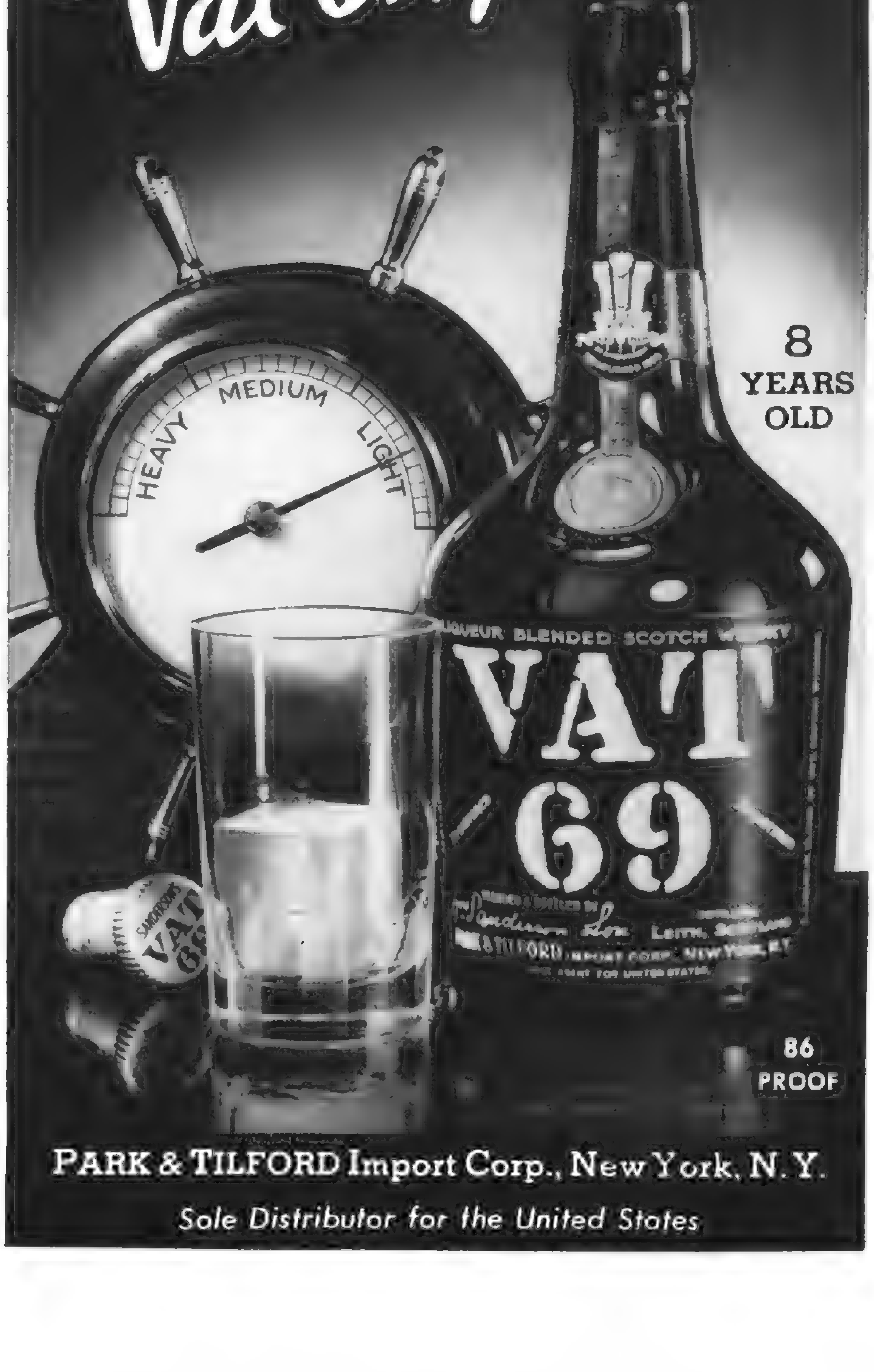

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Use the VITALIS "60-Second Workout"

SUMMER'S the season to soak up sun and health, to enjoy life in the great outdoors. Sailing and swimming, golf and tennis, are swell for you—but what a ruinous job they can do on your hair!

On fairways and courts, blazing suns beat down on your unprotected hair, bleaching it and baking it brittle and dry. Your cooling plunge in the surf or your soaking shower adds to the damage by washing away the essential hair oils. Naturally, as summer advances, your hair becomes dull, lifeless.

That's why you should have Vitalis in your bathroom cabinet and in your locker. For Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout" is the way to help keep your hair healthy, handsome and well-groomed. Feel the tingle as Vitalis gets in its good work and its pure vegetable oils come to the rescue of your oil-depleted hair. The circulation of your scalp is roused—your hair takes on a rich lustrous look.

Don't let the hazards of sun and water wreck your hair. Whatever you do—golf, or ride, swim or sail, enjoy it to the full—but help keep your hair healthy and handsome with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout." Get a bottle at your druggist's.

1. 50 SECONDS TO RUB— Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

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ASK YOUR BARBER

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary, individual Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Vitalis Sealtubes!

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

Mexican Prison

Continued from page 63

needs to be studied and widely publicized.

* * *

The bus at the Zocolo marked Niños Perdidos-Penitencería will take you to the federal prison. After a short ride through teeming traffic, a long avenue approach ends at right angles to the prison. By the time you reach the last stop most of the hustling passengers will have alighted. Those that go to the end of the bus line are usually relatives of convicts with bundles of edibles and clothing. By the subdued conversation and the common awareness of one another's mission you will recognize them as wives, mothers, sisters and brothers on their way to the prison. The wall shadows of a prison cast a long reflection.

Like few official buildings in Mexico City the Federal Penitentiary was not converted from a former palace. It was built by Mexico's strongman, Porfirio Diaz, towards the end of his career. Porfirio, eager to impress foreigners with his progressive regime, ordered a new penitentiary of the latest and best design. The atonement produced an outstanding exexample, at the time, of prison architecture.

The running water and electric light benevolences must have overwhelmed Porfirio with the goodness of his imperial soul. He basked in his enlightened reforms during the day while in the rear courtyard of the prison, adjacent to the morgue, political prisoners were periodically lined up and shot at sunrise. The brick wall, chipped a foot deep by the rifle bullets of the executioners, remains today a grim monument to the revolutionaries who disagreed with the tyrant-president. Near this brick wall, on the night of February 22, 1913, Francisco Madero and Pino Suárez were taken and murdered by the henchmen of the bloody Huerta. The murderer of Obregon met his end in front of the chipped wall. Much of Mexico's tragic history during the twentieth century can be described with the Penitentiary as background.

The entrance to an American prison is a labyrinth of gates, giant doors, electric eyes, watchful keepers and letters of introduction from your senator. Once in, the visitor is escorted gingerly around the prison but never permitted to come in close contact with any of the prisoners. The prison mood is ugly and suspicious. The Mexican penitentiary in the Federal District operates on a more informal plan. A few soldiers stand around the arched masonry entrance at ease. Their rifles are stacked up on shelves while they chatter. In front of the door leading into the prison proper sit two clerks in mufti scratching paper entrance passes. A clean collar puts you immediately at the head of the line. After a few Esperanto smiles a guard arrives to escort the visitors to the head keeper. Only one warning is given. The pass, under no circumstances, must be misplaced. Without a pass the visitor becomes automatically a convict until the Marines arrive.

On our first visit we carried with us a small handbag and a camera. The bag could easily have held four Colts and a few hundred rounds of ammunition. The camera was large enough to conceal a small fortune in drugs. But nobody thought it worth while to question or search our impedimenta. We saw the bundles of relatives visiting the convicts subjected to a cursory inspection and we figured Mexicans were much too polite to peep into our personal business.

In the center of the prison yard, directly underneath the observation tower, we met the head keeper. Upon our request for an English-speaking inmate, he selected a convict who had lived in Chicago for several years and who was, for the time being, completing a sentence for manslaughter. Our guide (call him Pedro) wore his own clothes. Only the poorest prisoners who entered the prison without a shirt on their back wore the official striped uniform of the zebra variety still used on the chain gangs down South. There seemed to be no attempt on the part of the authorities to enforce uniformity in anything.

To put us at our ease, Pedro made it plain in his opening remarks that he was not to be associated with the common run of Mexican convict. As a former resident of Chicago, he was a man who had seen something of the good things this world had to offer. Fortunately for him, the term of his sentence expired in two months and he was eagerly awaiting a chance to go to the movies. About this point we struck our gambit. We asked him how long he had tarried and for what reasons. Pedro warmed to his subject. An accidental collision with a drunken driver on the road to Cuernavaca. The driver was killed and Pedro got two years for coming out of the accident without a scratch. And wasn't the car he was in insured? It wasn't his car and it wasn't insured because insurance rates are pretty high. Inasmuch as culpability rests on the driver in case of accident, it pays to hire a chauffeur rather than pay the underwriter's rates. After an accident occurs, the chauffeur is imprisoned and the car owner, if he has anything left of the car, hires himself another man. The number of automobile accidents in and around Mexico City is very high. A Mexican is seldom in a hurry until he seats himself behind a wheel.

The loose informality of the prison routine first felt at the entrance amounted to license the more we saw of the interior. Inmates could practice their trade as though they still retained a booth in the Merced market. The open cell doors down the courtyard were used as billboards to advertise the trades of the convicts. Those without trades but possessing a bit of capital could buy a "shop" from a departing convict, hire a prisoner who knew the trade and run the business like a finished entrepreneur. In one cell, La Esmeralda, an inmate, was hard at work on a pair of bedroom slippers with a few prisoners standing about watching the performance. In El Jardín de Amor a small electric oven was being used to bake tasty egg cookies. The *patrón* was an ex-butcher with a flair for the cleaver who had bought the outfit at a bargain. He sold his cookies at five centavos apiece, employed an inmate who was formerly a baker's apprentice in a large pastry shop, made some arrangements with the prison commissary for eggs and flour and did a prosperous business. He even had a salesman circulating through the prison selling his products on a commission basis.

It was common custom for the head keeper and his staff to collect small sums for overlooking the elaborate prison regulations. Most of the "shopkeepers" obtained special privileges in the nature of extraordinary arrangements for buying material from the outside or the installation of equipment forbidden by the regulations. These peccadillos were managed only after a silent understanding satisfactory to both parties for a reasonable consideration. Prison officials receive very small pay. When they get the job they figure on the perquisites of office with the result that the problems of petty graft permeate every cranny of the prison. The regulations, to give another example, require that all newcomers be shaven clean. For a reasonable tip the officials will order the clipper to skip blithely over a prisoner's head. No mestizo with a peso in his pocket will submit his vanity to the indignity of being called "Popo!" The regulations also provide that the prison shall furnish to each convict a free piece of soap and a towel every week. The head keeper, who regards these articles as downright luxuries for most of his population, has his own ideas on hygiene. Only upon paying a portion of a peso every week will the soap and towel be furnished. The cold water is free to everybody.

Smuggled drugs and sex are two commodities fully exploited by the authorities. Smelly scandals concerning the former have repeatedly caused a change in prison administration. But still the smuggling continues because inmates will pay any price for a marihuana cigarette or a shot of heroin. The sex racket works in this manner. The regulations make provision for cohabitation in special rooms under the supervision of a special guard. If you are married the order of procedure is simple and not much baksheesh need be paid. But if you are single you must first hire a prostitute from the many permitted to operate within the prison, pay the guard to facilitate the use of the room and give the prostitute enough to square her entrance with the head keeper. Sometimes, Pedro told us, you fall in love with a female prisoner isolated in the woman's block but permitted to use the playground jointly with the men. What do you do? For a simple sum, extraordinary rendezvous dispensations are granted and the lovers may meet as long as the pesos last. The broadminded Pedro shrugged his shoulders at this point and volunteered that sometimes, even if you have no money but can convey to the guard the great extent of your passion, he will understand and even take a personal interest in your case.

Gastric disturbances and venereal disease afflict the greater part of the Mexican population. The incidence of syphilis among the convicts, according to the visiting surgeon, is overwhelming. There is so much of it that only extreme cases are given hospitalization and the rest are overlooked as we would mild cases of acne. The gastric maladies are brought about by the peppery Mexican cuisine. *Tortillas*, beans and *chile*, with *pulque* to wash down the corrosive mass, are the staples of Mexican diet. If meat is eaten it is often infected with the trichina found in the stomach of the razor-back hog. The danger that many of the prisoners are suffering from tapeworm is real. All these health hazards, plus the natural apathy of a people who had lived without hope in the past, at the mercy of gunmen and *políticos*, result in the much bruited laziness of the Mexican. The convicts being twice blessed exaggerate this metabolic apathy into an institution. The occupational shops are mostly vacant, the private establishments more of a distraction than a dependable industry, the men lounge about waiting patiently for nothing in particular—the sun shines brightly in an atmosphere of lethargy. Whatever the shortcomings of the private "shops," they must have seemed the only palliative to the problem of moral paralysis. Without some sort of activity to distract the minds of the convicts, only mischief and riots would have been left to idle heads. At least those convicts with a will to activity are able to fall back on their own initiative and play the entrepreneur's game for what it's worth.

This year the department of justice, moving in the direction of reform which characterizes the Cardenas regime, has instituted a novel plan for the rehabilitation of the criminal mind. Those convicts who still hold on to an ounce of energy will be known as "Natural Biological Units Susceptible of Correction," and will be permitted to work in the prison shops like free men at union wages. Out of the 2.25 pesos they will earn a day, the susceptible ones will pay 1.60 a day for food, clothing and shelter. Of the rest of their daily wages, 40 per cent will go to those who suffered from their crimes, 30 per cent for their families and

Continued on page 156

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MEN: Complete smoking pleasure comes only from smoking fine tobacco, and starting under ideal conditions. Through this unusual offer we are introducing to you pipe smoking at its best.

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First: Trial Packets of each of the three styles of world-famous Edgeworth, wrapped in heavy foil. Edgeworth, famous for more than 35 years, has always contained only the finest tobacco leaf on the market. We know that you cannot make good tobacco from inferior tobacco leaf any more than you can get the pleasure of choicest porterhouse steak for a rump steak price. We gladly pay premium prices to give you a finer smoke. This costly leaf is then manufactured to the high Edgeworth standard—better tobacco, made to smoke cooler, means *no tongue bite* and permits you to enjoy fully its enhanced flavor, greater mildness and richer aroma.

Second: A handsome *Signature* Pipe (made by Linkman) that has been mechanically pre-smoked (already "Broken-In") with genuine Edgeworth. It's sweet and gentle from the start. Then to give you an added interest in this pipe, we engrave your *own personal signature* in gold color on the stem. No pipe so personal.

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.....Do other People?

All men perspire. Naturally. But that doesn't excuse perspiration odor to your friends or people you work with. Odorono Ice prevents stale-smelling coat armholes . . . avoids risk of offensive perspiration odors.

Get Odorono Ice today. Use it twice a week. Join the ranks of men who believe that "*locker-room smell*" *belongs in the gymnasium . . . not in the home or office.* A few quick dabs, and Odorono Ice gives days of protection. Start using Odorono Ice now!

Use Odorono according to directions on the label of the jar.

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All God's Chillun ~~Got~~ CAN GET "Wings"

and how they're flocking to this new shirt with COLLAR AND CUFFS THAT WON'T WEAR OUT because they're made of *GENUINE AEROPLANE CLOTH finest and strongest weave cloth ever used on shirts and UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED (one year at least) TO OUTLIVE THE SHIRT ITSELF

Made in WHITE—GRAY—GREEN—and BLUE

You'd never even hoped for WINGS' CUSTOM FEATURES *PLUS* GUARANTEED WEARABILITY at this LOW PRICE

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*SAME CLOTH AS SPECIFIED BY U. S. GOVERNMENT FOR COVERING AEROPLANE WINGS AND FUSELAGE
(*Exclusive with Piedmont Shirt Co., Greenville, S. C.*)

WINGS

AT YOUR FAVORITE MEN'S STORE
OR SEND YOUR ORDER DIRECT TO FACTORY

Mexican Prison

Continued from pages 63-155

the remaining 30 per cent for a prison savings account. The convicts may organize unions and other associations to improve their "physical, moral, cultural, economic and social conditions." Should the plan ever break through its sociological rhetoric (see the Penal Code of 1929) and be honestly administered, it may mark a milestone in Mexican penology. It may also take something more than a promise to pay union wages, most of which will never be seen by the convict, to stampede the mestizo into industrial activity.

Unlike the inmates of American prisons, who are noted principally for their crimes against property, the Mexican convict rates high in passion crimes. The *crime passionel* cuts a big figure in prison statistics, particularly among the women inmates. One woman murdered her husband for carrying on with another woman. Her pride was hurt. Another loved a motorcycle cop who jilted her for something pretty. She blew his brains out for spite. When cornered, the lady said that twenty years was not too much to pay for the pleasure. She would do it all over again to teach the scoundrel a lesson. One of the men stabbed a friend after a bout of *pulque*. Nothing premeditated; just a fit of attenuated temper and a grand flourish.

These convicts should not be lumped together with the professional criminal. But we saw no effort to segregate the criminals according to the circumstances and type of crime committed. The petty thief and the hardened pervert commune together. The first offender associates with the chronic crook and the mental defective. Moral disintegration is a corollary where corruption and intrigue are the playmates of idleness. Free sociability without plan or segregation may be as harmful to the reformation of the criminal as the one-time solitary confinement system practiced in Pennsylvania and New York.

The absence of compulsory industry for those without trade or money and the ensuing shiftlessness does occasionally provoke the Bohemian in some of the convicts. Given a few meatbones, some chunks of firewood and a couple of pecans, some of the artistic souls spend hours carving away little hunchback figures, obscene trifles of remarkable ingenuity and bas-relief souvenirs. A bit of instruction in the prison school and a fund of materials could easily convert a random hobby into an industry feeding the increasing demand among tourists for Mexican art. At present, the visitor may buy the objects of art directly from the convicts (along with bogus stuff made in Japan and peddled as original) or he may be accosted in the streets by a convict in stripes who is permitted to roam around the city with a tray of merchandise, followed by a policeman as bodyguard. The prison officials, here as elsewhere, are said to have a finger in the profits. The fact that they choose a convict with the ability to speak English and a baby-face for the feminine tourist trade means that they understand their business.

The happy-go-lucky liberty described above may be said to be not a deliberate policy of the prison administration inspired by penological reform but another reflection of the Mexican character best seen outside prison walls. We in America, suckled on the Bill of Rights and all its civil-liberty trimmings, have an idea that personal freedom is a peculiar growth indigenous to the British Isles straight out of King John and the Magna Charta. We associate tyranny with personal repression when we really mean political repression. Now the Mexican isn't much on the Magna Charta and all that, his constitutional guarantees were trampled upon by the first dictator who bumped into them, but his personal and intellectual guarantees remain sacrosanct without benefit of British constitutional history. More than that. No Mrs. Grundy can tell him what to do, no Carrie Nation ever invaded his *pulquería*, no Comstock abridged his pornography. The smug respectability we've been fighting off since Samuel Butler hated the Pontifex tradition is something foreign to a Mexican, just as tales of an independent judiciary seem incredible to him. The emotional life of a Mexican is not as yet steamrolled into the subconscious, there to torment him with the million and one Freudian sublimations that keep the doctors busy in this country and cause the collective sadism conspicuous in our treatment of the criminal. The Mexican enjoys a healthier nervous life, simpler because it remains more primitive. Prison persecution, regimentation, the denial of the sex relationship are greater crimes to him than the prohibition of the suffrage privilege.

Like the powerful strain of anarchism which invests the Spaniard, the political ideal of the Mexican is closer to the personal freedom inherent in the philosophy of Bakunin than to the mass discipline extolled by Karl Marx. Regulations when they run up against a human need are dumped overboard for a small gratuity. A law or two is a small matter to be settled in private between friends. The Mexican spirit is always mightier than the law and, alas, the spirit is too often weaker than the transcendent justice which guided the lawmakers. Somewhere between the despicable Anglo-Saxon prison cruelty described by Galsworthy in *Justice*, cold and merciless in its execution, and the hot-blooded indifference and iniquity of the Mexican prison, an answer to the prison problem may be found. ⌗

John Carroll: Non-Conformist

Continued from page 65

it might have been the kind of fainting preciousness that W. S. Gilbert's Reginald Bunthorne (in the operetta *Patience*) would have turned out had that parody on Oscar Wilde been represented as a painter instead of a poet. All this may only publish my obtuseness to the nature of John Carroll's art, yet it is only upon subsequent acquaintance that even I can be made to realize that the sensitive figures of Carroll's women are a grown and vigorous man's poeticizations of Woman—or a woman. There is tenderness in Carroll's paintings of women but it is not written anywhere that a strong man may not exhibit delicacy and sensitiveness without forfeiting any part of his manhood.

There are various ways in which a painter may be complimented. The Italian laborer who ripped one of Carroll's semi-nudes out of her frame and took her home to be his woman complimented Carroll no end, and this anecdote is surely prime evidence that not everyone thinks that every one of Carroll's women on canvas is pure spirit. The painting was called *Lilith* and it was shown in the exhibition connected with the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1926. The vandal was the engineer-superintendent of the building in which the pictures were being shown. Carroll had already sold the canvas—another compliment—when the Italian connoisseur ravaged it, so to speak. When the canvas was recovered it was seen that an attempt had been made to scrape off the drapery. The strange thing about this was that next to Carroll's *Lilith* was hanging a typical Academic nude with all the appurtenances of femininity in full flush, but the ravager just passed her by. Carroll was honestly flattered by the preference.

It is only when we look upon his portraits of Woman, or women, that we are made aware of the tender side of John Carroll's masculinity and wonder whether it is his only side. It happens to be the aspect for which he is best known, but he has shown often enough that he has other strings to his bow, that what is typical of him is his style and not his subject matter, although, among the knowing, when you say Carroll, it is the image of a nude that floats into the conversation. But note, for example, the vigor of his self-portrait and the mixture of poetry in the mood, with decision in the painting, in *Sea Magic*. One of his sea pictures, *The Lighthouse*, reminded a beholder of Ryder dreaming upon El Greco after a night of strong drink; he has painted horses and dogs, in relation to the circus and the hunt, while his most famous single painting, *Cowboy Dream*, represents a nude on the back of a roped bull, the full significance of which, the artist tells me, is reserved for cowboys, of whom Carroll once was one.

Carroll has no objection to literary deductions being drawn from his works. His own statement of the significance of *Cowboy Dream* indicates that he has nothing against the beholder feeling his way to connotations remote from pure paint. A painting, says he, should arise from an emotion, communicate an emotion, stir up an emotion in the beholder. He does not paint form for the sake of showing that he can paint form. It is assumed that he can do so. Form is not the end of his painting, it is the means toward something else. Only a man who knows the rules is permitted to break them, and Carroll doesn't even break the rules. In *Sea Magic* and in *Moonlight*, for example, the emotion communicated is the reason for being of the figures; they are secondary. When the nature of the emotion requires more complete drawing, John Carroll gives it to us. His portraits are not still lifes, they are emotions and thoughts, and no sitter has yet objected to the portrait Carroll has made of him.

The Carrolls of Virginia were landed gentry on an almost seigneurial scale and socially distinguished. They rode to hounds and raised fighting cocks, which happen to be among John Carroll's minor activities. Carroll is descended from Anthony Carroll (the great grandson of Daniel of Litterluna, Kings County, Ireland) who settled in Annapolis before the Revolution. The artist's father, Frank Hur Carroll, was born in West Union, West Virginia, and was on his way west to establish in San Francisco a branch of the Cudahy Packing Company, when, during a lengthy stop-over in Wichita, Kansas, in 1892, John was born. The following year they were in San Francisco where, subsequently, the elder Carroll acquired a ranch of his own and became an independent packer. That is how John learned to ride range, became steeped in cowboy lore and learned their songs.

But whatever else he did, he was always making pictures. He drew even in kindergarten, but no one, not even himself, thought of his art as anything but a hobby; it was nothing to count upon for a living. Then "suddenly I became an artist without knowing how it happened." He went through the public schools and studied on the side in an art academy. Summers he spent on his father's ranch learning to ride horses. In San Francisco he helped raise a little hell, in a quiet way, along the old Barbary Coast, about whose dens of iniquity he can tell hair-raising stories. For about six months in 1913 he worked as a sketch artist on an Oakland newspaper. He entered the University of California in the class of 1917. He did not especially distinguish himself as a scholar, except in mathematics, when he got the hang of it, and then he became a tutor in the sub-

Continued on page 158

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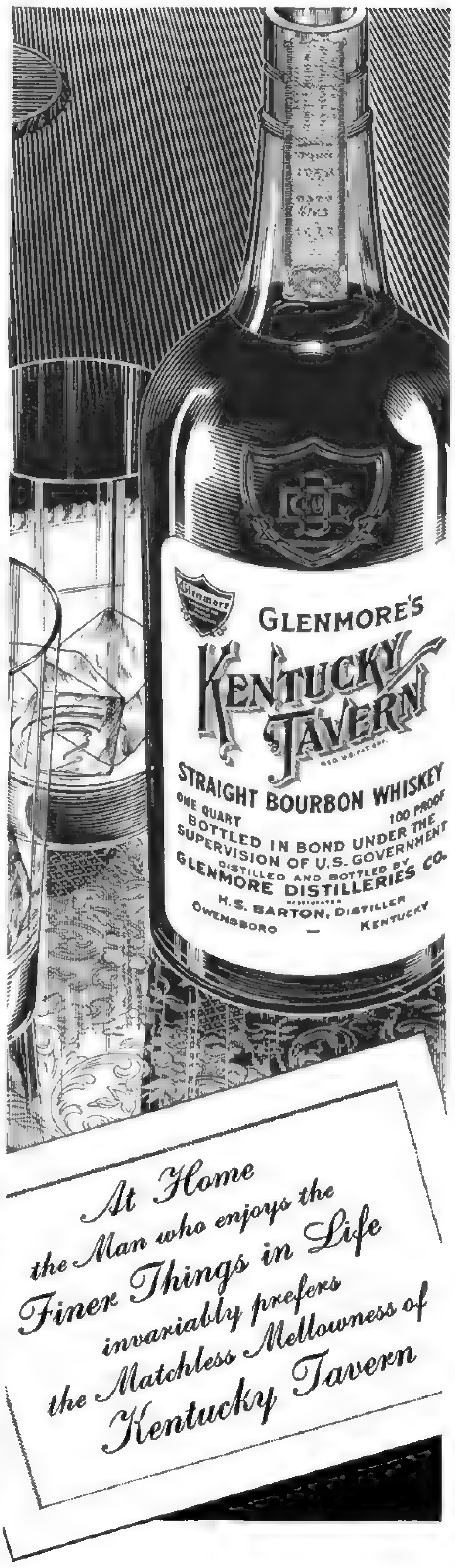

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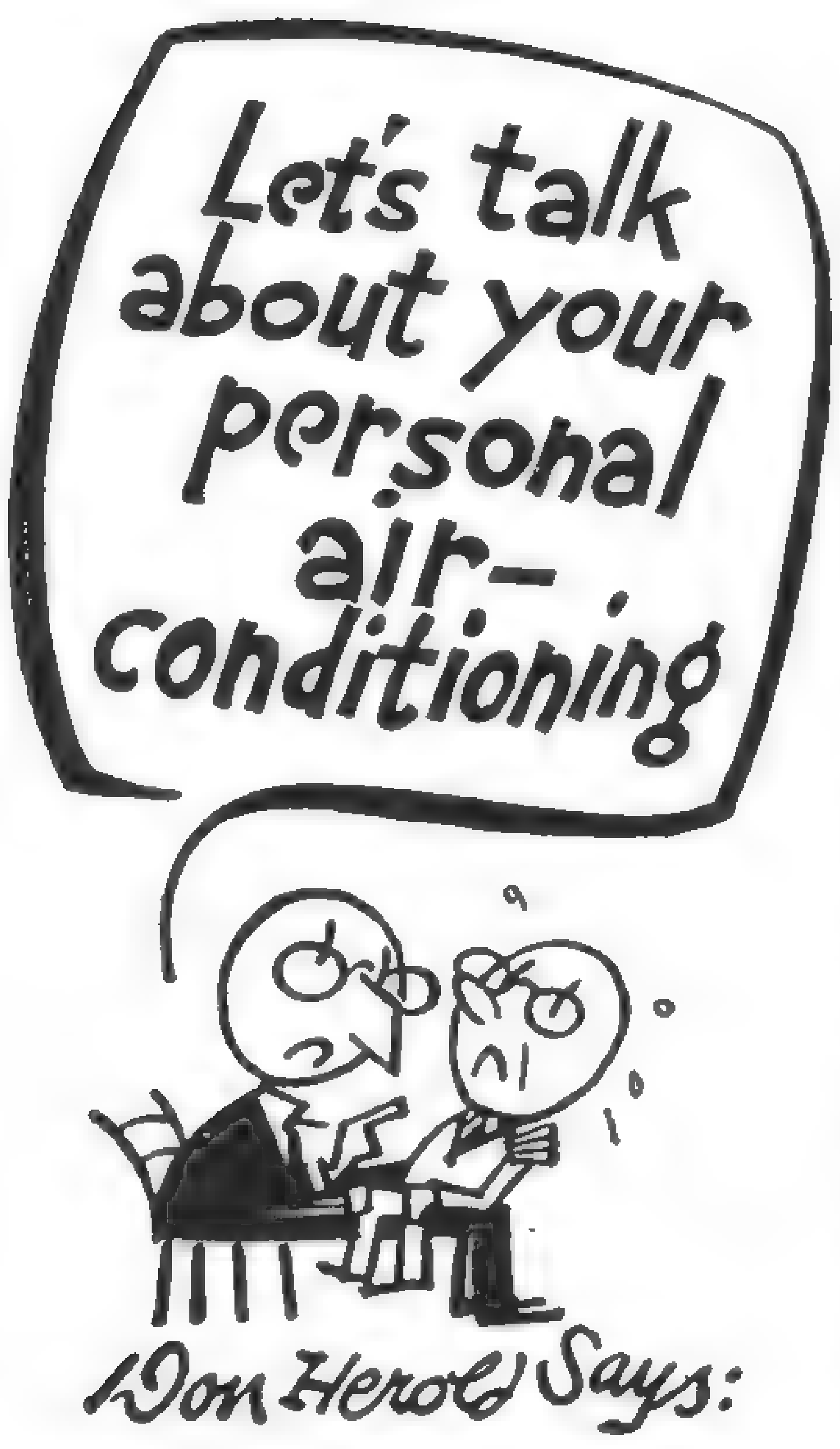
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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

John Carroll: Non-Conformist

Continued from pages 65-157

ect. While at college he attended night classes at the San Francisco Academy. He won a ten-dollar prize for a head and thought the sum monumental. He won a prize for painting which would have given him a scholarship at the famous art academy, Julian's, in Paris, but he couldn't accept it for he didn't have the price of a ticket to Paris, or enough to keep him in board after he had reached it.

He made the break for art after his second college year, when he decided to go east and become an artist or bust. His father did not seem to be unreasonable, from his own point of view. He was willing for John to be a Sunday painter, provided that he would stay home, learn the business and succeed him in its management. "You can paint if you want to." But John was going to have no half-measures. Ironically enough, he has reversed the solution his father suggested. He is a full-time painter, but part of his leisure on his East Chatham (New York) farm is taken up with experiments in the raising of beef cattle, which, if successful, will pay him a little bonus. But way back in 1915-16 the artist could not anticipate this aspect of the future. He broke his family ties and came east with no resources but his own. He left the train at Cincinnati to become a student at that city's Art Academy of the great Frank Duveneck, who kept him out of his class for three months until he could qualify as a student. Six months after he had qualified, "I was sure I knew more about painting than Duveneck and he threw me out of his class." At no time in his career has Carroll wasted praise on his contemporaries. The only artists I have heard him praise were Rubens, Rembrandt and El Greco.

On the day of America's declaration of war John Carroll enlisted in the navy, among whose gobs he found intense, if limited, appreciation of his art. He began by charging a quarter a head for portraits, but the demand continued. To discourage it the charge per head rose to a dollar and then to five, but still they came. Carroll was proud that those fellows regarded him with such admiration, even though he was an artist. His own particular buddy was one of the toughest eggs in that forecastle, a prizefighter who subsequently ran a speakeasy in one of Chicago's most malodorous districts. Carroll rose to ensign in the service and was detailed as observer with a fleet that operated between Brest and St. Nazaire. He made many drawings for the archives, of shipping, men landing and men in hospitals.

He remained in uniform for the duration and at the end of the war took a job in an insane asylum in Macon, Georgia, catching the inmates in sketches and drawings. The asylum provided him with some of the most fantastic models he could have imagined, a group of fifty or sixty young Negresses afflicted with a form of primitivism who in their fits would tear their clothes to shreds and agonizedly twist their bodies into the strangest shapes. He then came up to New York and moved into the old Holbein Studios on West 55th Street in which had lived and worked Chase and Duveneck. There he too sketched and drew, drew and sketched.

In 1920 he moved to Woodstock. What did he do? He did everything, anything by which he could earn an honest penny. First he helped Bellows build his house, then he built a house for himself. He made frames for Speicher and Bellows and other fellow-artists. Today Speicher is one of his keenest admirers. He copied pictures in the Metropolitan for whoever wanted them. He designed glass windows for Tiffany's, painted little portraits and drew little sketches. He would have run elevators and sold newspapers. He did whatever he could put his hands to. He is sometimes surprised to realize, upon reflection, that he doesn't recall how he got along. In his first Woodstock year the Milch Gallery in New York accepted a Carroll for a group show. When the reviews came out it appeared that Carroll's contribution was a critical favorite. In great glee Carroll rushed down to New York, feeling that he was made and that Mr. Milch surely would welcome him with open arms, but Mr. Milch did nothing of the kind. Indeed, upon returning to Woodstock Carroll found a letter from Mr. Milch saying that the gallery could not continue to handle his work. And the strong young man, to quote his own words, "went back to his studio and cried his eyes out," which is the only report on record of the artist's confessed inadequacy in the face of a problem. This is the first and the last time John Carroll did not emerge in smiles from a crisis. He tells, for example, of spending his last thirty-five cents on a ticket to a show and no resources in sight for breakfast, and enjoying himself mightily with no thought of tomorrow. He is proud of his self-reliance, contrasting himself favorably with the average young painters of today. "The fellows that get help are the fellows that need help. I have never been helped. I have never needed help."

In 1922 his pictures found hospitality in the gallery of Daniel, the ex-saloon keeper who pioneered in the recognition and promotion of such modern American artists as Kuniyoshi, Brook, Soyer, among others. Not counting that time in 1915 in San Francisco when twenty of his canvases were shown, this exhibition at Daniel's was his first one-man display. Within the four years that he was Daniel's man Carroll had several shows and was awarded a substantial purchase prize by the Penn-

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sylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, with which he was enabled to visit Europe for the first time since the war. This was in 1924. Two years later, one of the first painters to receive a Guggenheim Foundation fellowship, he revisited Europe, spending his year, and his stipend, just living and traveling. He sought out no foreign painter at whose studio altar to burn the candle of a provincial's admiration. He was already marking out the row he was going to hoe.

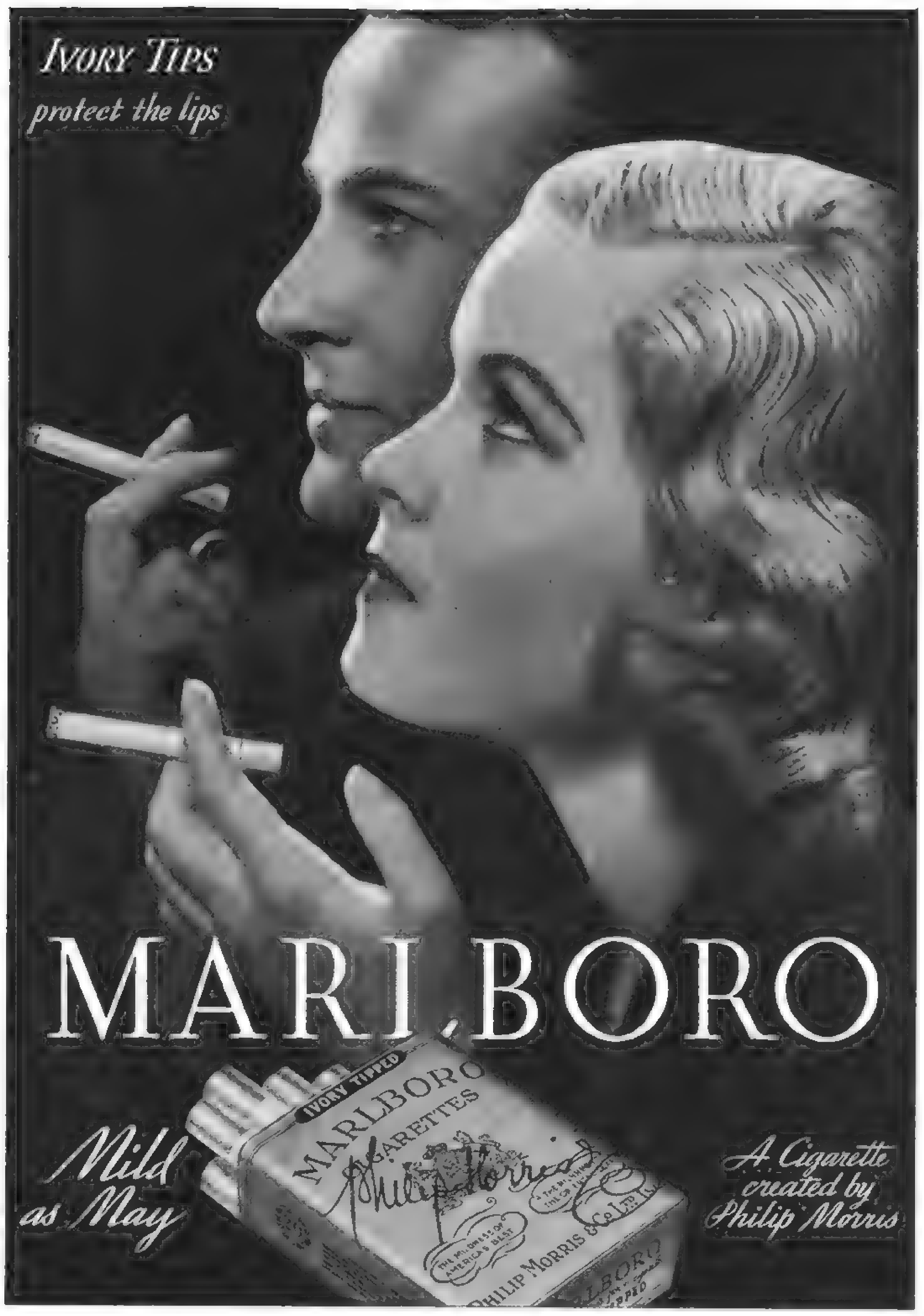
Upon returning from Europe he was delighted to learn that Frank Rehn had undertaken to represent him and in 1927 his work was first shown in the Rehn Gallery, with most desirable results, critically and in the cash register. He has been selling steadily since, his art and his teaching in art supporting all other activities and avocations. In 1930 important things began to happen. He was appointed head of the department of painting of the Society of Arts and Crafts of Detroit, which is closely associated with the Detroit Institute of Arts. Except for a year's teaching at the Art Students' League in New York in 1925, this was his first teaching post, but it is more than a mere teaching post. He is an executive, an administrator, as well, at least in the sense that he has set up standards and held to their maintenance. At the Society of Arts and Crafts, to use his phraseology, the young student who has not passed beyond the need for finger exercises is not permitted to play Beethoven.

John Carroll is a good teacher even if he says so himself. He teaches his students something about the quality of self-reliance. He says that he doesn't *teach* his students in the pedagogue's sense but that he teaches them better than teachers teach them. "If they want to get something from me, it's up to them, I'm simply making myself available." Carroll contends that the Society has turned out more artists than have come out of any other art school in the country, and if all this reads like a blurb for the school, it is a blurb for an institution in which each student is a source of expense rather than of revenue. One hears that a lot of credit is due to Carroll for having made Detroit conscious of modern American art, in directing attention to living painters whom the wealthy collectors of that wealthy town had hitherto neglected. It follows as an axiom that they have become aware of John Carroll as an artist and a portrait painter whose work fits nicely over that mantelpiece.

Carroll bade good-bye to Woodstock in 1930 and spent subsequent summers on his father's ranch, or in travel, or cruising on the yacht Stephen Etnier, an artist and former student, who paints but not for a living, or in other pleasant ways which suggested themselves. In 1934 he took possession of a two-hundred-acre farm at East Chatham, New York. Shortly thereafter he began experiments with Hereford cattle and acquired a small stable of horses. He rides with the Old Chatham Hunt Club and although he rides hard he rides with the hope that the fox will get away. He is usually on his farm from April to November, living an outdoor life, arising at six each morning, and as early as three during the hunt season, from July to the middle of September. He works no less hard at his painting than his farming. "To feel strong," says he, "is to paint well." He does practically every kind of job his farm requires, pitches hay, drives the mowing machine, cuts wood, fixes fences. Not caring for milk, he probably doesn't bother to milk any of his four Jersey cows. He keeps one-fourth of his acreage in hay and corn and has a vegetable and flower garden, the flowers being his wife's care. He breeds gamecocks, but not for fighting. He eats them. They are, he reports, the finest fowl for the table.

In 1936 John Carroll married Georgia Finckel, artist and model, (but model only to Carroll). The fact is mentioned because her face and image are a haunting presence in any Carroll exhibition in which there are paintings of women, and in which Carroll exhibition are there not? His wife is the painter Carroll's predominant idea of the tender sex; she is for him a model of infinite variety and resource, a gentle living command to fill canvases beautifully. Even when she is not the sitter, her image guides the intellect and the brush of the artist. Her image haunts also the three lunette panels which Carroll recently painted for a room of the Detroit Institute of Arts, the frescoes being a gift to the Institute from the purse of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Kanzler. Carroll sought to make the frescoes communicate the poetic lift of legend, making the shapes he painted as celestial as possible.

John Carroll is having a good life. He is content because he found the life he liked through doing his own work in his own way. He has as much right as any man to the illusion that he has been the sole architect of his fortune. He works hard and he plays hard. He finds himself painting three times as much as he painted formerly and painting with much more assurance. "You work better when people like what you do." His work has definite character, however you may respond to that character. It isn't full of reminders of other men's work. He has exhibited in France, Germany, Denmark and Sweden. He has won prizes in group shows from New York to San Francisco. People like and admire him because he is himself, intransigeance gloved in courtesy. He is a civilized and cultivated person without the snobbishness of the man who lets it be known that he has read a book. He has traveled widely. He is fond of music, of the intimate chamber variety rather than of the symphony and opera, and he likes also martial airs, not to mention those cowboy songs. ⧺



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The Alligator and the Building Blocks

Continued from page 69

holding it at arm's length he danced on one leg all over the printing room, eyes a-popping. He had snatched out some of the under-sheets from the platen, had drawn an impression on the tympan-sheet, and, with his tongue stuck fiercely out the corner of his mouth, was gluing on the quad-gauges, when a wild yell of "Andy!" from outside made him jump. Screaming back "Just a min!" with hasty hand he slapped on the feed-board a paper lettered IN USE so if his father saw the press unwashed.... With wild whoops he galloped through the kitchen into the hall, grabbed his mitt, mask, and the kippiest black bat that was ever turned, exploded through the screen door, cleared the back steps at a bound, and demanded a sight of the ball which with their chipped-in money Captain Gink Finnegan had been that morning delegated to buy. Andrew fell in with Glass-arm Abbott, the Samoset's pitcher, and, as the nine left the yard, was deep in an argument whether three fingers below the mitt or scratching the left ear with the right hand should be the signal for Glass-arm's irresistible outshoot. One of Mrs. Faber's tulips attempted to lift its head again, the cries died away down Barclay Street, and the hot June sun poured silently down.

Jacksonville closed his inner eyelids entirely, and his outer ones drooped. He was twelve inches long and very hot. The two o'clock sun beat mercilessly on the back porch and into the large cardboard suitbox in which fine-meshed chicken wire confined him. Even for an alligator it was too hot. Slowly and respectively reopening his various eyelids, he ambled off the sandbank into a roasting-pan quarter-full of water. But the water also was too hot: half in, he hesitated. Finally, however, after some obscure process of reptilian judgment, he slipped in: the water just covered all of his long scaly body save his protruding breathing snout.

The game was the berries because Cannonball Benson, the Wildcat's star pitcher, had been kept home by his mother to beat rugs and the Samosets knocked his substitute Stinker Kennedy all over the lot and Andrew was in his best form behind the batters and kidded them with such nifty wisecracks that they got sore and fanned like windmills and the Samosets ran the bases till they were tired and the score was 19 to 2 in the sixth and they ran wild and didn't care and got tagged out trying to stretch three-baggers into homers; and then there was a big yell from the Wildcats and gee if it wasn't Cannonball himself tearing up on his bike and he fanned them one-two-three with his spitter and Glass-arm began to get tired and live up to his name and in the seventh the Wildcats nicked him for four runs and in the eighth for six and in the ninth for eight, and then when the Samosets got up Beanbag Kelley fanned and Sonny Timson got hit and Streak Wilson went to first to run for him and Peanut McManus who was a longer hitter than his size indicated knocked out what looked like a hit but was only a long fly and Andrew swung like a windmill at the first one and fouled the next one way up into the backstop and it looked as if it was all over and Cannonball got contemptuous and drilled a fast one right over the pan and Andy swung as if he were trying to break Cannonball's head and gosh if it wasn't a genuine melodramatic homer way over in the dump part where they were filling in the swamp and that cinched the game and Andrew was a hero and was voted one of the balls and the Wildcats' threats of revenge were answered with some nifty jeers and taunts and the team went home yelling and playing running-catch and talking it over and the bats were of course dragged over the brick sidewalks because it made a swell racket. In a word, it was one of the best Saturday afts of all the Saturday afts that ever were.

Sweaty-tired and dirty-hot but radiantly triumphant, Andrew left the gang at the corner, meandered down Barclay Street to 49, and turned into the back-yard path. Suddenly remembering that the new Faberia issue was unfinished, he broke into a run: galloped up the sunny path, round the corner to the steps—Jacksonville! Andrew's mouth fell open; his knees half gave way. Bat, mask, mitt and even new-won ball dropped, he went on tiptoe up the steps and looked into the box: the pan in which Jacksonville lay was empty and baked dry. If—if—Andrew felt obscurely that he would give anything past, present or future if only—He lifted the hot netting, touched the alligator. There was no response from Jacksonville's hot dry rigidity. Andrew's midriff seemed to drop right out of him; he couldn't catch his breath; his mind hysterically tried to deny the fact, to find a loophole out of it. Running into the kitchen he filled a dipper with cold water and rushed back to pour it over the still scaly form. Nothing, miserably nothing, happened. Then, just as those in danger of losing life are given by the very danger so sharp a sense of that life's manifold desirability that they are loosely said to relive it all in an instant, so Andrew, in the last second before he could admit the crushing factuality, felt in one overwhelmingly condensed sensation all the fun that Jacksonville had ever been: especially when Father and Mother and he had got on the *Juniata* at Jacksonville just after Cousin Anne had given him Jacksonville and Father and Mother had one cabin and he was to share another with a man yet unknown and he put Jacksonville in the washbasin and ran up on deck to see the boat

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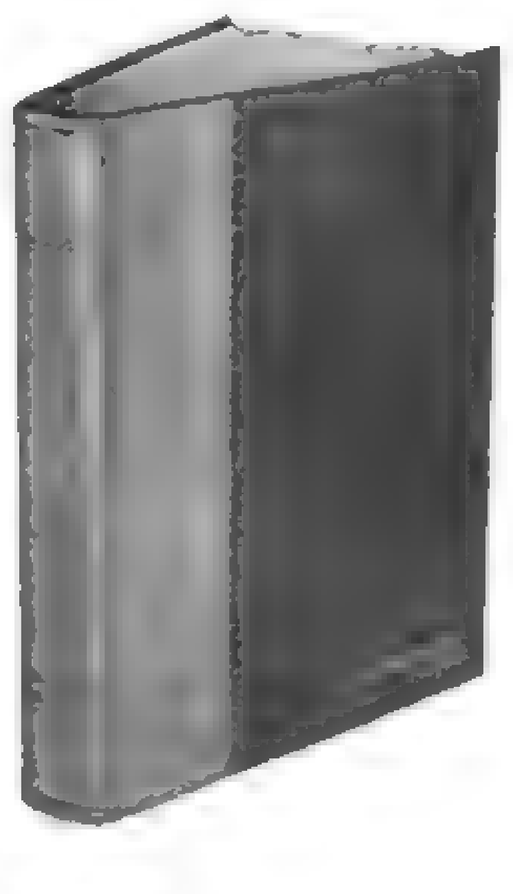

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clear the pier which was always such fun especially in the dusk like then with the lights and then he ran down again and the man that turned out later to be the nice Mr. Flint who had been joining clubs (you know, where you get drinks) all day came hopping out of the stateroom yelling "It's a-hissin' at me! Lemme out! Gimme air! It's sittin' there a-hissin' and a-hissin'!" and now Jacksonville—Andrew fell face down flat on the porch, crying with a shaking intensity whose lack of noise made it the more terrible. He did not hear the car when five minutes later his parents drove into the yard; nor did he hear them as they mounted the steps.

"O, the poor thing! O Andrew, I told you! O, the poor little thing! Why—"

She might have said more had not Mr. Faber, seeing with a sense of real shock the expression of Andrew's turned face, checked her with a warning touch.

"How did it happen, son?"

Andrew explained. And he added gropingly, with touchingly absurd solemnity, the fruit of his eleven-year-old New England philosophizing: that it had happened because he was too happy, that it was the stamps and the ball game which had made him forget, and that he'd never play ball again and he'd burn all his stamps and then maybe that way he could sort of make up to Jacksonville for the awful suffering he'd made him feel in—

Mr. Faber lifted his son to his feet, put an arm round his trembling shoulders and led him out to the grape arbor. It was fully time, he thought, to take this affair in hand, else the boy, growing more and more morbid and hysterical, would make himself ill.

"Now, Andrew, listen to me. You know what nerves are, don't you?"

"Yes, they're what tell you you're hurt."

"Yes. Now, Andrew, an alligator has so much simpler a nervous system than a human being that there's no comparison." Mr. Faber was smoothly launched now, rather pleased with himself. "You're wrong, Andrew, though naturally I know how badly you feel, you're wrong to suppose that Jacksonville felt anything like what you—"

"'T ain't that." Andrew was seized with a paroxysm of sobs.

"Why, then, what...?" Mr. Faber was somewhat at a loss.

"It's what Mother always keeps saying. I was responsabul! He depended on me and I let him down." The sobbing underwent a rapid crescendo, but at the peak suddenly stopped. Before his father's puzzled gaze, Andrew stuck his hands deep in his pockets, looked somberly in front of him, and remarked, almost as if to himself:

"You shouldn't start things you can't finish. And if a thing is gonna depend on you, you ain't got no business to start it unless you're gonna take the responsibility."

Mr. Faber, having overcome his incredulity, was midway in one of those paternal sighs of complex satisfaction which fathers like to permit themselves, when of a sudden Andrew burst into a frenzy of weeping before which the preceding ones were but sniffles. He rolled on the ground, beat it with his fists in a furious and futile revolt against the irreversibility of time, the impossibility of undoing things done. The frame-racking sobbing, mingled with hiccoughs and howls, was as terrifying as it was ridiculous. Mr. Faber carried his hysterical son to his room, and with his wife's help got him to bed. Mrs. Faber, a still pretty, perhaps even a trifle spoiled, woman, fluttered about in distress:

"Gracious, the neighbors will think we're beating the child," she murmured. "Yet I hate to close the window," she added, closing it, "for it's so hot."

Mr. Faber looked up at her from the cot-bed with a somewhat uncomprehending gaze:

"The neighbors...?" he repeated vaguely. "Get Dr. McCarthy or Dr. Kimball. I'll stay with him."

Andrew was in complete hysteria by now: it was impossible for him to stop; and at each tardy gasping breath Mr. Faber felt his own breath catch. He opened the window, but returned hurriedly to Andrew's thrashing form.

It was some time before Mrs. Faber returned with Dr. Salisbury: both the other doctors had been on calls. He pursed his lips, listened attentively. Not wishing to use a hypodermic, he sent out for some bromide of potash, administered it with advice, and left in a few impersonal condolences, promising rapid cure.

Slowly, over the space of an hour, Andrew grew quiet. Mrs. Faber left to see to their neglected dinner. Inside the room, as twilight came on without, it grew dusky. Mr. Faber, sitting on the edge of the cot-bed, fixed his son with a still worried gaze. Andrew suddenly spoke:

"I got it all figured out. Just like I said, Father. I was responsabul, so I killed him."

He began to cry again, quietly this time. Mr. Faber, feeling very awkward, patted the boy's ankle through the bedclothes.

"Andy, all you say is true, but don't think too much about it. You'll make yourself ill again. It's awful for me to see you feel so badly, even though I'm proud that at your age you've learned... oh well, I can't talk about it... you ... well..." He patted the ankle again. "You know, it's a long time, Andrew, since I've seen you so upset. Not since you were about seven."

Andrew startled him by answering promptly, in a low quiet voice:

"I remember the time."

"You do?"

"It was Louis Adams's birthday party."

"So it was. Something happened at the party. You would never explain it to us."

"I couldn't, then."

"You mean you could now?"

Continued on page 162

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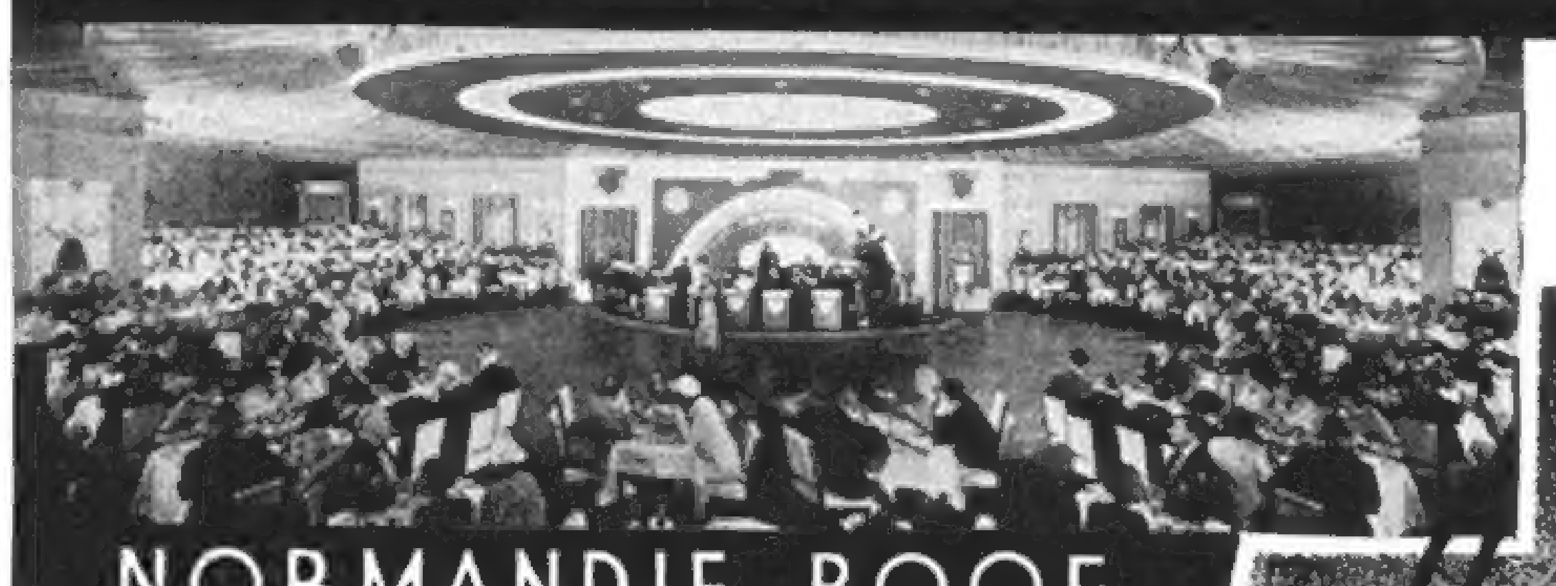

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The Alligator and the Building Blocks

Continued from pages 69-161

inquired Mr. Faber, anxious if possible to get Andrew's mind off Jacksonville. "Can you still remember it?"

"I remember it all right."

"Passing credence," murmured Mr. Faber.

"I don't know what that means, but I remember it all right. When I was six years old you gave me a number 1 box of Anchor Building Blocks for my birthday."

"Yes?" prompted Mr. Faber, wondering at the connection.

"When you gave them to me you said if I built every model in the book and one model out of my own head, why then you'd buy me number 1-A, the supplement box to make it into number 2, for Christmas."

"Ah yes, I remember," said Mr. Faber. "Yes, yes. You used to like those blocks very much, Andrew."

"Yes, I used to. You taught me a hard word called 'merit,' and I couldn't understand it for a long time; but you finally explained it to me, and said then that it was like earning the blocks, like you did in business, and it was like getting promoted in school—that was my first year—so I remembered what you said: 'the reward of merit.'"

"This is extraordinary, Andrew. It's remarkable that you still remember all this."

"I remember it all right. Well, I built all the models in the book and I built a little gate out of my head.

"Mother liked it and laughed and said it was like a crumblick or some word like that—something she'd seen when she used to travel in Europe before she married you." Mr. Faber clasped his hands very tightly together, then carefully put them in his pockets and stared at his son. What things these children remember!

"Yes, Andrew," he prompted again in a calmed voice.

"And you said that I'd earned the reward of merit and that Christmas you bought me the supplementary box. Remember?"

"Yes." What, he asked himself, was this leading to?

"Well, I built all the models in the second book and I did a little house out of my own head. And you said that was fine and next June at my birthday you bought me supplementary box 2-A, so I had a set number 3."

Mr. Faber was growing puzzled, almost impatient: he removed his hands from his pockets, clasped his knees:

"Go on, Andrew. Don't bother to list every box separately. Tell me what happened."

"Well, I kept building them like you said, and you always kept your promise and got me a new supplementary box every birthday and Christmas, and every time you explained how it was for merit."

"Yes, Andrew, it *was*. Why do you continually keep repeating that word? It *was* for merit: you were very faithful in your application."

"Well, my seventh birthday I'd got supplement box 4-A which made my set a 5. That was swell."

Mr. Faber smiled:

"Was it 'swell', Andrew? I bet it was. You used to build some handsome buildings."

"Yeah. Well, Louis's birthday was in August, and I went to his party, and we looked at his presents, and he had a brand-new number 7 set, and I asked him how he got it all in one box like that, had the small sets been lost or given away to a poor boy or something? and he said he'd never had any small sets and this was the first box he'd had given him. So that's why I behaved like that, because it wasn't right, was it?"

Mr. Faber stared for a moment at his son, letting the ramifications sink in. Then,

"O Lord!" he muttered, and, jumping suddenly up, went over to the window. The boy's voice followed him plaintively, insistently:—

"That wasn't 'merit', was it, Dad?" Mr. Faber, his hand on the cross-bar of the window, kept twisting the curtain cord about his finger as he stared out into the yard. "Tell me, Dad, that wasn't right, was it?"

"O Lord!" muttered Mr. Faber helplessly. "You poor little devil. How could one know . . .?" He stared out for a few moments in silence, the boy looking intently at his shadowy silhouette. "Cruel that you should have learned so early about such things, poor kid. Yet," he went on in a different tone, tying the curtain cord a trifle tighter about his index, "perhaps it's just as well you learned about inequality and injustice a little earlier in life than I did." He paused. "So that's what it was, Andrew."

"Yes," answered Andrew quietly. "That's why I bawled so."

There was silence for some time in the now almost dark room. Andrew looked up at the ceiling; Mr. Faber, still twisting the cord and rolling his under-lip gently between his teeth, stared with unfocused eyes into the yard. Suddenly—

"Father!"

"Yes, Andrew."

"May I have a dog?"

Mr. Faber turned round from the window and his private thoughts:

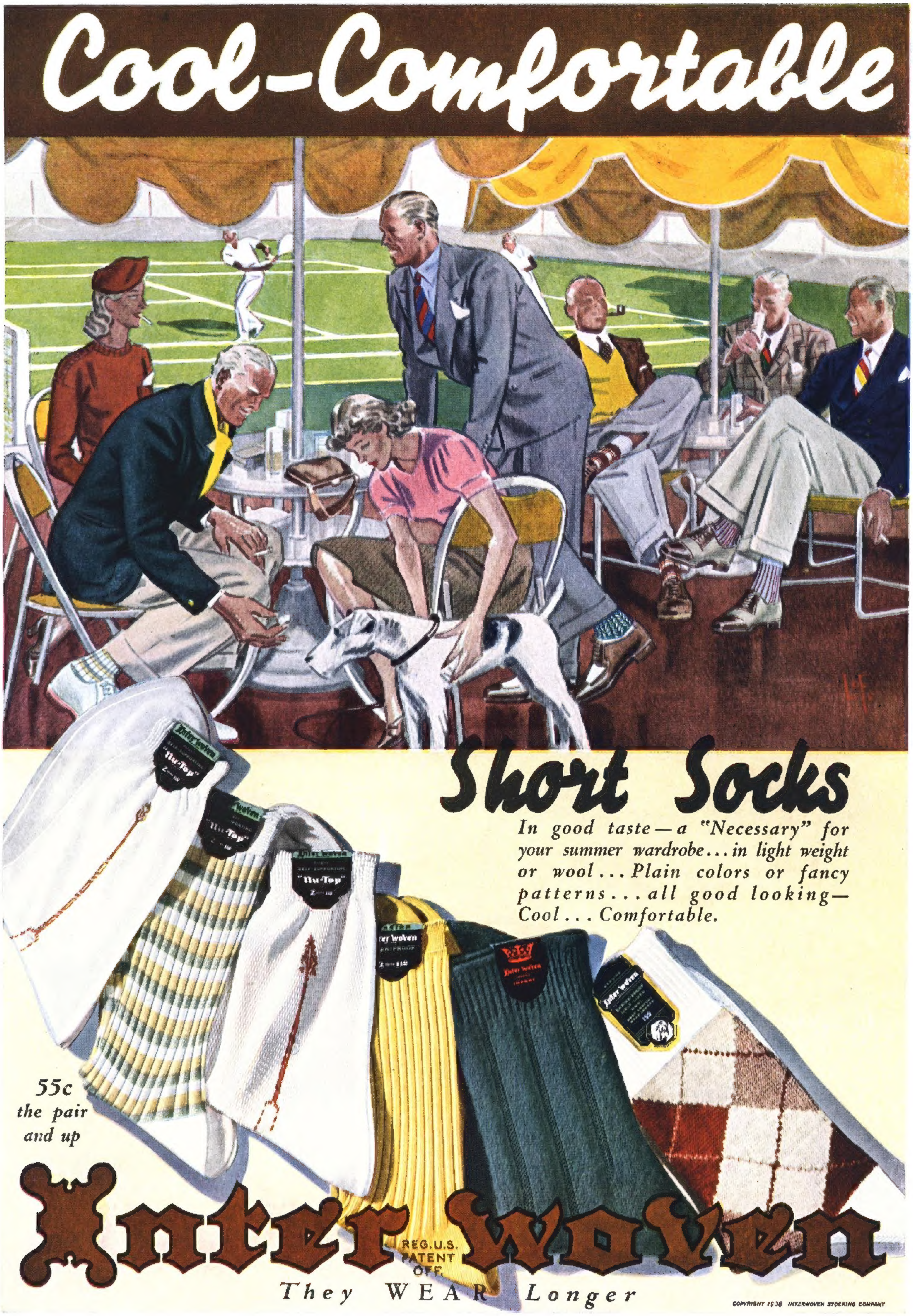
"Why, perhaps. You think he'd help you to forget Jacksonville?"

"No. Help me remember him."

It was several seconds before Mr. Faber understood. When he did, he strode to the bed:

"Son," he said, rather surprised at his own voice. "Son," he repeated, bending to kiss the small hot forehead, "you can have the best dog I can find in six counties. And"—he added hurriedly, feeling rather a fool—"perhaps I'd better wash up that printing press before the ink dries, Andy."

He left the room hastily. ‡



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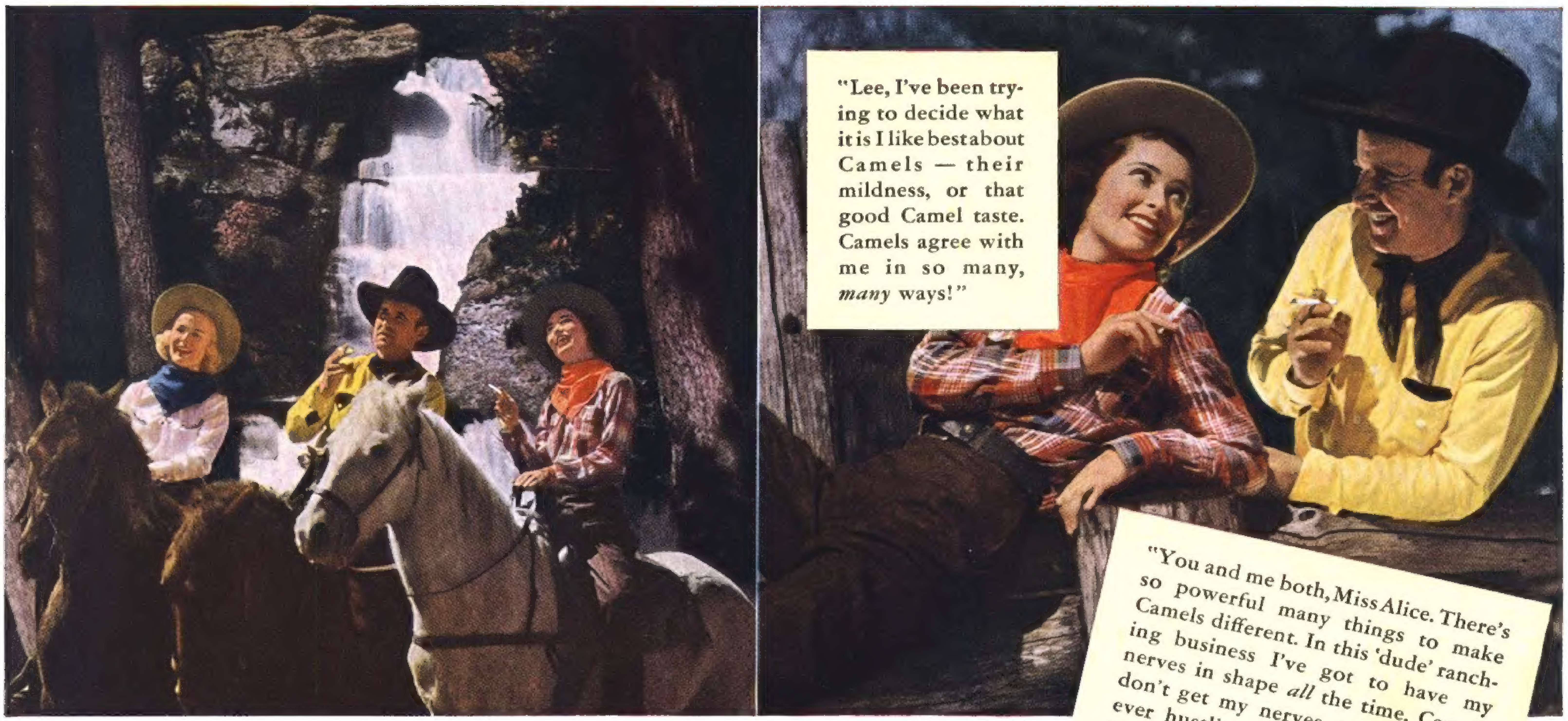

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